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WORKS

OF

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<i>being the Second Day</i>	<i>The MISANTROPE:</i>
<i>of the PLEASURES of</i>	<i>Or, MAN-HATER.</i>
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<i>LAND.</i>	<i>SICIAN.</i>
<i>Third Day of the PLEA-</i>	<i>The SICILIAN: Or, LOVE</i>
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<i>The FORCED MAR-</i>	<i>The Two SOSIAS.</i>
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OF
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A
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SECOND DAY
OF THE
PLEASURES
OF THE
Inchanted Island.



WHEN the Night of the Second Day was come, their Majesties went to another Ring, surrounded with Pallisades like the former, and on the same Line, still advancing towards the Lake, where the Palace of *Alcina* was supposed to be built.

In this Second Festival, *Rogero*, and the Knights of his Troop, after having done Wonders at the Running, which by Order of the fair Inchantress they had perform'd in favour of the Queen, continue in the same Design; and the floating Island not having remov'd from the *French Shores*, they gave her Majesty the Pleasure of a Comedy, whose Scene lay in *Elis*.

4 *The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island.*

The King, therefore, with amazing Expedition, caused to be cover'd all that Ring with Cloth, Dome-wise, to defend, against the Wind, the great number of Flambeaux and Candles that were to light the Stage, the Decoration whereof was very agreeable. So soon as the Curtain was drawn, a great Consort of Instrumental Musick was heard; and *Aurora*, represented by *Mademoiselle Hilaire*, open'd the Play, and sung the following Verses.

SCENE I.

AURORA.

YOUNG Beauties, when by chance you meet
A Youth agreeably compleat;
With Smiles receive the Lover at your Feet,
Nor look with Haughtiness above
Your Prey, but Flames with Flames requite;
'Tis Treason in the Court of Love
A Favour so Divine to slight.
For in Youth's blooming Spring
Love's the most glorious Thing.
They know not, who pretend to blame,
The Value of a faithful Flame.
Sigh freely; shew a tender Care,
For Cruel is no Name for Fair;
Beauty and Love Companions are.
When a young Lady's grac'd with Beauty's Charms,
Then let her take the Lover to her Arms.

SCENE II.

Huntsmen and Musicians.

Whilst Aurora sung those Verses, four Huntsmen were asleep on the Grass, one of whom (call'd Lyciscas) represented by the *Sieur de Moliere*, is between two, and another at his Feet, which three were the *Sieurs Estival*, *Don*, and *Blondel*, of the King's Musick, whose Voices were admirable. These last waking at Aurora's Arrival, so soon as e'er she had done, cry'd out in Reclatative,

Hola,

The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island. 5

Hola, up, up, up;
Prepare every thing for the Hunting Match; up, up,
up.

1 *Mus.* Day to the blackest Shades imparts its Light.

2 *Mus.* The Air distills in Pearls upon the Flowers.

3 *Mus.* The Nightingales begin their warbling Notes,
And with their little Consorts thrill the Air.

All three. Come, up, up, up, quickly.

Lyc. (Waking.) Zoons, sure you are dev'lish Lovers of noise,
that you set up your Throats so early.

1 *Mus.* Up, up; *as before.*

Lyc. Well, be quiet, I'll rise: You're strange People to
torment a body in this manner: I shan't be well all Day
now; for, do you see, Sleep is necessary to a Man, and
when one does not sleep enough to repair onesself, it hap-
pens—that—one is not—

1 *Mus.* *Lyciscas!*

2 *Mus.* *Lyciscas!*

3 *Mus.* *Lyciscas!*

All. *Lyciscas!*

Lyc. The Devil take you for a pack of Bawlers; I wish
your Throats were stop'd with boiling Water.

All. Get up, get up, make haste, get up, quick, get
up.

Lyc. That a body can't sleep ones belly full!

1 *Mus.* Soho, ho!

2 *Mus.* Soho, ho!

3 *Mus.* Soho, ho!

All. Soho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

Lyc. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Plague take the Fellows with
their ho ho's, I'll be hang'd if I don't give you a good
drubbing for this: But what a Devil can put it in their
Pates, to come and Caterwaul in my Ears at this rate!
I'll —

All. Get up.

Lyc. Again!

All. Get up.

Lyc. The Devil take you.

All. Get up.

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Lyc. (Getting up.) Was there ever such a Passion for Singing? Hang 'em all! Since I am disturb'd thus, I won't let the rest Sleep; they shall have their share in the Torment. So ho, So ho, Gentlemen, up, up, quick, you sleep too long; I'll rattle you to some Tune. Prepare every thing for the Hunting Match. So ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Lycifas being at length risen with all the Trouble in the World, and having set up his Throat as loud as he cou'd roar, several Horns are heard, and in Consort with Violins begin a Tune, to which six Huntsmen dance with a great deal of Exactness and Order; at certain Periods, winding their Horns. They were the Sieurs Paysan, Chicanneau, Noblet, Pefan, Bonard, and la Pierre.

Dramatis Personæ.

T HE Princess of <i>Elis</i> ,	<i>Mademoiselle de Moliere.</i>
<i>Aglaia</i> , Cous. to the Princess.	<i>Mademoif. du Parc.</i>
<i>Cynthia</i> , Cousin to the Princess.	<i>Mademoif. de Brie.</i>
<i>Phillis</i> , Servant to the Princess.	<i>Mademoif. Bejart.</i>
<i>Iphitas</i> , Father to the Princess.	<i>Sieur Hubert.</i>
<i>Eurialus</i> , Prince of <i>Ithaca</i> .	<i>Sieur de la Grange.</i>
<i>Aristomenes</i> , Prince of <i>Messene</i> .	<i>Sieur du Croisy.</i>
<i>Theocles</i> , Prince of <i>Pylus</i> .	<i>Sieur Bejart.</i>
<i>Arbates</i> , Gov. to the Prince of <i>Ith.</i>	<i>Sieur de la Torilliere.</i>
<i>Moron</i> , Buffoon to the Princess.	<i>Sieur de Moliere.</i>
A Servant,	<i>Sieur Prevost.</i>

ACT

ACT I.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Hunting Match was prepared by the Prince of Elis, who being of a Gallant and Noble Temper, and desirous that the Princess, his Daughter, would think of Marriage, which she was very much averse to, had invited to his Court the Princes of Ithaca, Messene and Pylos, thinking that in the Exercise of Hunting, which she was a mighty Lover of, as also of other Sports, as Chariot-Races and the like, some one of the Princes might chance to please her, and so become her Husband.

SCENE I.

EURIALUS, Prince of Ithaca, in Love with the Princess of Elis, and **ARBATES** his Governour, who, indulging the Prince's Passion, praises him for it, instead of Blaming him.

Eurialus, Arbates.

Arb. That deep Thoughtfulness which makes you continually seek to be alone; those swelling Sighs which break from the bottom of your Heart, and those down-cast Looks so full of Languor, cannot long conceal from one of my Age the inward Torment you endure. I believe, my Lord, I understand that Language, but without your leave, for fear of running too great a Risque, I dare not be so bold as to express my Thoughts.

Eur. Be free *Arbates*, and speak your Mind concerning those Sighs, those Looks and that Pensive Silence; I give you leave to tell me that Love has brought me under his Laws, and in his Turn insults me; I even consent that you rally me for yielding to such Weakness.

Arb. What, my Lord, shall I blame the tender Movements of your Heart! No, even the Sourness of Old Age cannot make me condemn the gentle Transports of your

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Amorous Flame ; and tho' my Thread of Life is near wound up. yet I will say that Love fits well upon such as you ; that the Tribute which is paid to the Charms of Beauty is a clear Testimony of a noble Soul ; and that 'tis hard for a young Prince to be Great and Generous without that Passion. 'Tis a Quality I admire in a Monarch. 'Tis a sure Sign that every thing may be expected from a Prince of your Age, when his Soul is capable of Love. Yes, that Passion, the finest of all others, is attended by a Thousand Virtues, it spurs the Heart to Noble Actions, and all great Hero's have felt its Wounds. Your Infancy, my Lord, was spent under my Care ; I observ'd your Qualities, which spoke the Blood you come from ; I discover'd a Mine of Wit and Knowledge ; I thought you Handsome, Great and Noble ; your Courage, your Virtues every Day broke out ; but I was grieved that I perceived no Footsteps of Love ; but now since the Pangs of an Invincible Wound shews us that your Soul is sensible to its Strokes, I triumph, and my Joyful Heart now thinks you an accomplish'd Prince.

Eur. If heretofore I defy'd the Power of Love, alas ! my dear *Arbates*, it takes full Vengeance now ; and if you knew the Ills my Heart is plunged into, you your self wou'd wish that I had never loved. For such is the Cruelty of my Stars : I Love, I ardently Love the Princess of *Elis* ; and you know what Pride of Heart lurks under her Charming Aspect, and arms her against Love ; you know how she flies that Crowd of Admirers, who strive to recommend themselves to Her. How untrue it is, that what one is to Love charms us at the first View ! And that the first Glance kindles in us the Flame which Heaven at our Birth decreed us to ! At my Return from *Argos* I went thro' this Place, and saw the Princess. I beheld all the Charms she was possess'd of, but beheld them as one wou'd have view'd a fine Statue ; her growing Beauties inspir'd my Soul with no Secret Desire : And thus untouch'd revisited the Shore of *Ithaca*, without so much as thinking of her for Two Years. Mean time a Rumour was spread in my Court, of the Disdain she had for Love ; 'twas every where publish'd that her haughty Soul had an
in-

The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island. 9

invincible Aversion to Marriage; and that with a Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver on her Shoulder, like another *Diana*, she frequented the Woods, loved nothing but Hunting, and caused all the Heroick Youths of *Greece* to fight in vain. But here, *Arbates*, admire the workings of Fate! What her Presence and Beauty cou'd not effect, the Fame of her Haughtiness produced in my Soul; I felt an unknown Transport, which I cou'd not master: Her celebrated Pride had such secret Charms that it brought into my Mind all her Features; and looking on her with new Eyes, I form'd such a Noble and Beautiful Image of her, described to my self so much Glory and such Pleasure, if I cou'd but triumph over her Coldness, that my Heart, in the Splendor of such a Conquest, saw the Glory of its Liberty vanish away: In vain I resisted the Bait, its Sweetness took such a Hold upon my Senses, that hurry'd by an Invisible Power, I sail'd speedily from *Ithaca* hither; and here I conceal the effect of my ardent Desires, under a Pretence of coming to these renown'd Sports, whither Illustrious *Iphyias*, the Princess's Father, has invited almost all the *Grecian* Princes.

Arb. But, my Lord, what good does this Precaution do? Why are you resolv'd to make it a Secret? You say you love that Illustrious Princess, and come to signalize your self before her, and neither Words nor Looks have yet let her know your Flame? For my part, I can't conceive the Policy of not declaring your Passion; nor can I imagine what Fruit can be expected from Love that avoids all ways of discovering it self.

Emr. And what wou'd be the effect of declaring my Pain, but incurring the Disdain of her haughty Soul, and debasing my self like those Submissive Princes, whose Title of Lovers makes her look on 'em as Enemies? You see the Sovereigns of *Messene* and *Pylos* in vain pay the Homage of their Hearts; This Repulse of their Services is enough to make me despair. I esteem my self as already condemned, and read my Sentence in her Contempt of them.

Arb. That ought rather to give you Hopes; since Fortune presents to you a Heart to Conquer, which is defended

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sended only by Coldness, and which being free from all other Inclination, does not oppose to your Ardor the invincible Tenderness of any Passion: A prepossess'd Heart resists vigorously; but when a Soul is free, 'tis easily won, and however haughty and indifferent is conquer'd by a little Patience. Therefore conceal no longer the Power of her Eyes; make a Discovery of your Flame, and instead of trembling at another's Misfortune, swell the Hope of your Addressees with the Repulse of theirs. Perhaps you may have the Secret to touch her, tho' those Princes cou'd not; and if you shou'd succeed no better, 'tis however an Happiness to have your Rivals for Companions in Misery.

Eur. I am glad to hear you counsel me to declare myself her Lover, and you delight my Soul by baffling my Reasons; I was minded to try whether you'd applaud what I had done: and, since I must let you know it, there is a Person who is to break this Matter to the Princess; and perhaps while I now speak to you, the Secret of my Heart, *Arbates*, is reveal'd. This Hunting Match, to which, to avoid the Crowd of her Adorers, you know she went betimes this Morning, is the Opportunity *Moron* takes to speak to her, and——

Arb. Moron, my Lord?

Eur. I see you wonder at my choice of that Person: you think him a Fool; but know he is much less so than he seems to be, and notwithstanding his present Employment, he has much more Sense than some that laugh at him have: His Monkey-tricks please the Princess, he has made himself her Favourite by an hundred Buffooneries, and may speak to her, when others cannot: I therefore think him fit for the Business I employ him in; he says he loves me, and (being born my Subject) will promote my Interest against all my Rivals: I have given a little Money to maintain his Zeal——

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Moron, Arbates, Euratus.

Mor. (*unseen.*) Help, help, save me from the cruel Monster.

Eur. I think I hear his Voice.

Mor. (*unseen.*) Help, help, for *Jove's* sake.

Eur. 'Tis he; whither is he running?

Mor. How shall I avoid this frightful Boar? Ye Gods, preserve me from his horrid Throat; and I'll give you four Pounds of Incense, and two fat Calves. Oh! I am dead.

Eur. What ails you?

Mor. I took you for the Beast, whose Throat I beheld ready to swallow me, and I cou'd not shake off my Fear, my Lord,

Eur. What's the matter?

Mor. O what a strange Humour the Princess is of! And what a blessed time we have of it, who are forced to follow her! What Pleasure, with a murrain to 'em, can these Hunters take in being expos'd to so many Dangers? Now if one was only to hunt Hares, Rabbits, or young Does, why there were something to be said; they are Animals of a very complaisant Nature, and always run away from us; but to go and attack these plaguy unmanerly Beasts, who have not the least Respect to a Man's Phyz, and who hunt those that come to hunt them; 'tis a Pastime that I can never admire.

Eur. Why don't you tell us what's the matter?

Mor. (*returning.*) What a toil of a Pleasure does our Princess continually make us undergo. I imagin'd she'd have excus'd her self from the Chariot Race that is to be to Day; but, forsooth, she must needs go hunt to put a greater Contempt on those Sports, and shew—but mum, let's go on with my Tale, and resume the thread of my Discourse. What did I say?

Eur. You were talking of a Toil—

Mor. Oh, right. Well then, fainting under that horrible Labour (for you must know I was up by break of Day) I slunk away from 'em all like an Hero, and find-
ing

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ing a Place fit to take a good Nap in, I lies me down, and began to snore, when a frightful Noise made me open my Eyes, and I beheld coming out of a Thicket a Boar of an enormous size——

Eur. What now?

Mor. Nothing; don't be afraid; but only let me get between you for a certain Reason, that I may the better tell you the whole thing; I say I beheld the Boar, which being pursued by our People, set up all his Brittles; his two burning Eyes flash'd like Lightning, and his Mouth all foamy, shew'd certain Tusshes for those that had a mind to come near him——I leave you to imagine whether at this terrible Sight I took to my Arms; but the false hearted Beast without any fear, come strait up to me, when I spoke ne'er a Word to him.

Arb. What, and you receiv'd him boldly?

Mor. Who'd be Fool then? No, I threw away my Arms, and out-strip the Wind.

Arb. To fly from a Boar when you were arm'd, was not valiant, *Moron*.

Mor. I own it, 'twas not Valiant, but 'twas Politick.

Arb. But when one eternises one self by some Exploit——

Mor. I am your Servant; I had rather People shou'd say, Here 'twas that *Moron* by flying saved himself from the Fury of a wild Boar; than, In this illustrious Place the brave *Moron*, with an heroic Boldness, facing a furious Boar, lost his Life by a Wound with his Tussh.

Eur. Very well.

Mor. Yes, by Glory's leave, I had rather live two Days in the World, than a thousand Years in History.

Eur. Your Death wou'd, indeed, grieve your Friends; but if your Fear is ever, may I know if you have yet mentioned my Affair to——

Mor. Sir, to tell you the truth, I have done nothing in yet, not having found the Opportunity to speak to her that I cou'd have wish'd; the Office of a Buffoon has its Prerogatives, but yet we are not always acceptable. To talk of your Flame is a nice Point, and especially with the Princess. You know in what Title she glories; and that

The Pleasures of the Inhabited Island. 13

that her Head's stuffed with a certain Philosophy, which declares War against the Conjugal Bands, and treats *Cupid* like a pitiful Deity. I must manage the thing artfully, for fear of shocking her Tyger Humour; for a Body must take care how one speaks to you great People. Let me alone to manage it by degrees, I am very zealous for you; you are the Son of my natural Prince, and some other Obligations may also contribute to the Good I design you: My Mother in her time was esteem'd handsom enough, and no Tygres; your late Father, that generous Prince, was a very bold Gamester in matters of Gallantry; and I have heard that *Elpenor* my reputed Father, *alias* my Mother's Husband, used to brag among the Shepherds how the Prince sometimes call'd in at his House as he pass'd by. But Mum, be that as it will, I'll endeavour——But here comes the Princess and two of our Rivals.

S C E N E III.

The Princess of Elis afterwards appears with the Princes of Messene and Pylos, who by their Carriage testify they have Inclinations very different from that which the Prince of Ithaca makes shew of. This Dissimulation works mightily on the Princess to his Advantage. She does not, however, discover the least sign of the Impression he had made on her, or that she had so much as observed him. She still professes, like a second Diana, to love nothing but Hunting and the Woods, and when the Prince of Messene would heighten to her the Service he had done her, by rescuing her from a huge Boar which had slain upon her; she tells him, without lessening her Acknowledgment, that she thought his Aid so much the less considerable, as that she alone had kill'd many as furious, and might perhaps have overcome that.

The Princess and her Train, Aristomenes, Theocles, Eurialus, Arbates, Moron.

Arist. How, Madam! Do you lessen the Danger we saved you from? For my part, I shou'd have thought that to overcome that Boar which so furiously attack'd you, was
an

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an Accident (not knowing of this Hunting) which we ought to have thank'd our good Destiny for: But by this Coldness, I plainly see that I ought to be of another Opinion, and blame the fatal Power of Chance which made me an Accomplice in a thing that offends you.

Theoc. For my part, Madam, I esteem this Action a wonderful Action, and notwithstanding your Displeasure, cannot consent to blame Fortune for such an Adventure. I know when a Person is hated, every thing he does displeases; but tho' your Anger were even greater than 'tis, I shall say, 'tis an extreme Pleasure to one that Loves as he ought, to have an Opportunity to aid the Person he admires.

Princ. And do you think, my Lord, (since I must speak) that I shou'd have been so mightily terrify'd at this Danger? That a Bow and Arrow wou'd ha' been useless in my Hand? That I who am accusom'd to haunt the Hills, the Plains, the Woods, might not hope to be of my self sufficient for my own Defence? Sure I have made but ill use of my Time, if on such Urgency I cou'd not have triumph'd over one poor Beast. If the generality of my Sex is so unable in your Opinion to effect such Actions, yet I beg you'd allow me the Glory of a higher Sphere, and believe I have conquer'd fiercer Boars than this.

Theoc. But, Madam—

Princ. Well, be it so; I see you would perswade me that I owe my Life to you; I'll grant it, without you I had lost my Life, I heartily thank you for your Aid, and will immediately go to the Prince, and tell him of the Miracles which your Love has made you do for me.

SCENE IV.

Eurialus, Moron, Arbates.

Mor. Well! Was there ever such a haughty Spirit! The Death of that plaguy Boar angers her. O how well shou'd I have rewarded any one that wou'd have ridded me of him just now!

Arb. I see, Sir, her Disdain makes you pensive; but it ought not in the least to retard the Execution of your Designs.

The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island. 15

Designs. Her Hour is not yet come; and perhaps the Honour of conquering her Insensibility is reserved for you.

Mor. 'Tis fit she know the Secret before the Race, and —

Enr. No, *Moron*, I won't have it so now; don't mention it at all, and let me alone a little; I have thought of a quite different way: I see too plainly she is resolved to despise all who think to overcome her with Submission. The Deity which engages me to fight for her, inspires me with a new Contrivance to conquer her. Yes, 'tis he alone has made me change my Thought, and from him I expect the Success of it.

Arb. May one enquire, my Lord, the means you hope to —

Enr. You shall see it; follow me, and be secret.

INTERLUDE II.

ARGUMENT.

Moron leaves the Prince to go talk of his growing Passion to the Woods and Rocks; and hollowing the Name of his Shepherdess Phillis, a ridiculous Echo answering him whimsically, he takes such great Pleasure in it, that laughing in an hundred Manners, he makes the Echo answer as often, without seeming at all tired with it. But a Bear interrupts this Diversion, and puts him into a terrible fright. He makes a world of Bows and Reverences to the Bear, to try to mollifie him. At length he runs up a Tree, and seeing the Bear going to clamber up after him, he cries out for help so loud, that he fetches out eight Countrymen arm'd with pointed Clubs, whilst another Bear coming after the first, there begins a Battle, which ends with the Death of one of the Bears, and the Flight of t' other.

SCENE

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SCENE I.

Moron solus.

Well, goodbuy till I see you again; for my part I'll stay here, and have a little Talk with these Trees and Rocks.

*Ye Woods and Flow'rs, and Streams that flow
That hear me cry like Kitten,
Pray be inform'd, if you don't know,
That I with Love am smitten,
Phillis the charming Object is,
(Sly Love admits no bilking)
I took a Fancy to her Phiz,
As she a Cow was milking.
I saw her with extreme delight
The gristly Udder squeeze :
White was the Milk, her Fingers white,
But whiter far were these.*

Ah Phillis, Phillis, Phillis, ah! hem! ah, ah, ah, ha, ha, ha, oh, oh, oh, oh. This is a Comical Echo! hom! hom! hom! ha! ha! ha! uh! uh! uh! a Comical Echo!

SCENE II.

Moron, a Bear.

Mor. Oh, Mr. Bear, I am your very humble Servant; pray spare me. I'll assure you I'm not worth eating; I'm nothing but Skin and Bone, and there's some People in my Eye wou'd serve your turn much better. Good your Grace, as you're stout be merciful. La, la, la, ah! My Lord, how handsome and well-made your Highness is. Extremely gallant, and the finest Shape in the World. fine Hair, charming Head, beautiful Eyes, sparkling and large. Oh! fine little Paw, fine little Mouth, little pretty Teeth! Oh a fine Throat, fine little Paws, little well-turn'd Nails! Help, help, I'm dead, mercy on me, poor Moron, O quick, or I'm lost. *(The Huntsmen appear, and Moron gets into a Tree.)* Oh Gentlemen take pity on me! Good Gen-

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Gentlemen kill me that ugly Beast. Assist them, kind Heaven. Good, he flies, he turns, he falls upon 'em. Good, there's one has given him a Blow in the Throat. They're both upon him. Courage, stand to't, well done, my Friends. Good, push him. Oh, there he's o' the Ground, 'tis done, he's dead, now let's come down and give him an hundred Blows. Your Servant, Gentlemen, thank you for delivering me from this Monster, now you have kill'd him, I'll dispatch him, and triumph with you.

Those Huntsmen had no sooner gain'd this Victory, than Moron, grown bold by the Danger's being removed, goes to give a thousand Blows to the Beast, now unable to defend himself, and does all that a Bragadochio cou'd do on that Occasion; and the Huntsmen, to testifie their Joy, dance a very fine Entry. They were M. Manceau, the Sieurs Chicaneaux, Baltazard, Noblet, Bonard, and Marquis de la Pierre.

ACT II.

ARGUMENT.

The Prince of Ithaca, and the Princess, had a very polite Conversation together about the Chariot-Race which was preparing: She had before told one of the Princesses her Kinswomen, that the Insensibility of the Prince of Ithaca disturb'd her; that tho' She'd ne'er love any body, it made her uneasy to see that He loved no body; and that tho' she did at first design not to go see the Races, she now wou'd go, to triumph over the Liberty of a Man that was so fond on's. It might easily be perceived, that the Merit of the Prince had produced its ordinary Effect; that his fine Qualities had touch'd ther haughty Soul, and begun to thaw part of that Ice, which till then had resisted the Darts of Love; and the more he affected (by the Advice of Moron, whom he had gain'd, and who was well acquainted

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with the Princess's Heart) to seem insensible (tho' he was but too much otherwise) the more the Princess took it in her Head to engage him, tho' she did not design to engage her self. The Princes of Messene and Pylos took their Leave of her, to go and prepare for the Races, first telling her they hoped to be Victors there purely to please her. The Prince of Ithaca, on the contrary, told her, that having never been in love with any one thing, he'd endeavour to Conquer for his own sole Satisfaction. This spur'd her on the more to subject an Heart, which was before sufficiently subjected, but which very well knew how to disguise its Sentiments in the most artful manner.

SCENE I.

The Princess, Aglanta, Cinthia.

Princ. Yes, I love to be in these solitary Places. There's nothing here but what enchants the Eye; and all the Architecture of our Palaces must yield to the simple Beauty of Nature: These Trees, these Rocks, these Rivulets, this fresh Turf, are to me Pleasures that never tire.

Agl. Like you I love these peaceful Retreats, wherein one avoids the Noise of the City; these Places are embellish'd with a thousand Charming Objects, and what is most surprising is, that at the very Gates of *Elis*, they who hate Crowds, may meet with so fine and vast a Solitude. But, to speak Truth, in these Days of General Joy, your Retreat here looks unseasonable; and 'tis no less than a palpable Affront to the Magnificent Preparation made by the Princes. The pompous Spectacle of the Chariot-Races deserves the Honour of your Presence.

Princ. What right have they to expect my Presence? How am I obliged to 'em for their Magnificence? They do these things on purpose to win upon me; and my Heart is the only Prize they run for. But they may flatter themselves as much as they please, I'm mightily deceived if any of them gain their Ends.

Cinth. How long will this Heart be provok'd at the innocent Designs that are form'd to touch it; and look upon the Affiduties of your Followers, as so many criminal

At-

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Attempts made upon your Person? I know that whoever pleads the Cause of *Cupid*, displeases you; but the Consanguinity there is between us makes me the Bolder to speak. I cannot flatter you, and praise your Resolutions of never Loving. Is any thing more glorious than the innocent Flame which a shining Merit kindles in a Heart? Where would be the Pleasure of Life, if Love were banish'd the World? No, no, the Delights it affords are infinite; and to live without Loving, is, properly speaking, not to live at all.

Agl. For my part I esteem Love the most agreeable Thing in Life, and that all Pleasures are insipid unless they are temper'd with a little of that.

Princ. Can you two, being what you are, talk thus? ought you not to blush to maintain a Passion which is nothing but Error, Weakness and Extravagance; and whose Disorders are so opposite to the Glory of our Sex? I intend to maintain its Honour to the last Moment of my Life, and will not commit my self to those Men, who act the Slaves, only to become in time Tyrants over us. All those Tears, Sighs, Homages, Respects, are nothing but Snares laid for our Hearts, and which often engage 'em to commit base Things. For my part, when I behold certain Examples, and the base Actions to which that Passion sinks those who are under its Power, my Heart is moved with Indignation; and I cannot bear that a Soul which professes never so little Honour should not think such Weaknesses horrible.

Cinth. Ah, Madam, there are some Weaknesses that are not at all shameful; and 'tis a fine thing to have them even in the highest Degree of Glory. I hope in time you'll alter your Opinion, and if Heaven pleases we shall shortly see your Heart —

Princ. Hold, and do not finish that strange Wish: I have too great an Horror for such sorts of Debasements, and if ever I should be capable to descend to 'em, I'm sure I should never forgive my self.

Agl. Take care, Madam, Love knows how to revenge himself for the Contempt that's had of him, and perhaps —

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Princ. No, no, I defie all his Darts; and the great Power that's attributed to him is nothing but a *Chimara*, and the excuse of weak Hearts, who represent him invincible to authorise their Weakness.

Cinth. But all the World knows his Power, and you see the Gods themselves are subject to his Empire. We are told that *Jupiter* has been in Love more than once, and that even *Diana* herself, whose Example you admire so much, was not ashamed to sigh for Love.

Princ. The publick Opinion is always mix'd with Error. The Gods are not made as the vulgar fantasie they are; and 'tis a want of Respect to attribute to them humane Frailties.

SCENE II.

Moron, the Princess, Aglanta, Cinthia, Phillis.

Agl. Come hither, *Moron*, come help us to defend Love against the Princess's Opinion.

Princ. Your side's fortified with a powerful Defender truly.

Mor. Faith, Madam, I believe that after my Example there will be no more to be said, and that the Power of Love will be no longer doubted. I for a long time defied his Arms, and mock'd him like another, but at length my Pride was pull'd down, and you have a Traitors that made me tamer than a Lamb; after this you ought to make no Scruple to love; since I do, sure others may.

Cinth. What, *Moron* in love?

Mor. Yes, *Moron* in love.

Cinth. Does he pretend to be beloved again?

Moron. And why not? Am not I well enough made for that? I think my Face is passible; and for a fine Air, thank *Jupiter*, we need lower the Flag to none.

Cinth. Without doubt 'twould be wrong to —

SCENE

SCENE III.

Lycas, the Princess, Aglanta, Cinthia, Phillis, Moron.

Lyc. Madam, the Prince your Father is coming hither to you, and brings with him the Princes of *Pylas* and of *Ishaca*, and that of *Messene*.

Princ. O Heav'ns! What's his Intention in bringing them to me? Is he resolv'd upon my Destruction, and does he design to oblige me to take one of them?

SCENE V.

The Prince, Eurilus, Aristomenes, Theocles, The Princess, Aglanta, Cinthia, Phillis, Moron.

Princ. My Lord, I beg you'd give me leave to prevent, in two Words, the Declaration of the Thoughts you may perhaps have. There are two Truths, my Lord, one as certain as the other, which I may equally assure you of; one is, that you have an absolute Power over me, and that you can lay no Command upon me but what I'd blindly obey; t'other is, that I look upon Marriage as Death, and than 'tis impossible for me to master that natural Aversion. To give me an Husband, and to give me Death, is the same thing; but your Will goes first, and my Obedience is much more dear to me than my Life: Now speak, my Lord; pronounce freely what you please.

Princ. Daughter you're in the wrong to take such Alarms, and I'm sorry you can think me so bad a Father as to do Violence to your Sentiments, and use tyrannically the Power Heav'n has given me over you. I, indeed, wish your Heart were capable of Love: All my Desires would be satisfied if that would happen, and I propos'd the Feasts and Sports I know celebrate, only to assemble all the illustrious Youth of *Greece*, that amongst them you might meet with one on whom you might fix your Choice; I say, all I desire is to see you marry'd; and to obtain this Favour I have this Morning sacrific'd to *Venus*, and if I can explain the Language of the Gods, she promised me a Miracle; but, be it as 'twill, I'll use you like

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a Father that loves his Daughter; if you pitch upon any one, your Choice shall be mine, and I'll consider neither Interest of State, nor Advantage of Alliance. If your Heart remains insensible, I won't undertake to force it; but be at least Complaisant to the Civilities that are done you, and do not give me cause to make Excuse for your Coldness; use these Princes with the Esteem you owe them; receive with Acknowledgment the Testimonies of their Zeal, and come and see this Race wherein they are to shew their Skill.

Theoc. Every Body goes to this Course to endeavour to gain the Prize. But, to tell you the Truth, I have no great Ardor for the Victory, since 'tis not your Heart that's to be disputed there.

Arift. For my part, Madam, you are the only Prize I propose to myself; 'Tis you that I imagine to be disputed in these Combats of Skill, and I aspire to gain the Honour of this Course, only to obtain a Degree of Glory, that may raise me nearer your Heart.

Eur. I do not go with any such Design, Madam. As I all my Life-time have profess'd to love nothing, the Cares I take have not the Aim that others have. I have no Pretence to your Heart, and the Honour of the Course is the sole Advantage I aspire to. *[They leave her.]*

Princ. Whence proceeds this unexpected Haughtiness? Princess, what do you think of this young Prince? Did you observe what an Air he assumed?

Agl. 'Tis true, 'twas something haughty.

Mor. Oh what a fine Trick he has served her!

Princ. Don't you think 'twould be pleasant to humble his Pride, and to take down a little that hectoring Heart.

Cinth. You being accusom'd never to receive anything but Homages and Adorations from the whole World, such a Complement as his may well surprize you.

Princ. I must confess it has given me some Emotion, and I should be very glad to find a way to chastise this Pride. I had no great Desire to go to this Race; but now I'll go on purpose, and do all I can to strike him with Love.

Cinth.

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Cinth. Take care, Madam, the Enterprize is dangerous; and when one tries to give Love, one is in danger of receiving it.

Princ. Oh, pray never fear that; come, I'll answer for my self.

I N T E R L U D E III.

S C E N E I.

Moron, Phillis.

Mor. **P**hillis, stay here.

Phil. No, let me follow the rest.

Mor. Cruel Creature! If 'twas *Thirsis* desired you, you'd stay gladly.

Phil. That may be, and I own I love much better to be with one than t'other; for he diverts me with his Voice, and you deafen me with your Clack. When you sing as well as him I promise to hear you.

Mor. Eh, stay a little.

Phil. I can't.

Mor. Pray do.

Phil. No, I tell you.

Mor. I won't let you go.

Phil. Here's a-do indeed!

Mor. I desire to be with you but a Moment.

Phil. Well, I'll stay, provided you promise me one thing.

Mor. What?

Phil. Not to speak.

Mor. O, *Phillis*!

Phil. If you do I won't stay.

Mor. Will you —

Phil. Let me go.

Mor. Well, stay, I won't say a Word.

Phil. See you don't; for at the first Word I'm gone.

Mor.

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Mor. (*Makes a Scene of Gestures.*) Be it so. Ah! *Philis*—
Oh—She's gone, and I can't overtake her, see the Case;
if I cou'd but sing, I might do my Business better. Most
Women now are taken by the Ear; they make every Bo-
dy learn Musick: and no Body succeeds with them, but by
the Sonnets and Verses they sing to em. I must learn to
sing that I may do like others. Oh, here's the Man I
wanted—

SCENE II.

Satire, Moron.

Sat. La, la, la.

Mor. Ah Friend *Satire*, you know you have a long
time promised me, pray teach me to sing.

Sat. I will; but first hear a Song I just now made.

Mor. He's so used to sing that he can't speak otherwise.
Come, sing; I hear you.

Sat. Two—

Mor. A Song do you say?

Sat. Two Sp—

Mor. A Song to be sung?

Sat. Two Spar—

Mor. Plague take you, an amorous Song.

Sat. Two Sparrows which I Captive made
I homewards did convey,

Young *Cloris* issuing from the Shade,
Surprised me in the way.

Alas! said I, my Lot affords
Some Comfort to your Sore:

He that took you, poor little Birds,
Is taken ten times more.

Moron was not satisfied with this Song, tho' he thought it
very pretty; he desired one more passionate; and begging the
Satire to sing him that which he had heard him sing some
Days before, he continued thus:

Sing

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*Sing to my Fair, ye feather'd Throng,
The Pain that makes me rave;
But if she's Angry at the Song,
Be silent as the Grave.*

This second Song having touch'd Moron very much, he desires the Satyre to teach him to sing it.

Mor. Ah! this is fine, teach it me!

Sat. La, la, la, la.

Mor. La, la, la, la.

Sat. Fa, fa, fa, fa.

Mor. Fa, your self and be hang'd.

The Satyre grows Angry, and by little and little putting himself in a Posture of coming to Fisticuffs the Violins begin a Tune, upon which several Satyres Dance a pleasant Entry.

A C T III.

A R G U M E N T.

The Princess of Elis was, in the mean time, mighty uneasy; the Prince of Ithaca had gain'd the Prize at the Races, she had in the course of her Diversions perform'd Wonders at Singing and Dancing, yet cou'd not perceive that the Gifts of Art and Nature were so much as observed by the Prince of Ithaca; she makes great Complaints of it to the Princess her Kinswoman, she speaks of it to Moron too, who calls that insensible Prince a Brute. And, at length, seeing him come himself, she can't help very seriously touching him upon that Head. He ingenuously answers her that he loves nothing except Liberty, and the Pleasures of Solitude and Hunting.

VOL. III.

C

SCENE

Sing

SCENE I.

The Princess, Aglanta, Cinthia, Phillis.

Cinth. 'Tis true, Madam, that young Prince shew'd an uncommon Dexterity; and his Air had something surprizing in it. He goes off Conqueror in this Course; but I much doubt whether with the same Heart he came in. For you aim'd such Blows at him, that 'twas difficult to defend himself; and without mentioning any thing else, your Gracefulness in Dancing, and the Sweetness of your Voice, had such Charms to Day, that it might ha' touch'd the most insensible:

Princ. There he is, with *Moron*; we'll know what he's talking of. Don't let's interrupt him now, but turn this way to meet them again by and by.

SCENE II.

Eurialus, Moron, Arbates.

Eur. Ah, *Moron*, I confess I was Enchanted, and never so many Charms together struck my Eyes and Ears. 'Tis true she's adorable at all times; but that Moment more than ever; and new Graces redoubled the Lustre of her Beauty. Never was her Face adorn'd with more lively Colours, nor her Eyes arm'd with more quick and piercing Shafts. The Sweetness of her Voice shew'd it self in a perfectly charming Tune which she deign'd to sing, and the wonderful Sounds which she form'd, went to the very bottom of my Soul, and held all my Senses in an incurable Rapture. She afterwards discover'd a Disposition altogether Divine; and her lovely Feet upon the Enamel of the tender Turf, traced such amiable Characters as put me quite beside my self, and ty'd me by invincible Bonds to the easie and just Motions with which her whole Body follow'd the changes of the Harmony. In short, never did Soul feel such strong Emotions as mine, and I thought above twenty times I shou'd ha' forgot my Resolution, to cast my self at her Feet, and confess the Ardor I felt for her.

Moron.

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Mor. If you'd take my advice, my Lord, you'd be very cautious how you do that. You have hit upon the best method in the World, and I'm mightily deceived if it don't succeed. Women are Animals of a whimsical Nature, we spoil them by our Tenderness; and I really believe we shou'd see them hunt us, were it not for the Respect and Submissions whereby Men make 'em proud.

Arb. My Lord, here comes the Princess, at some distance from her Train.

Mor. Be firm in the way you have taken; I'll go see what she'll say to me, mean time walk you in these little Turnings, without shewing any Desire of joining her, and if you do accost her, stay as little with her as you can.

SCENE III.

The Princess, Moron.

Princ. Are you familiar, *Moron*, with the Prince of *Uthaca*?

Mor. Ah, Madam, we are old Acquaintance.

Princ. How come it that he did not walk quite hither, but turn'd t'other way when he saw me?

Mor. 'Tis a whimsical Man, and loves to be alone.

Princ. Were you just now by, at the Complement he made me?

Mor. Yes, Madam, I was, and thought it a little impertinent, under favour of his Princesship.

Princ. For my part, I confess, *Moron*, this shunning of me shocks me, and I am mighty desirous to engage him, that I might pull down his Pride a little.

Mor. Faith, Madam, you wou'd not do ill, he deserves it; but to tell you the Truth, I doubt you wou'd not succeed.

Princ. How so?

Mor. How? Why 'tis the proudest little Rogue you ever saw: He thinks no body in the World deserves him; and that the Earth is not worthy of bearing him.

Princ. But has he not yet spoken of me?

Mor. He? No.

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Princ. Did he say nothing to you of my Singing and Dancing?

Mor. Not a Syllable.

Princ. This Contempt moves me, I can't bear this strange Haughtiness of esteeming nothing.

Mor. We have no Marble in our Mountains that is harder and more insensible than he is.

Princ. There he is:

Mor. Do you see how he goes by, without taking any notice of you?

Princ. Pray, *Moron*, go and let him know that I am here, and oblige him to come hither.

S C E N E IV.

The Princess, Eurialus, Moron, Arbates.

Mor. My Lord, all is as it shou'd be; the Princess wishes you'd accost her; but take care and continue your Part, and for fear of forgetting it, don't stay long with her.

Princ. You are very solitary, my Lord, and yours is an extraordinary Humour, to renounce our Sex in this manner, and to avoid, at your Age, that Gallantry which is so esteem'd by Men in your Circumstances.

Eur. The Humour, Madam, is not so extraordinary, but that we may find Examples of it without going far off; and you cannot condemn the Resolution I have taken of never loving any thing, without condemning your own Sentiments at the same time.

Princ. There's a great deal of difference; and that which fits well upon one Sex, does not fit well upon the other. It is noble for a Woman to be insensible, and preserve her Heart free from the Flames of Love; but what is Virtue in her, becomes a Crime in a Man. And as Beauty is the Lot of our Sex, you cannot omit loving us, without wronging us of the Homage that's our due, and committing an Offence which we ought all of us to resent.

Eur. I don't see, Madam, why those Women that will not love, shou'd be at all concern'd at these sorts of Offences.

Princ.

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Princ. That's no Reason, my Lord; for tho' we don't care to Love, yet we are glad to be loved.

Eur. For my part, I'm not of that Humour; and as I have a Design of loving none, I shou'd be very sorry to be beloved.

Princ. Why so?

Eur. Because we're obliged to those that love us, and I wou'd not willingly be ungrateful.

Princ. So that to avoid Ingratitude, you'd love the Person that shou'd love you?

Eur. I, Madam? Not at all. I say I wou'd not willingly be ungrateful, but perhaps I shou'd sooner be so than amorous?

Princ. But perhaps such a Person might love you, that your Heart—

Eur. No, Madam, nothing is capable of touching my Heart: My Liberty is the sole Mistress to whom I consecrate my Vows; and tho' Heaven shou'd employ its utmost Care to form a perfect Beauty, tho' it shou'd endue her with the most wonderful Gifts, both of Body and Mind; in short, tho' it shou'd expose to my view a Miracle of Wit, Art and Beauty, and that Person shou'd love me with all the Tenderness imaginable, I must freely confess to you I shou'd not love her.

Princ. Was ever any thing like this?

Mor. Plague take the little Brute. I've a good mind to give him a slap o'th' Chops.

Princ. (*Aside.*) This Pride confounds me; it makes me so angry that I am not my self.

Mor. (*To the Prince.*) Good; Courage, my Lord, this is right.

Eur. Ah, *Moron*, I can hold no longer, I have made strange Endeavours.

Princ. 'Tis a sign of great Insensibility indeed to talk as you do.

Eur. Heav'n has made me thus: But, Madam, I interrupt your Walk; and my Respect ought to inform me that you lov'd Solitude.

SCENE V.

The Princess, Moron, Phillis, Thyrsis.

Mor. He's not inferior to you, Madam, in hardness of Heart.

Princ. I'd freely give all I have to triumph over it.

Mor. I believe you.

Princ. Cou'd not you serve me, *Moron*, in such a Design?

Mor. You very well know, Madam, that I am entirely at your Service.

Princ. Speak of me to him, cry up my Person, and the Advantages of my Birth, and try to shake his Resolution by the sweetness of some Expectation. I give you leave to say all you think fit, to engage him to me.

Mor. Let me alone.

Princ. 'Tis a thing I have at Heart, I wish ardently he may Love.

Mor. 'Tis true, the little Dog's well made; he has a good Air, a good Face, and I believe he'd very well serve a young Princess's turn.

Princ. You may expect any thing from me, if you can but enflame his Heart.

Mor. There's nothing impossible; but, Madam, if he shou'd come to love you, pray what wou'd you do?

Princ. O, then I'd take delight in triumphing over his Vanity; I'd punish his Disdain by my Coldness, and exercise over him all the Cruelties I cou'd imagine.

Mor. He'll never yield.

Princ. Ah! *Moron*, we must make him.

Mor. No, he won't, I know him, my Labour will be in vain.

Princ. We must however make some Attempt, and try if his Soul be entirely insensible. Come, I'll speak to him, and prosecute a Thought which just now came into my Head.

INTER-

INTERLUDE IV.

SCENE I.

Phillis, Thyrsis.

Phil. Come, *Thyrsis*, let them go, and tell me your Sufferings a little, as you know how. Your Eyes have spoken to me this pretty while; but I shou'd be glad to hear your Voice.

Thyr. sings. *My sad Complaint, indeed, you hear;
But how does't ease my Smart,
If I can only touch your Ear,
And never reach your Heart?*

Phil. Well, well, 'tis something to touch the Ear; time will produce the rest. Mean time sing me some new Complaint that you have made for me.

SCENE II.

Moron, Phillis, Thyrsis.

Mor. Oh! have I caught you, cruel One; you sink away from the rest to hear my Rival, do you?

Phil. Yes, I sink away for that, I tell it you again, I am pleas'd with him, and one willingly hearkens to Lovers when they complain so agreeably as he does. Why don't you sing like him? I shou'd then take delight in hearing you.

Mor. If I can't Sing, I can do other things, and when——

Phil. Hold your Peace; I will hear him. *Thyrsis* go on.

Mor. Ah cruel——

Phil. Silence, I say, or I shall be angry.

Thyr. sings. *Ye rusted Trees, and painted Meads,
The Spring your Charms renews,
But nought can give my Heart that bleeds
The Joy that I did lose.*

C 4

Mor.

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Mor. 'Zdeath, why can't I Sing? Damn'd Step-mother Nature, why did you not give me wherewithal to Sing like another?

Phil. Indeed, *Thyrsis*, nothing can be more agreeable, and you bear away the Bell from all the Rivals you have.

Mor. But why is it that I can't Sing? Have I not a Stomach, a Throat, and a Tongue like another? Yes, yes; come then, I too will Sing, and shew you that Love enables one to perform all things. Here's a Song I made for you.

Phil. Come, sing it then, I'll hear you for the Rarity of the thing.

Mor. Up with your Head, *Moron*, Boldness is all.

Thy bloody-minded Cruelty [He sings.
Will surely stop my Breath,
But wilt thou e'er the fatter be,
For honest Moron's Death?

Well said, *Moron*.

Phil. Why this is very well: But, *Moron*, I shou'd be very glad to have the Glory of having some Lover dye for me; 'tis an Advantage I have not yet enjoy'd, and I find I should love any one with all my Heart, that wou'd love me so much as to kill himself.

Mor. You'd love the Person that wou'd kill himself for you? Ha?

Phil. Yes.

Mor. That wou'd please you?

Phil. Aye.

Mor. 'Tis done then, I'll shew you that I can kill my self when I've a mind to't.

Thyrs. Sings. *Ah how pleasant 'tis to dye*
For the bright Nymph who makes us sigh.

Mor. 'Tis a Pleasure you may have when you will.

Thyrs. Sings. *Courage, Moron, quick expire,*
Shew a generous Lover's fire.

Mor. Pray trouble your Head with your own Business, and let me kill my self as I have a mind to't. Come, I'll shame all Lovers. Stay, I'm not a Man that will make many

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many words on it. Look on this Dagger; pray observe how I pierce my Heart. I'm your Servant, Mr. Cuddon; ha, ha, ha, ha. [Laughs at Thyr.

Phil. Come, *Thyrsis*, repeat to me in an Eccho what you have sung.

ACT IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Princess hoping by a Stratagem to discover the Prince of Ithaca's Sentiments, she tells him as a Secret, that she loved the Prince of Messene. Instead of seeming concern'd at it, he does the like, and lets her know, that the Princess her Kinswoman had smitten him, and that he'd demand her in Marriage of the King her Father; at this unexpected stroke, that Princess loses all her Constancy; and tho' she tries to constrain her self before him, yet so soon as he's gone she so earnestly desires her Cousin not to receive the Services of that Prince, and never to marry him, that she can't refuse it her. She complains even to Moron, who having freely told her 'twas a sign she did love him, he is driven from her Presence for it.

SCENE I.

Eurialus, the Princess, Moron.

Princ. Prince, as hitherto we have shew'd a Conformity of Sentiments, and Heav'n has seem'd to put in us the same Affection for Liberty, and the same Aversion to Love, I am willing to open my Heart to you, and to entrust you with the Secret of a Change which will surprize you. I have always look'd upon Marriage as a frightful thing, and have vow'd rather to abandon Life, than ever lose that Liberty, which I was so fond of; but now one Moment has dissipated all these Resolutions; the Merit

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rit of a certain Prince has to Day struck my Eyes, and my Soul all of a sudden (as it were by a Miracle) is become sensible to that Passion which I always despised; I presently found Reasons to authorize this Change, and I may back it by my willingness to answer the ardent Solicitations of a Father, and the Wishes of a whole Kingdom; but to tell you the truth, I am in pain for the Judgment you may pass upon me; and I'd fain know whether or no you'll condemn my Design of taking an Husband.

Eur. You may make such a choice, Madam, that I shall certainly approve of it.

Princ. Who do you think I design to chuse?

Eur. If I were in your Heart I'd tell you; but as I am not I can't.

Princ. Guess; name some body.

Eur. I'm afraid I shou'd be deceived.

Princ. But who wou'd you have me declare my self for?

Eur. If I was to tell you truly, I know who; but before I explain my self, I must know your Thoughts.

Princ. Well, Prince, I'll discover it to you; I am sure you'll approve my Choice, and to hold you no longer in suspense, the Prince of *Messene* is he whose Merit has attracted my Regards.

Eur. O Heav'ns!

Princ. My Invention has succeeded, *Moron*; he's disturb'd.

Mor. to the Princess, Good Madam. *To the Prince,* Courage, my Lord. *To the Princess,* He's in for't. *To the Prince,* Don't be dishearten'd.

Princ. Do you not think that I'm in the right? Has not that Prince all the Merit that can be had?

Mor. (To the Prince.) Recover your self, and answer.

Princ. How comes it, Prince, that you don't say a word, and seem Thunder-struck?

Eur. I am so indeed, and I admire, Madam, how Heaven cou'd form two Souls so alike in every thing as ours, two Souls in which were never seen a greater Conformity of Sentiments, which have shew'd at the same time a Resolution to Brave the Power of Love, and which

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in the same Instant have shew'd an equal Facility to lose the Name of Insensible; for, Madam, since your Example Authorises me, I shan't scruple to tell you that Love this very Day has master'd my Heart; and that one of the Princesses, your Cousins, the Amiable and Charming *Aglanta* has overthrown with a Glance all the Projects of my Resolution. I am over-joy'd, Madam, that by this Equality we cannot reproach each other; and I don't doubt but that as I infinitely praise you for your Choice, you'll likewise approve of mine. This Miracle must be made appear to all the World, and we ought not to defer making our selves both easy. For my part, Madam, I beg you'd try to obtain for me her I desire, and consent that I go immediately to demand her of the Prince your Father.

Mor. Ah worthy Heart! Ah brave Heart!

SCENE II.

The Princess, Moron.

Princ. Ah *Moron*! I can hold no longer, this unexpected Accident absolutely triumphs over all my Firmness.

Mor. 'Tis true, the Accident is surprizing, and I thought at first that your Stratagem had had its effect.

Princ. 'Tis enough to make me mad, that another shou'd have the advantage of subjecting an Heart which I was endeavouring at.

SCENE III.

The Princess, Aglanta, Moron.

Princ. Princess, I have one thing to desire of you, which you must absolutely grant me: The Prince of *Irbaca* loves you, and designs to ask you of the Prince my Father.

Agl. The Prince of *Irbaca*, Madam?

Princ. Yes, he just now told it me himself, and beg'd my Consent to court you; but I conjure you to reject this Proposition; and not lend Ear to whatever he may say to you.

Agl.

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Agl. But, Madam, if 'tis true that that Prince really loves me, why, having your self no Design to engage him, will you not suffer—

Princ. No, *Aglanta*, I desire it of you, I beg you'd gratify me so far, and be not angry that not having the Advantage to conquer him my self, I deprive him of the Joy of obtaining You.

Agl. Madam, I must obey you: but I shou'd think the Conquest of such an Heart no contemptible Victory.

Princ. No, no, he shall not have the Pleasure of braving me entirely.

SCENE IV.

Aristomenes, Moron, The Princess, Aglanta.

Arist. Madam, at your Feet I come to thank Love for my happy Fate; and testify to you, by my Transports, the Acknowledgment I am under for the surprising Goodness wherewith you deign to favour the most humble of your Captives.

Princ. How?

Arist. The Prince of *Ithaca*, Madam, just now assured me that your Heart had had the Goodness to declare itself in my Favour, in reference to that Choice which all Greece hearkens after.

Princ. He told you then that he had it from my Mouth?

Arist. Yes, Madam.

Princ. He's a Fool, and you are a little too credulous, Prince, to give credit so hastily to what he told you; such News, in my Opinion, shou'd have been some time doubted; and you cou'd have done no more than believe it, if I my self had told it you.

Arist. Madam, if I was too soon persuaded—

Princ. Pray, my Lord, let's break off here; and if you'll oblige me, let me enjoy a moment's Solitude.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Princess, Aglanta, Moron.

Princ. What strange Rigour Heaven uses me with in this Adventure: at least, Princess, remember the Request I made to you.

Agl. I have already told you, Madam, that you must be obey'd.

Mor. But, Madam, if he loved you, you wou'd not have him, and yet you will not let him be another's. 'Tis just like the Dog in the Manger.

Princ. No, I can't bear to see him happy with another; if he were, I believe I shou'd die with Vexation.

Mor. Come, Madam, confess all, you'd fain have him your self, and in all your Actions 'tis easily seen that you love this young Prince a little.

Princ. I Love him? O Heavens! I Love him! Have you the Insolence to pronounce those Words? Out of my sight, Impudence, and never let me see you again.

Mor. Madam.

Princ. Be gone, I say, or I'll make you, in another manner.

Mor. Faith her Heart has its share; and —

[He meets a Look from her that makes him retire.]

SCENE VI.

The Princess, sola.

With what unknown Emotion is my Heart affected? and what secret uneasiness is all of a sudden come to disturb the Tranquility of my Soul? Is it not what I was just now told it is; and do I not love this young Prince, without knowing any thing of it? Ah! if it were so, I should run Mad; but 'tis impossible it should be so, and I plainly perceive I can never love him. What! shou'd I be capable of that Baseness? I have seen the whole Earth at my Feet, with the greatest Insensibility in the World. Respects, Homages, Submission, cou'd never touch my Soul; and shall Haughtiness and Disdain triumph
over

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over it! I have despised all those that have loved me, and shall I love the only one that despises me! No, no, I know I do not love him; there's no Reason for it; But if it is not Love that I now feel, what can it be, and whence can proceed this Poison which runs through all my Veins, and will not let me rest? Out of my Heart, whate'er you be, thou Enemy that lurkest there; attack me visibly, and appear to my Eyes the most frightful Monster of all our Woods, that with Darts and Javelins I may get rid of thee. O you, admirable Persons, who by the sweetness of your Songs have the Art to assuage the greatest Anxiety; Come hither, and try to charm, by your Musick, the Pain I am in.

INTERLUDE V.

Climere and Phillis Sing this Dialogue.

Cli. TELL me, dear *Phillis*, what thou think'st of Love?

Phil. Do you, who best can tell, the Question move?

Cli. I've heard it is a fierce devouring Smart.

Phil. And I, the softest Passion of the Heart.

Cli. Which shall we give the Vict'ry to, my Dear?

Phil. In this uncertain Sea how shall we steer?

Both. { *Let's Love, my Dear, and then 'twill soon be found,
Whether in Joy or Grief it does abound.*

Phil. Glad *Cloris* boasts Love's ravishing Effect.

Cli. Poor *Celia's* Tears make me those Joys suspect.

Phil. If *Cupid* to his Followers gives such Pain,
Why do so many seek the amorous Chain?

Cli. But if his Charms give nothing else but Joy,
Why shou'd we thus withstand the gentle Boy?

Phil. Which shall we give the Victory to, my Dear?

Cli. In this uncertain Sea how shall we steer?

Both. { *Let's Love, my Dear, and then 'twill soon be found,
Whether in Joy or Grief it does abound.*

Here

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Here the Princess interrupts 'em, and says,
Make an end by your selves if you will, I can enjoy no
rest; and tho' you have perform'd your Parts very well,
does but augment my Uneasiness.

A C T V.

A R G U M E N T.

There passed in the Heart of the Prince of Messene things very different; the Joy the Prince of Ithaca had given him, by maliciously informing him, that he was beloved by the Princess, had obliged him inconsiderately to go to her, which nothing but an extreme Love cou'd excuse; but he was received in a manner very different from what he hoped for: She ask'd him who told him that News; and when she knew 'twas the Prince of Ithaca, that Information cruelly increas'd her Disease, and made her, as tho' half mad, say, he's a Fool; and this so stupify'd the Prince of Messene, that he departed in Confusion, without being able to make any Reply. The Princess on the other side went to the King her Father, who was coming with the Prince of Ithaca, and who told him not only the Joy he shou'd have to see him allied to him, but even the Opinion he began to be of, that his Daughter did not hate him. She was no sooner in his Presence, but casting her self at his Feet, she desired him, as the greatest Favour she cou'd ever receive, that the Prince of Ithaca might not marry the Princess Aglanta. This he solemnly promises her; but tells her, that if she wou'd not have him be another's, she must take him herself, she answers, he don't desire it; but in so passionate a manner, that 'twas easie to see the Sentiments of her Heart. Then the Prince pulling off the Mask, confesses his Love to her, and the Stratagem he had used to attain to what he now was come to, by the Knowledge of her Humour. The Princess giving him her Hand, the King turns towards the two Princes of Messene and Pylos, and asks 'em if her two Kinswomen, whose Merit was

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not inferior to their Quality, were capable of comforting 'em for their Disgrace. They answer that the Honour of his Alliance being all they wish'd for they could not hope for better Fortune. This occasioned so great a Joy in the Court, that it spread all about the Kingdom.

SCENE I.

Prince Iphitus, Eurialus, Moron, Aglanta, Cinthia.

Mor. Yes, my Lord, 'tis no Jest, I am what they call a disgraced Favourite. I was forced to pack up my Awns and be gone; you never saw any body so Angry as she was.

Prince Iph. Ah Prince! how I ought to thank that Stratagem of Love, if it has found the Secret of touching her Heart.

Eur. Whatever, my Lord, you may be inform'd, for my part I cannot flatter my self with that charming Hope; but if it is not too great a rashness for me to aspire to the Honour of your Alliance, if my Person and Dominions —

Prince. Do not let us enter upon these Compliments; I find in you all a Father cou'd desire; and if you have the Heart of my Daughter, you want nothing.

SCENE II.

The Princess, the Prince, Eurialus, Aglanta, Cinthia, Moron.

Prin. Oh Heavens! What do I behold;

Prince Iph. Yes, the Honour of your Alliance is very valuable with me; and I easily subscribe my Consent to your Request.

Prin. My Lord, I throw my self at your Feet to beg a Favour of you. You always shew'd an extreme Tenderness for me; and I owe you more for your Goodness to me, than for my Birth. But if ever you had any Kindness for me, I now desire the most sensible Proof of it that you can grant me; 'tis, my Lord, not to hearken to that Prince's Request, and not to let him have the Princess *Aglanta*.

Prince,

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Prince. Why, Daughter, shou'd you oppose that Union?

Prin. Because I hate that Prince, and, if I can, will cross his Designs.

Prince. You hate him, Daughter?

Prin. Yes; from my Heart.

Prince. What has he done to you?

Prin. He has despised me.

Prince. As how?

Prin. He did not think me handsome enough to make his Addresses to me.

Prince. What harm does that do you? You'll accept none.

Prin. No matter, he ought to ha' lov'd me like the rest, and let me have had the Glory of refusing him at least. His Declaration affronts me; and 'tis a sensible Shame to me, that in my Presence, and in the midst of your Court, he shou'd court any but me.

Prince. But what is he to you?

Prin. My Lord, I take upon me to revenge his Disdain; and as I know he violently loves *Aglanta*, with your Permission I'll hinder him from being happy with her.

Prince. Then you're mightily concern'd at it?

Prin. Certainly, my Lord; and if he obtains his Desire, I shall die immediately in your Sight.

Prin. Come, come, Daughter, confess the thing freely. This Prince's Merit has open'd your Eyes; and, in short you love him, say what you will.

Prince. I, my Lord?

Prin. Yes, you love him.

Prin. I love him, say you? Do you impute that rashness to me? O Heavens, how great is my Misfortune! Can I hear these Words and live? Must I be so unhappy as to be suspected of loving him? O, if it were any but you, my Lord, that talk'd thus to me, I don't know what I shou'd not do.

Prince. Well, well, you don't love him. You hate him, I grant it; and to content you he shall not have the Princess *Aglanta*.

Prin. O, my Lord, you give me Life.

Vo L. II.

D

Prince.

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Prince. But to hinder his ever being hers, you must take him for your self.

Princ. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, that is not what he desires.

Eur. Pardon me, Madam, if I am rash enough to aspire so high; and I take to witness the Prince your Father, if 'twas not you I askt of him. I have too long deceiv'd you, I must throw off the Veil, and tho' you yet carry it against me, discover to you the real Sentiments of my Heart. I never loved any but you; and never will love any other. 'Tis you, Madam, that took from me the Quality of Insensible, which I was once proud of; all I said was only a Pretence which I was inspired to by a secret Motive, and which I did not follow without the greatest Violence imaginable to my self. It cou'd not last long, and I am amaz'd that it did for half a Day; for I dy'd, I burn'd when I disguis'd my Sentiments to you, and never did a Heart endure a Constraint equal to mine. If this Feint, Madam, offends you, I am ready to die to expiate the Crime; do but command, and my Hand shall immediately make a Glory of executing the Decree you pronounce.

Princ. No, no, Prince, I do not take it ill that you have abus'd me, and I had rather have all you have said to me a Pretence than not a Truth.

Prince. So that you accept this Prince for an Husband, Daughter?

Princ. My Lord, I do not yet know what I shall do; pray give me time to think on't, and spare a little the Confusion I am in.

Prince. Prince, you may guess the meaning of this, and may build upon it.

Eur. I'll stay as long as you please, Madam, for this Decree of my Destiny; and if it condemns me to my Death, I'll obey it without murmuring.

Prince. Come, *Moron*, this is a day of Peace, and I restore you to Favour with the Princess.

Mor. My Lord, I shall be a better Courtier for the future, and shall take care how I speak my Thoughts again.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Aristomenes, Theocles, and the rest.

Prince. I'm afraid, Princes, that my Daughter's Choice will not be in your Favour; but there are two Princesses that may be a Consolation to you.

Arist. My Lord, we shall do as we ought; and if these amiable Princesses do not despise repulsed Hearts, we may in them attain to the Honour of your Alliance.

SCENE IV.

Phillis, and the rest.

Phil. My Lord, the Goddess *Venus* has spread all about the Change of the Princess's Heart: All the Shepherds and Shepherdesses testify their Joy for it by Dances and Songs, and if 'tis not a contemptible Spectacle, you may see the Public Joy extend quite hither.

INTERLUDE VI.

Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses who dance.

Four Shepherds, and two Shepherdesses heroically dress'd, the former represented by the Sieurs de Gros, Estival, Don and Blondel, and the two Shepherdesses by Mademoiselle de la Barre and Mademoiselle Hilaire, Hand in Hand, sing this Song, to which the rest answer,

No longer, cruel Fair, abuse
The Power of your Eyes,
You must no longer Love refuse,
He all Constraint defies.

There's nought here below, nor in Heaven above,
But sooner or later must yield to great Love.

Whilst these amiable Persons are Dancing, there rises from under the Stage the Machine of a great Tree, on which are

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Sixteen Fauni, eight of whom play on the Flute, and the rest on the Violin, with the most agreeable Consort in the World. Thirty Violins answer them from the Pit; with six other Instruments of Harpsicols and Theorbos, which were the Sieurs d'Anglebert, Richard, Itier, la Barre the Younger, Tissu and le Moine.

Four Shepherds and Shepherdesses came and danced a very fine Entry, at which the Fauni descending from the Tree, mimed in it from time to time; and all this Scene was so grand, so full, and so agreeable, that nothing of Dancing was ever finer.

Thus was made an advantageous Conclusion of this Day's Diversions, which all the Court praised no less than those of the preceding, everyone retiring with a Satisfaction which gave them great Expectations of what was to come to compleat the Festival.

The Shepherds were the Sieurs Chicanneau, du Bon, Noblet and la Pierre.

And the Shepherdesses the Sieurs Balthazard, Magny, Arpald and Bonard.



THIRD DAY
OF THE
PLEASURES
OF THE
Inchanted Island.



Printed in the Year MDCCXIV.

THIRD DAY

OF THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

Incarnated Island.



Printed in the Year MDCCLXXI



THIRD DAY
OF THE
PLEASURES
OF THE
Inchanted Island.



HE more they advanced towards the great Ring representing the Lake, on which was anciently built the Palace of *Alcina*, the nearer they approach'd to the End of the Diversions of the *Inchanted Island*; as if it had not been fit that so many brave Knights should any longer remain in an Idleness which would have done wrong to their Glory.

'Twas pretended, therefore, still following the first Design, that Heav'n having resolved to free those Warriors, *Alcina* had some Presages of it, which fill'd her with Terror and Uneasiness: She resolved to provide all the Remedies that were likely to prevent that Misfortune, and fortifie by

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by all possible means a place which might secure her whole Repose and Joy.

Within this Ring, whose Extent and Form were extraordinary, was a Rock situate in the middle of an Island cover'd with divers Animals, as tho' they wou'd defend the Entry of it.

Two other Islands, longer, but not so broad, were seen on the two sides of the first, and all three, as well as the borders of the Ring, were so very much enlightned, that there seem'd to arise a new Day in the Darkness of the Night. Their Majesties being arrived, had no sooner taken their Places, than one of the two Islands that were by the sides of the first, was all cover'd with Violins very well dress'd. The other that was opposite to it, was at the same time cover'd with Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, whose Habits were no less rich.

But what was more surprizing, was to see *Alcina* issue from behind a Rock, borne by a Sea-Monster of a prodigious Bigness.

Two of the Nymphs of her Train, by the Names of *Celia* and *Dirce* follow'd her; and placing themselves on each side of her upon great Whales, they approach'd the Brink of the Ring, and *Alcina* began Verses, which her Companions answer'd, and which were in praise of the Queen, Mother to the King.

Alcina, Celia, Dirce.

Alc. You, who in all my Happiness have share,
Come joyn your Tears with mine in this Extreme:

Cel. What unexpected Cause of such Alarms?
Why swim your charming Eyes in Floods of Tears?

Alc. I can't so much as think on't without trembling.
Midst the dark Horrors of a threatening Dream,
A Spectre with a dismal Voice declared,
That Hell suspends its force in my behalf:
That a celestial Power arrests its Aid,
And, this Day gone, that I shall be no more.
All the malignant Influence of the Stars,
Which adverse reign'd ascendant at my Birth,

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All that my Art had promis'd of Misfortunes,
This Dream depainted in such lively Colours,
That ceaseless to my waking Eyes it offers
Melissa's Power and *Brandimari's* Misfortune.
This I foresaw, but the prevailing Pleasures,
Which here seem'd even to prevent our Wishes;
Our lofty Palaces, delicious Gardens,
The pleasing Converse of our dear Companions,
Our Songs and Sports, the Consorts of the Birds,
The *Zephyr's* fragrant Breath, the Waters murmur,
The sweet Adventures of our tender Loves,
Made me forget those fatal Auguries;
When that curst Dream, which still distracts my Senses,
With so much Fury, brought 'em to my Mind.
Methinks I see my Troops each Moment routed,
My Guards confounded and my Prisons forced,
A thousand Lovers by my Art transform'd,
Who bent on my Destruction quit their Trunks
And leafy Dwellings to take Vengeance on me;
Methinks I see *Rogero*, lovely Youth,
Ready to shake off my despised Chains.

Cel. Fear has acquir'd too great an Empire o'er you
You reign sole here; for You alone they sigh;
Naught interrupts the Course of your Contentment,
But the sad Accents of your plaintive Lovers.
Logistile and his Troops driv'n from our Fields
Still quake with Fear, bury'd beneath their Mountains;
Nor had *Melissa's* Name been known to us,
But only by Your Aug'ries which predict it.

Dir. Ah! let us not give way to flattering Hopes,
I had the same intimidating Dream.

Alc. Alas! Who then can doubt of our Misfortunes?

Cel. I see a sure and easy Remedy;
A Queen appears, whose most auspicious Aid
Will guard us from the Efforts of *Melissa*.
The Goodness of the Queen is highly boasted.
'Tis said her Heart, whose Constancy despised
The Insolence of the most daring Storms,
Is ever open to her Subjects Vows.

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Alc. 'Tis true, I see her, in this pressing Danger;
 Let us endeavour to engage her Succour.
 Let's tell her that the publick Voice displays
 The charming Beauties of her Royal Soul.
 Say, that her Virtue, higher than her Rank,
 Adorns the Lustre of her noble Blood;
 And that her Sex's Glory she has borne
 So far, 'twill shock the Creed of future Ages;
 That her great Heart, fond of the publick Good,
 Gives her a generous Contempt of Danger;
 Proof against ought that may befall herself;
 She apprehends for nothing but the State.
 Say that her Benefits profusely pour'd,
 Gain her the Love and Reverence of Mankind,
 That even the Shadow of an Ill that threatens her
 Is Cause enough to put the World in Mourning.
 Say that at absolute Power's highest Point,
 Her Grandeur without Pride or Pomp appears;
 That in most dangerous Times her constant Prudence,
 Has fearless the Prerogative supported;
 And in the happy Calm by her procured
 Restores it to her Son without regret.
 Say, with what great Respect and Complaisance
 That glorious Son rewards her for her Cares.
 Boast the long Labours, boast the righteous Laws
 Of that same Son, the Flow'r of Royalty;
 And how that Mother, fortunately fruitful,
 At one sole Birth gave all things to the World.
 In fine, the more to move her to Compassion,
 Let's use the Eloquence of Sighs and Tears,
 That we amidst our grievous Pain may find
 A peaceful Refuge at her Sacred Feet.

Dir. I know her Heart, magnificently generous,
 Receives the Voice of Misery with Pleasure;
 But yet she ne'er was seen t' exert her Power,
 Unless to shield the Innocent from Wrong;
 I know she all things can, but dare not think
 She'll stoop so low as to defend *our* Cause.
 She may have been inform'd of our soft Errors,
 And nothing is more clashing with her Conduct;

Her

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Her well known Zeal and Piety will render
Our Interests odious to her spotless Virtue.
Instead of growing less at her Approach,
My Fear redoubling chills my troubled Spirits.

Alc. Instead of adding Gall to my Affliction,
Seek rather to assuage it, and endeavour
To furnish my dejected Soul with means
Of warding off the Ills that threaten it.

Mean time let all the Palace Guards be doubled,
And if there be no Sanctuary for us,
Let's in our own Despair our Comfort seek,
Nor yield ourselves at least without Resistance.

Alcina. Mademoiselle du Parc.

Celia. Mademoiselle de Brie.

Dirce. Mademoiselle Moliere.

When they had done, and *Alcina* was gone to double
the Guards of the Palace, a Consort of Violins is heard,
whilst the Frontispiece of the Palace opens with wonder-
ful Art, and Towers rise.

Four Giants of an unmeasurable Greatness appear with
four Dwarfs, who by the Opposition of their little Sta-
ture, make that of the Giants seem the more excessive.

To these Colossusses was committed the Guard of the
Palace, and by them began the first Entry.

Ballet of the Palace of ALCINA.

First Entry.

Four Giants, and four Dwarfs.

Giants. The Sieurs *Manseau*, *Vagnard*, *Pesan* and *Fou-
bert*.

Dwarfs. The two young *Des-Airs*, young *Vagnard*, and
young *Tutin*.

E 2

Second

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Second Entry.

Eight Moors allotted by *Alcina* for the Guard of the Inside, make an exact Visit of it, each having two Flambeaux.

Moors. Messieurs *d'Heureux*, *Beauchamp*, *Moliere*, *la Marre*, les Sieurs *le Chantre*, *de Gan*, *du Pron*, and *Mercier*.

Third Entry,

Mean time Indignation prompts Six of the Knights that *Alcina* kept Prisoners, to attempt to get out of the Palace; but Fortune not seconding the Endeavours they make in their Despair, they are conquer'd after a sharp Combat by as many Monsters, which attack them.

Six Knights and six Monsters,

Knights. Monsieur *de Souville*, les Sieurs *Raynal*, *Des-Airs* the Eldest, *Des-Airs* the Second, *de Lorge*, and *Balthazar* d.

Monsters. The Sieurs *Chicanneau*, *Noblet*, *Arnald*, *Desbrosses*, *Desonets* and *la Pierre*.

Fourth Entry.

Alcina, alarm'd at this Accident, invokes anew all her Spirits, and demands their Aid: Two of them present themselves before her, leaping with a wonderful Force and Agility.

Active Demons.

The Sieurs *St. André* and *Magny*.

Fifth Entry.

Other Demons come, and seem to assure the Inchantress that they shall not forget any thing that may contribute to her Repose.

Other leaping Demons.

The Sieurs *Fatin*, *la Brodiere*, *Pesan* and *Iu eans*.

Sixth

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Sixth and Last Entry.

But hardly had she begun to take Heart, before she saw the Sage *Melissa* appear, under the Form of *Atlas*, near *Rogero* and some Knights of his Train: She presently runs to hinder her from effecting her Intention; but she comes too late. *Melissa* has already put on the Finger of that brave Knight, the Famous Ring which destroys the Enchantments. Then Claps of Thunder, followed by several Flashes of Lightning, portend the Destruction of the Palace, which is presently reduced to Ashes by an Artificial Fire, which puts an End to this Adventure, and to the Diversions of the *Enchanted Island*.

Alcina, Mademoiselle du Parc. Melissa, De Lorge. Rogero, M. Beauchams.

Knights. *Messieurs d'Heureux, Royal, du Pron and Desbordes.*

Squires. *Messieurs la Marre, le Chantre, de Gan, and Merciers.*

End of the Ballet.

IT look'd as if Heaven, Earth and Water were all in a Flame, and as if the Destruction of the superb Palace of *Alcina*, as well as the Liberty of the Knights she there imprison'd, cou'd not be effected but by Prodigies and Miracles; the height and number of Sky-Rockets, those which rowl'd along on the Shore, and those which return'd out of the Water, after having been cast into it, made a Spectacle so grand and magnificent, that nothing could better terminate the Enchantments, than such fine Fireworks; which being at last ceased after an extraordinary Length and Noise, the *Coups des Boetes*, which had begun it, redoubled again.

Then all the Court retiring, confess'd that nothing could be more perfect than these three Feasts. And 'tis a sufficient Confession that nothing could be added to it, to say, that the three Days having each its Partisans, as every one of them had its particular Beauties, none cou'd agree which ought to bear away the Bell, tho' they all agreed

54 *The Pleasures of the Inchanted Island.*

that they might justly dispute it with all those that ever had been seen till then, and perhaps even surpass them.

But tho' the Feasts, comprehended in the Subject of the Pleasures of the *Inchanted Island*, were at an End, yet all the Diversions of *Versailles* were not so, and the Magnificence and Gallantry of the King had reserved some for other Days, that were no less agreeable.

On *Saturday* the 10th his Majesty had a mind to Run at Heads. 'Tis an Exercise which few People are ignorant of, and the Use whereof comes from *Germany*, very well invented to shew a Cavalier's Skill, as well in managing his Horse in Turns of War, as in rightly using a Lance, a Dart and a Sword. Such as never saw them run at, may here find a Description of it, being not so common as the Ring, and only brought hither of late: and those who have had the Pleasure of seeing 'em, may however bear with so short a Narrative.

The Knights enter the Lists one after another with Lance in Hand, and a Dart under the right Thigh, and after one of them has run and hit a Head of thick Past-board painted, and in form of a *Turk's*, he gives his Lance to a Page, then making the half *Volta*, he returns on a full Gallop to the second Head, which is of the Colour and Form of a *Moor's*, hits it with the Dart which he throws as he goes by; then taking a Javelin, little different from a Dart, in a third turn he darts it in a Buckler, whereon is painted a *Medusa's* Head; and ending his demi-Volta, he draws his Sword, wherewith as he gallops by he strikes off a Head raised half a Foot from Earth; than giving way to another, he who in his Running hits off most gains the Prize.

All the Court being placed on a Ballustrade of Iron gilt, which went quite round the agreeable House of *Versailles*, and which looks into the Trench, wherein was prepar'd the Lists with Rails;

The King went thither, follow'd by the same Knights that ran at the Ring. The Dukes of *St. Aignan* and *Noailles* continuing in their former Offices; one of *Marechal de Camp*, and the other of Judge of the Courses; of which were many run, very handsomely and successfully; but the

King's

The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island. 55

King's Skill gain'd him, not only the Prize of the Ladies Course, but likewise that which the Queen gave. It was a Rose of Diamonds of great value, which the King, after having won it, freely gave to be run for by the other Knights, and which the Marquis de *Coastin* disputed with the Marquis of *Soyecourt*, and gain'd.

On *Sunday* at the King's *Levé*e almost all the Conversation turn'd on the fine Running of the preceding Day, and occasion'd a notable Challenge between the Duke de *St. Aignan*, who had not yet run, and the Marquis of *Soyecourt*, which was defer'd till the next Day, because the *Marechal Duc de Grammont*, who wager'd on the side of that Marquis, was obliged to go to *Paris*, from whence he was not to return till the next Day.

That Afternoon the King carry'd all the Court to his *Aviary*, whose particular Beauties were greatly admired, and the almost incredible Number of Birds of all sorts, amongst which were several very scarce ones. 'Twou'd be useless to mention the Collation which follow'd this Diversion, since for eight successive Days every Repast might be esteem'd one of the greatest Feasts that could be made.

In the Evening his Majesty caus'd to be represented on one of those double Theaters of his Sallon, which his universal Wit had it self invented, the Comedy of the *Impertinents*, written by the *Sieur de Moliere*, intermix'd with Dancing.

The Rumour of the Challenge which was to be executed on *Monday* the Twelfth, caus'd an infinite Number of Wagers of great value to be laid; tho' that of the two Knights was but of an hundred Pistoles.

And as the Duke by a successful Boldness gave a Head to that Marquis, several laid for the latter; who coming somewhat late to the King found a Challenge to hasten him; which being only in Prose we have not insert'd it in this Discourse.

The Duke de *St. Aignan* had likewise shewn to some of his Friends, as an happy Omen of his Victory, these four Verses.

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To the L A D I E S.

*Ladies, this Day you shall confess,
(If your Thoughts do with mine concur)
That he who Soycourt does oppress,
Is of ten Knights the Conqueror.*

Still alluding to his Name of *Guidon the Savage*, whom the Adventure of the dangerous Island made Conqueror over ten Knights. So soon as the King had dined he conducted the Queens, the Duke and Dutcheß of Orleans, and all the Ladies, to a Place where a Lottery was to be drawn, that nothing might be wanting to the Gallantry of these Entertainments. 'Twas of precious Stones, Furniture, Plate and other like things; and tho' Chance is used to decide these Presents, yet it certainly dispos'd of 'em as his Majesty desired, when it gave the great Prize to the Queen; every one left that Place very well contented, to go see the Runing which was going to begin.

At length *Guidon* and *Oliver* appear'd in the Lists, at five a Clock in the Evening, very handsomly dress'd and well horsed.

The King and all the Court honour'd them with their Presence, and his Majesty himself read the Articles, that there might be no Difference between them. The Issue was fortunate to the Duke *de St. Aignan*, who won the Day.

At Night his Majesty caused to be play'd the three first Acts of a Comedy call'd the *Tartuffe*, which the *Sieur de Moliere* had made against the Hypocrites; but tho' the King thought it very diverting, yet he found so much Conformity, between those whom a true Devotion puts in the way to Heaven, and those whom a vain Ostentation of good Works does not hinder from committing bad; that his extreme Scrupulosity in Point of Religion cou'd hardly bear that Resemblance of Vice and Virtue; and tho' he did not doubt the good Intentions of the Author, yet he forbid the publicking acting of that Comedy, till 'twas entirely finish'd and examined by competent Judges, that it might

The Pleasures of the Enchanted Island. 57

might not deceive others, who were less capable to make a just Discernment of it:

Tuesday the thirteenth the King was pleas'd again to run at the Heads, as a common Sport, wherein he who hit most was to win. His Majesty had again the Course of the Ladies, the Duke *de St. Aignan* one of another Sort, and having had the Honour to enter the next time into Competition with his Majesty, the incomparable Skill of the King gain'd him that Prize too, and 'twas not without an unavoidable Amazement, that the King was seen to gain four in two Times which he run at the Heads.

The same Night was play'd the Comedy of the *forced Marriage*, which was likewise *Moliere's*, mix'd with Dancing and Verses; then the King took his way to *Fontainebleau* on *Wednesday* the fourteenth. All the Court was so satisfied with what they had seen, that every one was of Opinion it ought to be put in writing, to give some Idea of it to those who did not see such diversified and agreeable Entertainments, wherein were at once to be admired the Project and the Success, Liberality with Politeness, Multitude with Order, and Satisfaction to all, wherein the in defatigable Pains of Monsieur *Colbert* were visible, notwithstanding his important Affairs; wherein the Duke *de St. Aignan* joyn'd Action to the Invention of the Design; wherein the fine Verses of the President *de Perigny* in Praise of the Queens were so justly conceived, so agreeably turn'd, and repeated with so much Art; wherein those which *M. de Bensserade* made for the Knights had a general Approbation; wherein the exact Vigilance of *M. Boutemp*s, and the Application of *M. de Launay*, let nothing that was Necessary be wanting. In a word, wherein every one so advantageously testified his Design of pleasing the King, at a Time when his Majesty himself thought of nothing but pleasing; and wherein all that was seen will for ever continue in the Memory of the Spectators, tho' it had not been put in writing to preserve the Remembrance of all these Wonders.



the first of the month of June

the second of the month of June

the third of the month of June

the fourth of the month of June

the fifth of the month of June

the sixth of the month of June

the seventh of the month of June

the eighth of the month of June

the ninth of the month of June

the tenth of the month of June

the eleventh of the month of June

the twelfth of the month of June

the thirteenth of the month of June

the fourteenth of the month of June

the fifteenth of the month of June

the sixteenth of the month of June

the seventeenth of the month of June

the eighteenth of the month of June

the nineteenth of the month of June

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the twenty-first of the month of June

the twenty-second of the month of June

the twenty-third of the month of June

the twenty-fourth of the month of June

the twenty-fifth of the month of June

the twenty-sixth of the month of June

the twenty-seventh of the month of June

the twenty-eighth of the month of June

the twenty-ninth of the month of June

the thirtieth of the month of June

Le Mariage Forcé.

THE

Forced Marriage.

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SGanarelle.
Geronimo, *his Friend.*
Alcandor, *Father to Dorimena.*
Alcidas, *Brother to Dorimena.*
Lycastes, *in Love with Dorimena.*
Pancratius, *an Aristotelian Doctor.*
Marphurius, *a Pyrrhonian Doctor.*

W O M E N.

Dorimena, *a young Coquet betrothed to Sga-*
narelle.
Two Gypsies.

THE

Printed in the Year MDCCLXIV.



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THE *Forced Marriage.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sganarelle, Geronimo.

SGANARELLE.



Shall be back in a Moment. Take good Care of the House; and let every thing be done as it ought. If any body brings me Mony, come for me quickly to Signior Geronimo's; but if any body comes for Mony, say I'm not at home, nor shan't return to Day.

Ger. A very prudent Order.

Sgan. Ah! Signor Geronimo, well met; I was coming to you.

Ger. Pray, upon what Business?

Sgan. To communicate to you a thing I have in my Head; and to ask your Opinion in it.

Ger. With all my Heart. I'm glad of this Rencontre; and we may here speak with all manner of Freedom.

Sgan. Pray be cover'd. 'Tis an Affair of Consequence, that's propos'd to me; and 'tis good to do nothing without the Advice of our Friends.

Ger.

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Ger. I am obliged to you for having pitch'd upon me for't. You need only tell me what 'tis.

Sgan. But first I must Conjure you by no Means to flatter me, but to tell me your real Thoughts.

Ger. I shall, since you'll have it so.

Sgan. I think nothing more blamable than a disingenuous Friend.

Ger. You're in the Right.

Sgan. There are but few sincere Friends now-a-days.

Ger. 'Tis true.

Sgan. Therefore, Signor *Geronimo*, promise me that you'll speak freely.

Ger. I promise it.

Sgan. Swear to't.

Ger. I do, by the Faith of a Friend; pray tell me what 'tis.

Sgan. I'd fain know of you, whether I should do well to marry.

Ger. Who, you?

Sgan. Yes, I myself. What's your Opinion?

Ger. I must first desire you to tell me one thing.

Sgan. What is't?

Ger. What Age may you be of?

Sgan. I?

Ger. Yes.

Sgan. Faith I don't know; but I'm very well.

Ger. What? Can't you guess your Age within a small Matter?

Sgan. No. Is that to the purpose?

Ger. Only tell me, if you please, of what Age you were, when we first contracted Acquaintance with each other?

Sgan. Faith I was but twenty Years old then.

Ger. How long were we together at Rome?

Sgan. Eight Years.

Ger. How long did you stay in England?

Sgan. Seven Years.

Ger. And in Holland, whither you went afterwards?

Sgan. Five Years and a half.

Ger. How long have you been return'd?

Sgan. Ever since the Year fifty Two.

Ger.

The FORCED MARRIAGE. 63

Ger. From fifty two to sixty four are twelve Years, according to my Reckoning. Five Years in *Holland* make seventeen. Seven Years in *England* make twenty four. Eight we were at *Rome* make thirty two; and twenty Years, which was your Age at our first Acquaintance, make just fifty two. So that, Signor *Sganarelle*, according to your own Confession, you're in your 52d or 53d Year.

Sgan. Who? I? It can't be!

Ger. My Calculation is right; and thereupon I must tell you, as a Friend, as you made me promise you, that Matrimony is not fit for you. 'Tis a Thing, which even the Young ought maturely to think of before they enter into it; but a Person of your Age should not think on't at all. And if Marriage be the greatest of Follies, I can see nothing more improper than such a Folly in a Season which we ought to be more wise in. I give my real Opinion. I advise you not to think of Matrimony; and I should take you for the most ridiculous Man in the World, to go now and put on the heaviest of Chains, when you have thus long preserved your Liberty.

Sgan. And I, my Friend, must freely tell you I am resolved to marry; and that I shall not be ridiculous in taking the Wife I design.

Ger. Oh! the Case is alter'd. You did not tell me that before.

Sgan. 'Tis a Girl I like, and whom I love with all my Heart.

Ger. You love her with all your Heart?

Sgan. I do; and have ask'd her of her Father.

Ger. You have ask'd her of her Father you say.

Sgan. Yes. 'Tis a Marriage that's to be concluded this very Night, and I've given my Promise.

Ger. Oh marry then by all Means; I say no more.

Sgan. Shall I now quit my Design? Do you believe, Signor *Geronimo*, that I'm no longer fit to think of a Wife? Don't let's talk of the Age I may be of, but only regard Things as they are. Is there a Man of but thirty Years that can look more fresh and vigorous than I? Are not all my Joints as pliant as ever? Do I seem to
want

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want either Coach or Chair to carry me? Do I not vigorously eat my four Meals a Day? Can any Stomach be stronger than mine? Hem, hem; what say you to't?

Ger. You're in the right; I was mistaken. You'll do well to marry.

Sgan. I heretofore, indeed, was against Marriage, but now I have strong Reasons for't; for besides the Joy I shall have in possessing an handsome Wife, who will fondle me with a thousand Caresses, and rub me when I'm weary; I consider that by remaining as I am, I shall let the Race of the *Sganarelle's* Perish; whereas by marrying I may see my self revived into other young *Sganarelles*, and have the Pleasure to see Creatures out of my own Loins; little Poppets who will be as like me as two drops of Water, who will be always Sporting about the House and will call me Pappa when I come out of the City, and talk so foolishly to me, that 'twill be the prettiest thing in the World. I think I see half a dozen of 'em about me already.

Ger. Nothing can be more agreeable, and I advise you to marry as soon as possible.

Sgan. But do you advise me seriously?

Ger. To be sure. You can't do a better thing.

Sgan. Indeed I am very glad you give me this Advice like a true Friend.

Ger. And pray who's the Person you design to marry?

Sgan. *Dorimena*.

Ger. What! that young *Dorimena* that's so genteel and goes so fine?

Sgan. Yes.

Ger. Daughter to Signor *Alcantor*!

Sgan. The same.

Ger. And Sister to one *Alcidas*, who professes the Sword?

Sgan. Yes, yes.

Ger. Body of me!

Sgan. What do you say to't?

Ger. A good Match! Marry presently!

Sgan. Had I not good Reason for my Choice?

Ger.

Ger. Certainly. Ah! how well you'll be match'd! pray make haste.

Sgan. Your Advice overwhelms me with Joy. I thank you for it, and invite you to Night to the Wedding.

Ger. I won't fail to come; and will be there in a Mask, to Honour it the more.

Sgan. Your Servant.

Ger. Young *Dorimena*, Daughter to Signor *Alcantor*, with Signor *Sganarelle*, who is but fifty three Years Old! Oh brave Match! Brave Match!

Sgan. Sure this Match will be happy, for it rejoices every Body; and all I have mention'd it to have laugh'd heartily. I am now the most contented of Mankind.

SCENE II.

Dorimena, Sganarelle.

Dor. Hold up my Train well, Boy; and don't be diverting yourself other ways.

Sgan. Here comes my Mistress. Ah how agreeable she is! What an Air! What a Shape! Can there be a Man but, when he sees her, must have a desire to marry her? Where are you going, pretty Pigsney, dear Bride that is to be?

Dor. I'm going to buy some things.

Sgan. Well, pretty Face, we shall now both of us soon be happy. You shall no longer have a right to refuse me any thing, and I may do with you as I please, without any Body's being offended with it. You shall be mine from Head to Foot, and I shall be Master of all; of your little sparkling Eyes; your little knavish Nose; of your sweet Lips; of your lovely Ears; of your little pretty Chin; of your little round Bubbies; of your — in short, your whole Person will be at my Direction, and I'll Caress you as I please. Are not you glad of this Marriage, you little Rogue you?

Dor. Extremely glad, I'll swear; for my Father's Severity has hitherto kept me in the saddest Subjection in the World. The little Liberty he gives me makes me half mad, and I have an hundred Times wish'd he would

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marry me, that I might be out of this Constraint, and be in a Condition to do what I pleased. Thank Heaven, you come happily for that End, and I henceforward prepare my self to take Diversion, and make amends for the Time I have lost. As you are a very gallant Man, and know how to live in the World, I hope we shall agree mighty well together, and that you will not make one of those troublesome Husbands who would have their Wives as retired as Nuns. I must needs own I don't like that, and Solitude puts me beside my self. I love Gaming, Visits, Company, Treats, Walks, in short all manner of Pleasure, and you ought to rejoice in having a Wife of Humour. We never will have any Quarrel with each other, and I won't restrain you in your Actions no more than I hope you will me in mine; for for my part I think we ought to have a mutual Complaisance, and not marry to make one another uneasy. In a word, when we're marry'd, we'll live like two People that understand the World. No jealous Suspicion shall disturb us; 'tis enough that you're secure in my Fidelity as I shall be in yours. But what ails you? You change Colour.

Sgan. 'Tis Vapours.

Dor. That's an Illness that now-a-days troubles a great many People; but our Marriage will take off all that. Adieu, I ought before now to have put off these Rags, and get better Cloaths. I'll go this Minute, buy all I want, and send the Tradesmen to you.

SCENE III.

Geronimo, Sganarelle.

Ger. Ah Signor *Sganarelle*, I'm glad to find you here still; I met a Goldsmith just now, who hearing you wanted a fine Diamond Ring to present your Bride, desired me mightily to speak to you for him, and to tell you he has one of the most perfect in the World to dispose of.

Sgan. Lord there's no such great haste.

Ger. How! What's the Meaning of this! What's become of your late Ardor?

Sgan.

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Sgan. There just now came into my Head some Scruples upon this Marriage. Before I go any further I'd fain consider thoroughly of this Matter, and get some body to explain a Dream I had last Night which just now came into my Memory. Dreams, you know, are like Mirrors, wherein we sometimes behold all that's to happen to us. I thought I was in a Ship on a rough Sea, and that —

Ger. Signor *Sganarelle*, a small Affair now hinders me from hearing you. I'm not skillful in Dreams, and as for arguing about Marriage, you have two Scholars, two Philosophers, live near you, who are Men that will tell you all that can be said upon that Subject. As they are of different Sects, you may examine their several Opinions thereupon. For my part, I am satisfied with what I just now said to you, and remain your humble Servant.

Sgan. He's in the right. I must consult these People upon the Uncertainty I am in.

SCENE IV.

Pancratius, Sganarelle.

Panc. (*Speaking as to somebody within.*) Go, Friend, you're an impertinent Fellow, a Man ignorant in all good Discipline, one that deserves to be banish'd from the Republick of Letters.

Sgan. Oh, here comes one of 'em just in the Nick.

Panc. Yes, I'll maintain it by strong Reasons, I'll shew you out of *Aristotle*, that Philosopher of Philosophers, that you're an *Ignorans*, *Ignorantissimus*, *Ignorantificans* and *Ignorantificatus*, by all the Cases and Moods imaginable.

Sgan. He's scolding at somebody. Sir —

Panc. You pretend to Reason, and don't so much as know the Elements of Reason!

Sgan. Anger hinders him from seeing me. Sir,

Panc. 'Tis a Proposition condemnable in all the Regions of Philosophy.

Sgan. Sure he's mightily provoked. I —

Panc. *Toto Cælo, toto via aberras.*

Sgan. Mr. Doctor I kiss your Hands.

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Panc. Your Servant.

Sgan. Might one——

Panc. Do you know what you have done? made a Sillogism in *balordo*!

Sgan. I——

Panc. The Major of it is inept, the Minor impertinent, and the Conclusion ridiculous.

Sgan. I def-----

Panc. I'd rather dye than allow of what you say, and I'll maintain my Opinion to the very last Drop of my Ink.

Sgan. Can one——

Panc. Yes, I'll defend this Proposition *pugnis & calcibus, unguibus & rostro*.

Sgan. Signor Aristotle, may one know what makes you thus angry?

Panc. One of the justest Reasons in the World.

Sgan. What is't?

Panc. An ignorant Wretch maintains an erroneous Proposition, a frightful Proposition, a terrible Proposition, an execrable Proposition.

Sgan. May I ask what 'tis?

Panc. Ah Signor Sganarelle, every thing is now in Confusion, and the World is fall'n into a general Corruption. A horrid Licence prevails, and the Magistrates, whose Business it is to maintain Order in the State, ought to dye with Shame to suffer a Scandal so intolerable as that I shall tell you of.

Sgan. What is it?

Panc. Is it not a horrible thing, a thing that cries to Heav'n for Vengeance, to endure that any one shou'd publickly say, the Form of a Hat?

Sgan. Ha?

Panc. I maintain, that one shou'd say the Figure of a Hat, and not the Form; for as much as there is this difference between the Form and the Figure, *viz.* the Form is the exterior Disposition of an animated Body; and the Figure the exterior Disposition of an inanimated Body; and since the Hat is an inanimated Body, one shou'd say the Figure of a Hat, and not the Form. (Turning to the

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The FORCED MARRIAGE. 69

Door.) Yes, Ignorance, thus you shou'd speak, and these are the exprefs Terms of *Aristotle*, in his Chapter of Quality.

Sgan. I thought all the whole World had been on fire, Doctor; enough of that. I —

Panc. It puts me into such a Passion —

Sgan. Let alone the Form and the Hat, I have something to communicate to you. I —

Panc. Impertinence!

Sgan. Pray now be appeased. I —

Panc. Ignorance!

Sgan. Good now! I —

Panc. To maintain such a Proposition!

Sgan. He's in the wrong. I —

Panc. A Proposition condemn'd by *Aristotle*!

Sgan. 'Tis true. I —

Panc. In exprefs Terms!

Sgan. You're in the right. Yes you're a Fool and an impudent Fellow to dispute against a Doctor that can Read and Write. There's enough, pray hear me. I come to consult you about an Affair that disturbs me. I design to take a Wife that may be an Help-meet to me. The Person is handsome and well shap'd, she pleases me mightily, and is very glad to marry me. Her Father has granted her to me; but I'm a little afraid of you know what, the Disgrace which no body's pity'd for, and, as a Philosopher, I'd fain know your Opinion. What do you say to't?

Panc. Rather than yield that one ought to say the Form of a Hat, I'd allow that *datur vacuum in rerum Natura*, and that I am a meer Ass.

Sgan. Pox take him! Why Doctor, hear People a little; I have talk'd to you this Hour, and you return me no Answer.

Panc. I beg your Pardon: I was possess'd with a just Anger.

Sgan. No more of all that; take the Pains to hear me.

Panc. Be it so; what have you to say to me?

Sgan. Something of Moment.

Panc.

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Panc. And what Tongue wou'd you use ?

Sgan. What Tongue ?

Panc. Yes.

Sgan. 'Oons what Tongue shou'd I use but that which is in my Mouth ? Wou'd you have me borrow my Neighbour's ?

Panc. I say, in what Idiom, what Language ?

Sgan. Oh ! that's another thing.

Panc. Wou'd you talk to me in *Italian* ?

Sgan. No.

Panc. In *Spanish* ?

Sgan. No.

Panc. *German* ?

Sgan. No.

Panc. *English* ?

Sgan. No.

Panc. *Latin* ?

Sgan. No.

Panc. *Greek* ?

Sgan. No.

Panc. *Hebrew* ?

Sgan. No.

Panc. *Syriac* ?

Sgan. No.

Panc. *Turkish* ?

Sgan. No.

Panc. *Arabick* ?

Sgan. No, no; *French, French, French.*

Panc. Oh ! *French* !

Sgan. Yes.

Panc. Come round to t'other side of me then ; for this Ear is kept for the learned and foreign Languages ; and the other is for our Vulgar and Mother Tongue.

Sgan. Here's a plaguy many Ceremonies with these People.

Panc. What wou'd you have ?

Sgan. I come to consult you upon a small Difficulty.

Panc. Oh, oh, in Philosophy, without doubt ?

Sgan. I beg your Pardon. 'Tis—

Panc.

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Panc. I suppose you want to know if the Substance and Accident are synonymous or equivocal Terms, with respect to Entity?

Sgan. Not in the least. I——

Panc. If Logic be an Art or a Science?

Sgan. Not that. I——

Panc. If its Object be the three Operations of the Mind, or the third only?

Sgan. No. I——

Panc. If there be ten Categories, or but one?

Sgan. No. I——

Panc. If the Conclusion be of the Essence of the Syllogism.

Sgan. No, no. I——

Panc. If the Essence of Good lie in Concupiscence or Convenience?

Sgan. No. I——

Panc. If Good reciprocates with the End?

Sgan. No, I tell you, I——

Panc. If the End can move us by its real Being, or by its intentional Being.

Sgan. No, no, no, no, no, by all the Devils in Hell, no.

Panc. Tell me what 'tis then, for I can't guess at it.

Sgan. So I will, if you'll hear me.

These two Speeches are said at the same time.

Sgan. The Affair I have to tell you, is, that I've a mind to Marry a Virgin who is both young and handsome, and whom I love; I have ask'd her of her Father, but as I am mightily afraid of --

Panc. Speech was given to Man that he might express his Thoughts by it; and as the Thoughts are the Portraits of Things, so our Words are the Portraits of our Thoughts——

(Sgan. stops the Doctor's Mouth with his Hand several times; and the Doctor continues talking whenever Sganarelle takes away his Hand)—— Doctor proceeds. But these Portraits, different from other Portraits, in that other Portraits are distinguish'd by their Original, and that Speech in it self includes its Original, since 'tis no other thing than the Thought express'd by an exterior Sign; from whence it proceeds

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proceeds that those who think well, are likewise those that talk best. Therefore express your Thought by Speech, which is the most intelligible of all Signs.

Sgan. (Pushes the Doctor into his House, and pulls to the Door that he mayn't get out again.) Plague take him.

Panc. (Within.) Yes, Speech is *Animi index & speculum*; 'tis the Interpreter of the Heart, 'tis the Image of the Soul. [*Panc. goes up to the Window and continues. Sgan. [goes from the Door.*

Panc. 'Tis a Miroir that naturally represents to us such Secrets as are most *Arcane* from us Individuals. And since you have the Faculty of Ratiocinating and Talking both together, why don't you make use of your Speech to express your Thought to me?

Sgan. So I intended to have done; but you wou'd not hear me.

Panc. Speak, I hear you.

Sgan. I say then, Doctor, that——

Panc. But be brief.

Sgan. I will.

Panc. Avoid Prolixity.

Sgan. I shall, Sir——

Panc. Shorten your Discourse into an Apothegm, after the *Laconic* manner.

Sgan. I——

Panc. No Circumlocution.

(*Sgan. Mad that he won't let him speak, picks up Stones to throw at him.*

Panc. What! do you fall into a rage instead of expressing your self? Go, you are more impertinent than he that maintain'd, that we shou'd say the Form of a Hat; and I'll prove by demonstrative and convincing Reasons, and by Arguments in *Barbara*, that you neither are, nor ever will be, any other than a Numpskul; and that I am and ever shall be, in *utroque jure*, Dr. *Pancratius*.

[*He comes down.*

Sgan. What a Devil of a Talker this is!

Panc. A Man of Learning, a Man of Erudition.

Sgan. Again——

Panc.

The FORCED MARRIAGE. 73

Panc. A Man of Sufficiency, a Man of Capacity. (*Is going.*) A Man Consummate in all the Natural, Moral, and Political Sciences. (*Returning.*) A Man that's *doctus*, *doctissimus*, *per omnes modos & casus*. (*Is going.*) A Man who possesses, *Superlativè*, Fables, Mythologies and Histories. (*Returning.*) Grammar, Poetry, Rhetorick, Dialectick, and Sophistick. (*Is going.*) Mathematicks, Arithmetick, Optics, Onirocriticks, Phylicks, and Metaphisicks. (*Returning.*) Cosmimometry, Geometry, Architecture, Speculatrix, and Speculatory. (*Is going.*) Physick, Astronomy, Astrology, Physiognomy, Metoposcopia, Chiromancy, Geomancy, &c.

Sgan. The Devil take all these Scholars, they'll hear no Body. I find their Master *Aristotle* was nothing but a Babler. I must go to t'other, perhaps he'll be more composed and reasonable. Within there

SCENE V.

Sganarelle, Marphurius.

Mar. What wou'd you have with me, Signor *Sganarelle*?

Sgan. Doctor, I have need of your Advice in a small Affair, and am come hither for that purpose. Why this is as it shou'd be. He hears a Body.

Mar. Signor *Sganarelle*, pray change your manner of speaking. Our Philosophy commands us not to pronounce any Proposition decisively, but to speak of every thing with Uncertainty; always to suspend our Judgment; and for that Reason, you shou'd not say I am come, but I think I am come.

Sgan. I think I am come?

Mar. Yes.

Sgan. Faith I may well think so, since 'tis so.

Mar. That don't follow; a thing may seem to be so, and yet may not be so.

Sgan. Why, am I not come then?

VOL III.

G

Mar.

Panc.

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Mar. That's uncertain, we ought to doubt of every thing.

Sgan. What? Am not I here? Do I not speak to you?

Mar. I think you are there, and I think you speak to me: but we're not sure of it.

Sgan. You jest. I see that I am here, and that you are there; there's no need of *I think so's*. No more of these Subtleties, pray now; but let's proceed to the Point. I come to tell you that I've a design to marry.

Mar. I know nothing on't.

Sgan. I tell it you.

Mar. That may be.

Sgan. The Woman I design to take is very young, and very handsome.

Mar. 'Tis not impossible.

Sgan. Shall I do well to marry her, aye or no?

Mar. Aye or no.

Sgan. Here's another Spark for you! I ask you whether I shall do well to marry the Woman I speak of?

Mar. As it happens.

Sgan. Shall I do ill?

Mar. Perhaps you may.

Sgan. Pray answer me as you ought.

Mar. That's my Design.

Sgan. I have a great Inclination for the Girl.

Mar. May be so.

Sgan. The Father has consented to't.

Mary. Very likely.

Sgan. But if I marry her I'm afraid of being a Cuckold.

Mar. The thing is feasible.

Sgan. What do you think on't?

Mar. That there's no Impossibility in it.

Sgan. But what wou'd you do if you were in my Place?

Mar. I can't tell.

Sgan. What do you advise me to do?

Mar.

The FORCED MARRIAGE. 75

Mar. What you please.

Sgan. He provokes me.

Mar. I wash my Hands on't.

Sgan. The Devil take the old Fool.

Mar. What has been, may be.

Sgan. Plague take the Rascal; (*Takes a Stick and beats him.*) I'll make you change your Note, Mr. Rogue of a Philosopher.

Mar. Ah, ah, ah!

Sgan. That's for your Gibbridge; now I'm content.

Mar. What Insolence is this! Affront me thus! to have the boldness to beat such a Philosopher as I.

Sgan. Pray correct this manner of speaking. You shoud' doubt of all things, and you shoud' not say that I have beaten you, but that you think I have beaten you.

Mar. I'll complain to a Justice of the Peace, of the Blows I have received.

Sgan. I wash my Hands on't.

Mar. I have the Marks upon my Body.

Sgan. That may be.

Mar. 'Tis you that used me thus.

Sgan. 'Tis not impossible.

Mar. I'll bring an Action against you.

Sgan. I know nothing of the matter.

Mar. And you shall be fined severely.

Sgan. What has been may be.

Mar. Let me alone.

Sgan. What! cannot one get a positive Answer from this Dogbolt? I'm much the wiser truly. What shall I do in the uncertainty I am in, as to this Marriage? Never was Man more at a loss than I am! Oh! Here come some Gypsies; I must learn my Fortune of them.

G 2

SCENE.

Mar.

S C E N E VI.

*Two Gipsie Women with their Tabors Singing and Dancing,
and Sganarelle.*

Sgan. They're extreamly merry. Can you tell me my Fortune?

1 *Gip.* Yes, good Sir, both of us can.

2 *Gyp.* Only give us your Hand with a Cross in't, and we'll tell you something that will be of use to you.

Sgan. There are both my Hands, with what you required.

1 *Gypf.* You have a good Physiognomy, good Sir, a good Physiognomy.

2 *Gypf.* Yes, a good Physiognomy. The Physiognomy of a Man that will one of these Days come to something.

1 *Gypf.* You shall be married before 'tis long, good Sir; you shall be married before 'tis long.

2 *Gypf.* You shall have a gentle Wife, a gentle Wife.

1 *Gypf.* Yes, a Wife that will be carefs'd and beloved by every body.

2 *Gypf.* A Wife that will get you a great many Friends, good Sir, that will get you a great many Friends.

1 *Gypf.* A Wife that will bring you in abundance.

2 *Gypf.* A Wife that will gain you great Reputation.

1 *Gypf.* A Wife that shall make you taken notice of, good Sir, that shall make you taken notice of.

Sgan. All this is well; but tell me, am I threaten'd to be a Cuckold?

2 *Gypf.* A Cuckold?

Sgan. Yes.

1 *Gypf.* A Cuckold?

Sgan. Yes, am I threaten'd to be a Cuckold?

[They both sing and dance, La, la, la.

Sgan. What the deuce! This is not answering me. I ask you if I shall be a Cuckold?

2 *Gypf.*

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2 Gyps. A Cuckold you?

Sgan. Yes, if I shall be a Cuckold?

1 Gyps. You a Cuckold?

Sgan. Yes, if I shall be one or no?

[*They both go out, singing and dancing. La, la, la —*

Sgan. Pox take the Baggages, they leave me as uneasie as ever! I must absolutely know the Consequences of my Marriage; and for that end, I'll go to that great Magician who is so famous, and who by his admirable Art shews whatever one Desires. (*Sees Lycastus and Dorimena.*) Faith I believe I have no need to go to him, here comes that which will discover to me what I want to know,

SCENE VII.

Dorimena, Lycastes and Sganarelle.

Lyc. What, fair *Dorimena*, do you speak without jesting?

Dor. Without jesting.

Lyc. You are really going to be marry'd?

Dor. I am really.

Lyc. And to Night?

Dor. To Night.

Lyc. And can you, cruel Woman, thus forget the Love I have for you, and the obliging Promises which you have heretofore given me?

Dor. I? Not at all. I have still the same Esteem for you, and this Marriage ought not to disturb you. 'Tis a Man that I don't marry for Love; Riches alone make me accept of him. I have no Estate; no more have you; and you know, without that, one spends one's Time ill in the World, and that, cost what it will, one should endeavour to get Money. I have embraced this Opportunity that I might live at my Ease; and I did it in hopes to be soon deliver'd of the old Dotard I'm to marry. He'll soon die, six Months is the longest he has to live. I'll engage to beg of Heaven for the happy Condition of Widowhood. Oh, we were speaking of you, and we were saying all the Good of you that can be said.

G 3

Lyc.

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Lyc. Is that Gentleman——?

Dor. Yes, that's the Gentleman that takes me for his Wife.

Lyc. Suffer me, Sir, to congratulate your Happiness, and at the same time to present you my very humble Service. I'll assure you you marry a very worthy Lady. And I rejoice with you too, Madam, in the happy Choice you have made; You could never have pitcht on a better; and the Gentleman looks as if he'd make a very good Husband. Yes, I must get acquainted with you, and strike into a small Commerce of Visits and Diversions.

Dor. You honour us both too much. But come, time presses; we shall have Opportunity to talk together.

Sgan. I'm quite off of this Marriage. I believe I should do well to disingage my self. It has indeed cost me some Mony, but I'd better lose that, than run the Hazard of something worse. I'll try to get this Business off my Hands cunningly. Within there.

S C E N E VIII.

Alcantor, and Sganarelle.

Alc. Ah, Son-in-Law, you're welcome.

Sgan. Sir, your Servant.

Alc. You come to conclude the Marriage, do you?

Sgan. Excuse me.

Alc. I'll promise you I'm as impatient as you.

Sgan. I come for something else.

Alc. I have given Orders for every thing that's necessary for the Nuptials.

Sgan. That's not the Business.

Alc. The Violins are bespoke, the Feast order'd, and my Daughter ready to receive you.

Sgan. 'Tis not that brings me hither.

Alc. You shall soon be satisfied; and nothing, now, can retard your Content.

Sgan. Lord, 'tis something else.

Alc. Come in, Son-in-Law.

Sgan. I have a Word to say to you,

Alc.

Alc. Oh! no Compliments; pray go in.

Sgan. No, I tell you, I must speak to you first.

Alc. You have something to say to me, have you?

Sgan. Yes.

Alc. What is't?

Sgan. Signor *Alcantor*, I have asked your Daughter in Marriage, 'tis true, and you have granted her; but I find my self too old for her, and do think I'm not a fit Match.

Alc. I beg your Pardon. My Daughter likes you as you are, and I'm sure she'll live very contentedly with you.

Sgan. No; I have sometimes strange Whims; and 'twill be too much for her to bear my ill Humour.

Alc. My Daughter is Complaisant, and you shall see she'll be entirely satisfied with you.

Sgan. I have some Infirmities upon me which might disgust her.

Alc. That's nothing. An honest Woman is never disgusted with her Husband.

Sgan. In short, I must needs tell you, I would not advise you to give her to me.

Alc. You are deceived; I had rather die than break my Promise.

Sgan. Lord, I can dispense with that, and——

Alc. Not at all. I have promised her to you, and have her you shall, in spite of all those that pretend to her

Sgan. What the Devil!

Alc. Do you see; I have a particular Esteem and Friendship for you; and would refuse my Daughter to a Prince to give her you.

Sgan. Signor *Alcantor*, I am obliged to you for the Honour you do me; but I declare to you that I will not marry.

Alc. Not you?

Sgan. No, not I.

Alc. Why not?

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Sgan. Because I think my self unfit for Marriage; and have a mind to imitate my Father and all my Progenitors, who never wou'd marry.

Alc. Will's free, and I never force any Body. You gave me your Word to marry my Daughter, and every thing's prepared for the Wedding. But since you have a mind to revoke your Word, I'll see what's to be done in't; you shall soon hear from me. [Exit.]

Sgan. He's much more reasonable than I expected; and I thought I shou'd have found it harder to have disengag'd my self. Faith, upon Consideration, I find I did very wisely to get out of this Business; and I was going to make a Slip, which perhaps I shou'd have for a long time repented. But here comes his Son, with his Answer I suppose.

S C E N E IX.

Sganarelle, Alcidas.

Alc. (*Speaking always Effeminately.*) Sir, I'm your very humble Servant.

Sgan. Sir, I'm yours with all my Heart.

Alc. My Father told me, Sir, that you are come to revoke your Promise.

Sgan. I am so, Sir; 'tis with Regret, but---

Alc. Oh, Sir, there's no Harm in't.

Sgan. I'm sorry, I'll assure you, and cou'd wish ----

Alc. 'Tis nothing, 'tis nothing. (*Presenting him two Swords.*) Sir, take your Choice of these two Swords.

Sgan. Of these two Swords?

Alc. Yes, if you please.

Sgan. For what?

Alc. Sir, as you refuse to marry my Sister, after having engag'd your Promise; I thought you wou'd not take amiss the little Compliment I come to make you.

Sgan. Ha?

Alc. Other Men wou'd have made a Noise, and been violent against you; but we are those that will do things mildly, and I come to tell you out of Civility that we two must, with your good Leave, cut each other's Throat.

Sgan.

The FORCED MARRIAGE. 81

Sgan. A very ill-turn'd Compliment this.

Alc. Come, Sir, pray chuse.

Sgan. I'm your Slave, I have no Throat to cut at present. A plaguy way of Talking!

Alc. Sir, by your Leave, it must be so.

Sgan. Oh, Sir, pray none of these Compliments.

Alc. Make haste, Sir, for I'm stay'd for.

Sgan. I don't desire it, I tell you.

Alc. You won't fight then?

Sgan. No, Faith, won't I.

Alc. You won't?

Sgan. I won't.

Alc. (*Beating him.*) At least, Sir, you have no Cause to complain; you see I do Things according to the Rules. You break your Promise; I wou'd fight you; you refuse to fight; I beat you; all this is according to Form; you're a Man of too great Honour not to approve of my Proceeding.

Sgan. What a Devil of a Man this is!

Alc. (*Presenting him the two Swords again.*) Come, Sir, do things gallantly, without making me pull you by the Ears.

Sgan. Again?

Alc. Sir, I force no Body; but you must either fight, or marry my Sister.

Sgan. Sir, I can do neither, I'll assure you.

Alc. You can't?

Sgan. I can't.

Alc. (*Beating him again.*) Then by your Leave ----

Sgan. Ah, ah, ah, ah!

Alc. Sir, I'm mighty sorry I'm obliged to do thus; but I shan't give over till you promise either to fight or marry my Sister. [*Lifts up his Cane.*]

Sgan. Well, I'll marry, I'll marry.

Alc. Ah Sir, I'm glad to see that you're come to Reason again, and that things will be done peaceably; for I'll swear you're the Man of the World I esteem most; and 'twou'd have made me Mad if you had obliged me to use you ill. I'll call my Father to tell him that all's agreed upon.

SCENE

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SCENE X.

Sganarelle, Alcidas, Dorimena, Alcantor.

Alc. Father, the Gentleman is now brought to Reason. He'll do things with a good Grace, and you may give him my Sister.

Alc. Sir, there's her Hand, all you have to do is to give her yours. Heaven be praised, I am rid of her; You henceforth are to take Care of her Conduct. Come, let's go Rejoice and Celebrate this Happy Marriage.



L'Amour Medecin.

L O V E

THE BEST

PHYSICIAN.

A

C O M E D Y.



Printed in the Year MDCCXIV.

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To the READER.

THIS is only a bare Sketch, a sort of an *Extempore*, of which the King was pleased to make a *Diversion*. It was done more hastily than any his Majesty ever commanded me to do; and if I say it was *Proposed, Written, Learn'd, and Acted in Five Days*, I sha'l say nothing but what is true. There's no need of telling you that there are several Things in it which depend upon the *Action*. 'Tis generally known that *Comedies* are only writ to be *Acted*; and I wou'd have no Body read this but such as have Eyes to discover the *Acting* in the Reading of it. What I shall say is, that it were to be wish'd, that this sort of Works was always to appear to you with the *Ornaments* that accompany them before the King: then you wou'd see them in a much more tolerable Condition; and the *Airs and Symphonies* of the incomparable Mr. Lully, together with the *Fineness* of the *Voices* and *Skill* of the *Dancers*, undoubtedly give them *Graces*, which they can scarcely do without.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

SGanarelle, *Father to Lucinda.*

Mr. William, an Upholsterer.

Mr. Joffe, a Goldsmith.

Clitander, in Love with Lucinda.

Mr. Thomes,

Mr. Fonandres,

Mr. Macroton,

Mr. Bahys,

Mr. Filerin,

A Notary.



Physicians.

W O M E N.

Lucinda, Daughter to Sganarelle.

Lysetta, her Servant.

Aminta, Sganarelle's Neighbour.

Lucretia, Niece to Sganarelle.

The Orvietan Operator.

Several Triv'lins and Scaramouches.

Comedy.

Musick.

Ball.

SCENE at Paris, in the Hall of Sganarelle's House.

L O V E



LOVE

THE BEST

PHYSICIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sganarelle, Aminta, Lucretia, *Mr. William*,
Mr. Joffe.

SGANARELLE.



WHAT a strange thing is Life ! and how well may I say with the great Philosopher of Antiquity, that *He that hath Wealth hath Woe*, and that one Misfortune never comes alone. I had but one Wife and she's Dead.

Mr. Will. How many wou'd you have had ?

Sgan. She's dead, Friend *William* ; the Loss is very great, I never think on't without Weeping. I was not over satisfy'd with her Conduct indeed, and we often had Disputes ; but Death settles all things. She's dead ; I bewail her ; if she were Alive we shou'd Quarrel. Of all the Children that Heaven has given me it has left me but one Daughter, and she is my greatest Disturbance ; for she is in the deepest Melancholy in the World, in a terrible

ble Sadness, which I can't get her out of, nor can I learn the Cause. For my Part, it deprives me almost of my Senses, and I have need of good Advice. You are my Niece, you my Neighbour, and you my Companions and Friends: What had I best do?

Mr. Fosse. For my Part, I look upon Finery to be what young Ladies are most delighted with; and if I were in your Place, I'd immediately buy her some rich Ornaments of Diamonds, or Rubies, or Emeralds.

Mr. Will. And I, if I were as you, wou'd buy her a Suit of Hangings of Landskip Tapestry, or else of History Tapestry, which I'd hang her Chamber with, to delight her Mind and her Eye.

Amint. For my part I'd ha' none of all this; I'd give her a good Husband as soon as possible; suppose 'twere the Person who, I hear, ask'd her of you some time ago?

Lucret. For my part, I don't think your Daughter at all fit for Marriage; she's of a Complexion that's too delicate and sickly for that; and to expose her to bring forth Children, is the ready Way to send her to the Grave. The World is not what will agree with her. I shou'd advise you to put her into a Nunnery, where she'll meet with Diversions that will sute better with her Temper.

Sgan. All these Advices are certainly mighty good; but they savour too much of Self-Interest, and you counsel me me very well — for your selves. You are a Goldsmith *Mr. Fosse*, and your Advice smacks of a Man that has a Mind to get off some of his Goods. You are an Upholsterer, *Mr. William*, and seem to have some Hangings that lie upon your Hands. The Man whom you love, Neighbour *Aminta*, has a sort of an Inclination, I hear, for my Daughter, and you'd be glad to see her married to another. As for you, my dear Niece; 'tis well known I don't mean to marry my Daughter at all; I have my Reasons for it; but the Advice you give me to make her a Nun, looks as if you cou'd charitably wish to be my sole Heiress. Thus, Gentlemen and Ladies, tho' your Advices are mighty good,

good, you must not be displeased if I take none of 'em.
These are your modish Counsellors forsooth.

SCENE II.

Lucinda, Sganarelle.

Sgan. Oh! Here comes my Daughter to take the Air:
She don't see me. She sighs. She lifts up her Eyes
to Heaven. God bless thee; good Morrow, my dear;
well, what's the matter? How dost do? What, always sad
and melancholy thus, without telling me what ails thee?
Come, discover thy little Heart to me: Come, poor
Girl, tell, tell, tell thy little Thoughts to thy little Pappa.
Don't be afraid; shall I buss thee? Come. She makes
me mad to see her of this Humour. But tell me, will
you kill me with Discontent? Can't I know whence
this proceeds? Tell me the Cause, and I'll do any thing
for thee. Yes, do but tell me what makes thee thus
sad, and I assure thee, and swear to't, that I'll do any
thing in the World to satisfy thee. Is not that enough?
Art thee jealous of any of thy Companions, because they
go finer than thee? And wilt have a Suit of some new sort
of Stuffs? No,-----Dost not think thy Chamber well
enough furnish'd, and wilt have some little Cabinet out
of the Fair? — 'Tis not that; — Hast a mind to learn
any thing, and wilt have me get thee a Master to teach
thee to play on the Spinnet? — No. — Dost love any
body, and hast a mind to be married? — (*Lucinda makes
a sign to let him know 'tis that, but he pretends not to un-
derstand it, as appears afterwards.*)

SCENE III.

Lysetta, Sganarelle, Lucinda.

Lyf. Well, Sir, you have been talking with your Daugh-
ter, I see. Have you found out the Cause of her Melan-
choly?

Sgan. No, the Slut will make me mad, I believe.

Lyf. Sir, let me alone, I'll sound her a little.

Yo L. III.

H

Sgan.

Sgan. There's no need on't; since she will be of this Humour, let her.

Lyf. Let me alone, I tell you; perhaps she'll declare her self more freely to me than to you. How, Madam, won't you discover what ails you, but afflict every body thus? If you are unwilling to explain your self to your Father, you may sure discover your Heart to me. Tell me, do you want any thing of him? He has often told us that he'd spare nothing to satisfy you. Have you not all the Liberty you cou'd desire? Do Walks and Banquets tempt you? No. Has any body displeased you? No. Have you no secret Inclination for some body, to whom you'd have your Father marry you? O, I understand you. There 'tis. What need was there for all this ado about it? Sir, the Mystery's explain'd, and——

Sgan. (*Interrupting her.*) Go, ungrateful Girl, I'll speak no more to you; I'll leave you to your Obstinacy.

Luc. Father, since I must tell you the thing——

Sgan. No, I'll have no more Friendship for you.

Lyf. Sir, her Sadness——

Sgan. The Huffle will break my Heart, I see.

Luc. Father, I'll——

Sgan. Is this a Recompence for educating you as I ha' done?

Lyf. But, Sir——

Sgan. No, I am horrible Angry with her.

Luc. But, Father——

Sgan. I have no more Tenderness for you.

Lyf. But——

Sgan. She's a Baggage.

Luc. But——

Sgan. An ungrateful Slut.

Lyf. But——

Sgan. And won't let me know what ails her.

Lyf. She wants an Husband.

Sgan. (*seeming not to hear her,*) But I ha' done with her.

Lyf. A Husband.

Sgan. I hate her.

Lyf. A Husband.

Sgan.

Sgan. And disown her for my Daughter.

Lys. A Husband.

Sgan. No, don't speak to me of her.

Lys. A Husband.

Sgan. I say, don't speak to me of her.

Lys. A Husband.

Sgan. Don't speak to me of her, I say.

Lys. A Husband. A Husband. A Husband.

S C E N E IV.

Lysetta, Lucinda.

Lys. 'Tis a true Saying, that none are so deaf as those that won't hear.

Luc. Well, *Lysetta*; you see how much I was in the wrong to conceal my Disease, and that 'twas but speak and have, with my Father.

Lys. Faith he's the Devil of a Man; I own I shou'd be heartily glad to put some Trick or other upon him. But how comes it, Madam, that you hid your Distemper from me too?

Luc. Alas! What shou'd I have got by letting you know it sooner? Had not I as good have conceal'd it all my Life-time? Do you think I did not foresee what has now happen'd? that I did not know my Father's Temper; and that the Refusal he gave him who sent a Friend to demand me, did not put me out of all Hopes?

Lys. Is it for that Stranger, who caused you to be ask'd, that—

Luc. Perhaps a Maid ought not to express her self so freely; but I must confess, if I had the Liberty of chusing any thing, it shou'd be him. 'Tis true, we have had no Conversation together, nor has his Mouth declared his Passion to me; but where-ever he saw me his Looks and Actions always spoke to me so tenderly, and his demanding me has given me such a Notion of his Honour; that my Heart cou'd not help being sensible to his Ardor; and yet you see to what my Father's harsh Humour reduces all this Tendernefs.

H. 2

Lys.

Lyf. Well, let me alone; tho' I have cause to blame you for keeping it secret, yet I'll serve you; and if you have but Resolution to —

Luc. But what wou'd you have me do against the Authority of a Father; and if he is inexorable to my Desires —

Lyf. Go, go, you must not suffer your self to be led by the Nose; provided Honour be not offended, there's no harm in freeing ones self from a Father's Tyranny. What does he intend to do with you? Are You not Marriageable, and does he think you're Marble. Once more I tell you, I'll serve you, I from this time take upon me the Care of your Passion, and you shall see I am acquainted with such Stratagems — But here comes your Father; let's go in again, and leave it to me.

SCENE V.

Sganarelle solus.

'Tis sometimes good to pretend not to hear things which one hears but too well; and I did wisely to ward off the Declaration of a Desire I did not mean to satisfy. Was ever any thing more Tyrannical than this Custom to which People wou'd fain subject Parents? Any thing more impertinent and ridiculous, than to heap up Riches with Carking and Caring, and to bring up a Daughter with Diligence and Tendernefs, to be deprived of both of 'em by a Person that one has not the least Obligation to? No, no, I don't care a Pin for that Custom; I'll keep my Mony and my Daughter to my self.

SCENE VI.

Lysetta, Sganarelle,

Lyf. [*Pretending not to see Sganarelle.*] O Misfortune! O Disgrace! O poor Mr. *Sganarelle*, where shall I find you!

Sgan. What's that she says?

Lyf. O unhappy Father, what will you do when you know this News?

Sgan.

Sgan. What can it be?

Lyf. O my poor Mistress?

Sgan. I am lost!

Lyf. Oh!

Sgan. Lysetta.

Lyf. What a Misfortune this is!

Sgan. Lysetta.

Lyf. What an Accident!

Sgan. Lysetta.

Lyf. Fatal Mischance!

Sgan. Lysetta.

Lyf. O Sir!

Sgan. What now?

Lyf. Sir!

Sgan. What's the matter?

Lyf. Your Daughter——

Sgan. Oh! Oh!

Lyf. Sir, don't cry in that manner; you'll make me laugh if you do.

Sgan. Tell me then quickly.

Lyf. Your Daughter, struck with the Words you gave her, and the terrible Anger you were in, went hastily up into her Chamber, and full of Despair open'd the Window that looks into the River.

Sgan. So?

Lyf. Then, lifting up her Eyes to Heaven: Yes, says she, 'tis impossible for me to live under my Father's Displeasure, and since he disowns me for his Daughter, I'll die.

Sgan. So she leap'd out?

Lyf. No, Sir, she gently shut the Window again, and flung herself upon the Bed. There she fell a weeping bitterly; and all of a sudden her Countenance grew pale, her Eyes rowl'd, her Heart fail'd her, and she drop'd into my Arms.

Sgan. Ah my Daughter! so she's dead?

Lyf. No Sir, by pinching her I fetch'd her to herself again; but this takes her every Moment, and I don't believe she'll outlive to Day.

Sgan.

Sgan. Champagne, Champagne, Champagne, quick run and fetch Physicians, and enow; there can't be too many upon such an Occasion. Oh my Daughter! my poor Daughter!

INTERLUDE.

Champagne, dancing, knocks at the Doors of four Physicians, who dance, and ceremoniously enter into the House of the Patient's Father.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sganarelle, Lysetta.

Lyf. **W**HAT do you mean to do, Sir, with four Physicians? Is not one enough to kill any one body?

Sgan. Hold your Tongue. Four Advices are better than one.

Lyf. Why, can't your Daughter die without the help of those Gentlemen?

Sgan. Why, do the Physicians make People die?

Lyf. Certainly; I know a Man, who by good Reasons, prov'd that we shou'd never say such a Person died of a Fever, or a Flux, but she died of the Doctor.

Sgan. Come, don't offend those Gentlemen.

Lyf. Faith, Sir, our Cat is recovered of a Leap she took from the Top o' the House into the Street, and yet was three Days without eating, or stirring Hand or Foot; but 'twas well for her that there are no Cat Physicians; they'd soon ha' made her no Cat of this World, and wou'd not have fail'd Bleeding and Purgin' her.

Sgan. Will you hold your Tongue, with your Impertinence? Here they come.

Lyf. Have a care; you'll be mightily edify'd, when they tell you in *Latin* that your Daughter's sick.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Me^s. Thomes, Fonandres, Macroton, and Bahys, Physicians, Sganarelle, and Lysetta.

Sgan. Well, Gentlemen?

Mr. Thom. We have had a sufficient Sight of the Patient, and without doubt there are a great many Impurities in her.

Sgan. Is my Daughter Impure?

Mr. Thom. I mean there's a great deal of Impurity in her Body, a great many corrupt Humours.

Sgan. Oh! I understand you.

Mr. Thom. But — we'll consult about it.

Sgan. Come, Chairs here.

Lyf. O, Sir, are you there?

Sgan. What, do you know the Gentleman?

Lyf. Yes, I saw him t'other Day at one of your Niece's Acquaintance,

Mr. Thom. How does her Coachman do?

Lyf. Very well — he's dead.

Mr. Tho. Dead!

Lyf. Yes.

Mr. Tho. It can't be.

Lyf. I can't tell whether it can be or no; but I know it is so.

Mr. Tho. He can't be dead, I tell you.

Lyf. And I tell you, he is dead and buried.

Mr. Tho. You are deceived.

Lyf. I saw it.

Mr. Tho. 'Tis impossible, *Hypocrates* says, that that sort of Diseases never terminate but 'till the fourteenth or twenty first, and he had been Sick but six Days.

Lyf. *Hypocrates* may say what he will; but the Coachman is dead.

Sgan. Silence, Prate-a-pace, and let's leave 'em. Gentlemen, I desire you'd consult in the best manner. And tho' 'tis not the Custom to pay before-hand, yet for fear I should forget, and to hasten the thing, here — (He pays 'em, and each of 'em, in receiving his Money, makes a different Gesture)

SCENE

SCENE III.

Mef. Fonandres, Thomes, Macroton and Bahys. (They sit down and cough.)

Mr. Fonan. Paris is wonderful large, and a Man that's in good Practice is forced to take very long Jaunts.

Mr. Thom. It must be confess'd I have an admirable Mule for that; the Way he goes every Day is almost incredible.

Mr. Fon. I have a wonderful Horse, and 'tis an indefatigable Animal.

Mr. Thom. Do you know the Ground my Mule has gone to Day? I was first over-against the Arsenal, from thence to the further part of the Suburbs *St. Germain*; from thence to the very End of the Marshes to the Gate *St. Honorius*, from the Gate of *St. Honorius* to the Suburb *St. James*, from the Suburb *St. James* to the Gate of *Richelieu*, from the Gate of *Richelieu* hither, from hence I'm to go to the Palace Royal.

Mr. Fon. My Horse has gone all that to Day, and besides I have been at *Ruel* to see a Patient.

Mr. Thom. But well thought on, which side are you of, in the Case of the two Physicians *Theophrastus* and *Artemius*? For 'tis an Affair that divides our whole Faculty.

Mr. Fon. I am for *Artemius*.

Mr. Thom. And so am I: Not but that his Advice kill'd the Patient, and that of *Theophrastus* was certainly by much the better; but he was wrong in the Circumstances, and he ought not to be of a different Opinion from his Senior. What do you think?

Mr. Fon. The same. The Formalities shou'd be always preserved, come what will.

Mr. Thom. For my part I am as severe in that as a Devil, unless it be amongst Friends; and three of us were t'other Day assembled together, with a strange Physician, for a Consultation; where I stopt the whole Business, and wou'd not suffer 'em to proceed, unless 'twas done in form. The People of the House did what they cou'd,
and

and the Sickneſs increaſed ; but I ſtood to my Text, and the Patient dy'd bravely during the Conteſt.

Mr. Fon. That's the beſt Way to teach People Manners, and to ſhew 'em their Miſtake.

Mr. Thom. A Man dead is but a dead Man, and of no great Conſequence ; but one Formaliſty neglected does great Prejudice to the whole Faculty.

SCENE IV.

Sganarelle, Meſ. Thomes, Fonandres, Macroton, and Bahys.

Sgan. Gentlemen, my Daughter's Oppreſſion encreaſes, and I deſire you to tell me quickly what's your Reſolution.

Mr. Tho. Come, Sir.

Mr. Fon. No, Sir, do you ſpeak firſt.

Mr. Thom. No, do you.

Mr. Fon. I won't.

Mr. Thom. Sir!

Mr. Fon. Sir!

Sgan. Pray, Gentlemen, no more of theſe Ceremonies; remember, Things preſs.

All together.	{	<i>Mr. Thom.</i> Your Daughter's Diſeaſe. —
		<i>Mr. Fon.</i> The Opinion of all theſe Gentlemen --
		<i>Mr. Macroton.</i> After having conſulted —
		<i>Mr. Bah.</i> The better to argue —

Sgan. Hey-day! Pray, Gentlemen, ſpeak one after another.

Mr. Thom. Sir, we have argued upon your Daughter's Diſeaſe; my Opinion is that it proceeds from a great Heat of Blood; therefore I'd have you bleed her as ſoon as you can.

Mr. Fon. And I ſay that her Diſeaſe is a Putrefaction of Humours, cauſed by too great a Repletion; therefore I'd have you give her Hæmetic.

Mr. Thom. I'll maintain that Hæmetic will kill her.

Mr. Fon. And I, that Bleeding will be the Death of her.

Mr. Thom. It mightily becomes You, indeed, to pretend to Skill.

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1

Mr.

Mr. Fon. Yes, it does; and I'll cope with you in any kind of Learning.

Mr. Thom. Do you remember the Man you kill'd t'other Day?

Mr. Fon. Do you remember the Lady you sent into the other World three Days ago?

Mr. Thom. I have given you my Opinion.

Mr. Fon. I have told you my Thoughts.

Mr. Thom. If you don't bleed your Daughter presently, she's a dead Woman. [Exit.]

Mr. Fon. If you bleed her, she won't live a Quarter of an Hour to an end. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Sganarelle, Mef. Macroton and Bahys.

Sgan. Which of 'em am I to obey, and what Resolution must I take upon two such contrary Opinions? Gentlemen, I conjure you to set me right, and tell me without Passion, what you think most fit to ease my Daughter.

Mr. Macroton. (*Drawling out his Words*) Sir, in . these . matters . we . must . proceed . with . Circum-spec-tion, and do . no-thing . in . con-fi-de-rate-ly, for--af-much . as . the Faults . which . may . be . com-mit-ted . are . ac-cord-ing . to our . Mast-er . Hy-po-cra--tes . of a dan--ge-rous . Con-se-quence.

Mr. Bahys. (*sputtering out his Words for Haste.*) 'Tis true, we must have a care of our Candle; this is no Child's Play; and if we make a Mistake 'tis not easie to repair the Slip, and re-establish what we have spoilt. *Experimentum periculosum.* Wherefore first we are to argue thoroughly, weigh things seriously, consider People's Constitution, examine the Causes of the Disease, and see what Remedies are necessary.

Sgan. The one creeps like a Tortoise, and t'other rides Post.

Mr. Macroton. There-fore, . Sir, to . come . to . the . Point, . I . find . your . Daugh-ter . has . a . chro-ni-cal . Dis-ease, . and

and . that . she . may . be . pe-ri-cu-la-ted . un-less . she . has
time-ly . Aid . for-as-much . as . the . Symp-toms . we . find
in . her . are . in-di-ca-tive . of . a . ful-gi-nous . and mor-
di-cant . Va — pour . which . pricks . the . Mem-branes
of . the . Braia . Now . this . Va-pour . which . in . the
Greek . we . call . *At-mos* . is . cau-sed . by . the . pu-trid
te-na-ci-ous . and . glu-ti-nous . Hu-mours . which . are . con-
tain'd . in . the . low-er Ven-tri-cle .

Mr. *Bahys*. And as these Humours were engender'd
there by a long Succession of Time; they are as it were
over-bak'd, and have acquired that Malignity which
turns towards the Region of the Brain.

Mr. *Macro*. So . that . to . draw . away . loosen . tear
out . ex-pel . eva-cuate . the . said . Hu-mours . a . vi-
go-rous . Pur-gation . is . ne-ces-sary . But . First . of . all
I . think . it . pro-per . and . it . wou'd . not . be . in-con-ve-
ni-ent . to . use . some . lit-tle ano-dine . Re-me-dies . that
is . lit-tle . emol-li-ent . and . dis-ter-five . Clysters . and
re-fresh-ing . Ju-lips . and . Sy-rops . which . must . be
mix-ed . in . her . Bar-ley . Wa-ter .

Mr. *Bahys*. Afterwards we'll come to Purgation and
Bleeding, which we'll reiterate if necessary.

Mr. *Macro*. Not . but . that . your . Daugh-ter . may
dye . for . all . this ; . but . yet . you . will . have . done
some-thing . and . you'll . have . the . Con-so-la-ti-on . that
she . dy-ed . ac-cor-ding . to . Form .

Mr. *Bahys*. 'Tis better to dye according to the Rules,
than be cured contrary to 'em.

Mr. *Macro*. We . sin-cere-ly . tell . you . our . Thoughts .

Mr. *Bahys*. And we have spoken as we wou'd to our
own Brother.

Sgan. (*To Mr. Macroton, very slow.*) I . most . hum-
bly . Thank . you . (*To Mr. Bahys, very quick.*) And
am infinitely oblig'd to you, for the Pains you have ta-
ken .

SCENE VI.

Sganarelle, Solus.

I am more uncertain than I was before. S'death, there's a Fancy comes into my Head; I'll go buy some Orvietan, and give it her: Orvietan is a Remedy that a great many People have found good by—

SCENE VII.

The Operator, Sganarelle.

Sgan. Soho, Sir, pray give me a Box of your Orvietan, and I'll pay you for it.

Oper. (Sings.) All the Silver and Gold

That's contain'd in the Earth,

Of this famous Secret,

Can ne'er pay the Worth.

My Receipt, with its wondrous Effect, will surmount

More Distempers than in an whole Year you can count.

The Scabs, the Itch,

The Gout, the Stich,

The Fistula in Ano,

All this and ten times more is cur'd,

By my Orvietano.

Sgan. Sir, I believe all the Gold in the World is not sufficient to pay for your Med'cine; but however, here's half a Crown for you.

Oper. (Sings.) Admire me then,

Who for such a small Pittance,

Do give you from Death

As it were an Acquittance;

With this precious Med'cin you may boldly despise

All the Evils that Heaven it self can devise:

The Scabs, the Itch,

The Gout, the Stich,

The Fistula in Ano;

All this and ten times more is cur'd

By my Orvietano.

INTER-

INTERLUDE II.

A Dance of several Triv'lins and Scaramouches, Servants to the Operator.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mef. Fillerin, Thomes, and Fonandres.

Mr. Fill. **I**S it not a Shame, Gentlemen, for Men of your Years to shew so little Prudence, and to quarrel like young hot-headed Fools? Don't you see what Injury these Jarrings do us in the World? Is it not enough for the Learned to see the Contrarieties and Dissensions that are amongst our Authors and Ancient Masters; but we must shew the Knavery of our Art to the vulgar too, by our Debates and Quarrels? For my part, I can't comprehend the ill Politics of some of our Brethren; and it must be confess'd, these Contests have of late strangely discredited us. If we have not a care we shall ruin our selves. I don't speak this for my own Interest; for, thank God, I have done my Business already; let it Blow, Rain, or Hail, those that are dead are dead, and I have enough not to value the Living; but yet I say these Disputes do no good to the Art. Since Heaven has been so favourable, as to let so many Ages be infatuated with us, don't let us disabuse Men by our extravagant Cabals, but make a Profit of their Folly, as well as we can. You know, we're not the only Trade that try to take Advantage of human Weakness; most People make it their chief Study, and every one endeavours to take Men on their blind Side, in order to get some Profit from it. The Flatterers, for Example, try to improve the Love Men have for Praise, by giving 'em all the vain Commendations they can wish for; and 'tis an Art, that we see, raises many a considerable Fortune. The Alchemists endeavour to improve Men's Passion for Riches. by promising

102 LOVE the best Physician.

raising Mountains of Gold to those that will hearken to 'em; the Conjurers, by their deceitful Predictions, make their Markets of the Vanity and Ambition of credulous People; but the greatest Weakness Men have, is their Love of Life; and we make use of that, by our pompous Nonsense, and take Advantage of the Veneration which the Fear of dying gives them for our Trade. Therefore let us preserve our selves in that Degree of Esteem wherein their Weakness has put us; and let us agree in the Presence of our Patients, that the happy Success of the Cure may be attributed to us, and the Blunders of our Art laid upon Nature. I say, don't let us foolishly go and destroy the lucky prepossession of an Error which gives Bread to so many Persons, gains us Money from those we send out of the World, and purchases us good comfortable Estates.

Mr. Thom. You have Reason in all you say; but these are Heats of Blood, which sometimes we cannot master.

Mr. Fil. Come, Gentlemen, lay aside all Spleen, and here be reconciled.

Mr. Fon. I consent. Let my Hemetic be given to this Patient; and I'll let him give what he will to the next.

Mr. Fil. Well said, he agrees.

Mr. Fon. 'Tis done.

Mr. Fil. Shake hands, then. Good-bay. Be more prudent another time.

SCENE II.

Mef. Thomes, Fonandres, and Lysetta.

Lyf. What, Gentlemen, are you here, and don't go to Revenge the Wrong that's done to Physick.

Mr. Thom. Why? What is't?

Lyf. There's an impudent Fellow, has been so bold as to invade your Province; and without your leave, has just now kill'd a Man, by running him thro' the Body.

Mr. Thom. Aye, aye, you make a Jest of us now; but you'll come under our Hands in time.

Lyf. I'll give you leave to kill me when I do:

SCENE

SCENE III.

Lysetta, Clitander in a Physician's Habit.

Clit. Well, *Lysetta*, what do you think of my Equipage? Do you believe I may gull the good Man with this Habit? Do you like me thus?

Lyf. Mighty well; and I impatiently waited for you. Heav'n has made me the best-natured Creature in the World; I can't see two Lovers sigh for one another, without a charitable Tenderness and Desire to cure the Ills they endure. Cost what it will, I am resolved to bring *Lucinda* out of the Tyranny she is in, and to put her in your Power. I liked you the first time I saw you; I am skillful in Men; she cou'd not have made a better Choice. Love ventures extraordinary things: We have agreed upon a sort of a Stratagem which perhaps may succeed. All our Measures are already concerted; the Man we have to deal with is none of the sharpest; and if this fails us, we'll find out an hundred other means to gain our End. Stay for me a Moment, I'll come and fetch you.

SCENE IV.

Sganarelle, Lysetta.

Lyf. Sir, Joy, Joy!

Sgan. What now?

Lyf. Rejoyce.

Sgan. For what?

Lyf. Rejoyce, I say.

Sgan. Tell me for what, and then may be I may rejoyce.

Lyf. No, I'll have you rejoyce before-hand, Sing and Dance.

Sgan. Upon what?

Lyf. Upon my Word.

Sgan. Well, then, la lera la la, la lera la. What the Deuce!

Lyf. Sir your Daughter's cured.

Sgan. My Daughter cured ?

Lyf. Yes, I bring you a Physician; but he's an important Physician; one that effects wonderful Cures, and despises all other Physicians.

Sgan. Where is he ?

Lyf. I'll fetch him in.

Sgan. We must try whether this will do any more than the rest.

SCENE V.

Clitander dress'd like a Physician, Sganarelle, Lysetta.

Lyf. Here he is.

Sgan. This Physician has but a small Beard.

Lyf. Knowledge is not measured by the Beard; his Skill does not lie in his Chin.

Sgan. Sir, I'm told you have wonderful Recipes to make People go to Stool.

Clit. Sir, my Remedies are different from those of others; they have Hemetic, Bleeding, Medicines, Glysters; but I cure by Words, Sounds, Letters, Talismans, and constellated Rings.

Lyf. Did not I tell you ?

Sgan. A great Man this!

Lyf. Sir, your Daughter being dress'd, and up, I'll bring her to you.

Sgan. Do so.

Clit. (*Feeling Sganarelle's Pulse.*) Your Daughter's very bad.

Sgan. How can you tell that without seeing her ?

Clit. By the Sympathy there is between the Father and Daughter.

SCENE VI.

Lucinda, Lysetta, Sganarelle, Clitander.

Lyf. Sir, here's a Chair. Come, let's leave 'em.

Sgan. Why so? I'll stay here.

Lyf. Fye; we must leave 'em; a Physician has an hundred

hundred Questions to ask, which 'tis not fit for a Man to hear.

Clit. (*Speaking apart to Lucinda.*) Ah Madam! How great is my Pleasure! And what a loss am I at how to begin my Discourse to you! Whilst I spoke to you only by my Eyes, I thought I had an hundred things to say, and now I have the liberty to speak to you as I desired, I am silent, and my Joy stifles my words.

Luc. I may say the same, and, like you, I feel Movements of Joy, which hinder me from speaking to you.

Clit. Ah, Madam! how happy shou'd I be, if you really felt all I feel; and if I were permitted to judge of your Heart by my own! But, Madam, may I believe that 'tis to you I owe the thought of this happy Stratagem, which gives me the Enjoyment of your Presence?

Luc. If you don't owe the thought of it to me, you are at least obliged to me for having gladly approved the Proposition.

Sgan. (*To Lysetta.*) He talks mighty close to her.

Lyf. (*To Sgan.*) He's observing her Physiognomy and Features.

Clit. (*To Lucinda.*) Will you be constant, Madam, in these Favours?

Luc. Will you be firm in your Resolutions?

Clit. 'Till Death, Madam: I desire nothing so much as to be yours, and I'll shew it in what I'm going to do.

Sgan. Well, how does your Patient? She looks a little brisker.

Clit. 'Tis because I have already try'd upon her one of the Remedies my Art teaches me. As the Mind has a great Influence over the Body, and that being often the Cause of Diseases, my Custom is first to cure the Mind, and then the Body. Therefore I observed her Looks, her Features, and the Lines of her Hands; and by my Knowledge I find, that her Mind is the Part she's sick in; and that all her Disease proceeds only from an irregular Imagination, from a depraved desire of being Marry'd. For my

my part, I think nothing more extravagant and ridiculous than that desire People have for Matrimony.

Sgan. A skilful Man this!

Clit. And I have, and always shall have, a mortal Aversion for it.

Sgan. A great Physician!

Clit. But as we must flatter the Imaginations of our Patients, and I seeing an Alienation of Mind in her, and even that 'twould prove dangerous without speedy Succour, I took her on her blind side, and told her, that I was come to demand her of you in Marriage; suddenly her Countenance changed, her Complexion clear'd up, her Eyes were animated, and if you wou'd but hold her in this Error for some Days, you'll see we shall entirely recover her.

Sgan. Aye, with all my Heart.

Clit. Afterwards we'll use other Remedies to cure her wholly of this Fancy.

Sgan. Aye, that will do mighty well. So, Daughter, this Gentleman has a mind to marry you, and I have given him my consent.

Luc. Alas! Is it possible?

Sgan. Yes.

Luc. But really?

Sgan. Yes, yes.

Luc. What, are you minded to be my Husband?

Clit. Yes, Madam.

Luc. And my Father consents to't?

Sgan. Yes, Daughter.

Luc. O how happy am I, if this be true!

Clit. Don't doubt it, Madam, 'tis not to Day that I began to Love you, and burn to be your Husband; I came hither for no other end: And if you'd have me tell you the thing just as 'tis, this Habit is but a mere Pretence, and I acted the Physician only to get to you, and the more easily to obtain what I desire.

Luc. This shews a very tender Love; I am as sensible to it as I ought to be.

Sgan. O poor silly Girl! silly Girl! silly Girl! mad Woman!

Luc.

Luc. Then, Sir, do you give me the Gentleman for an Husband?

Sgan. Yes; come give me your Hand; give me yours too.

Clit. But, Sir——

[*Holding back.*]

Sgan. (*Laughing heartily*) No, no, 'tis only to—to make her easie. Come, take hands. There; 'tis done.

Clit. As a warrant of my Fidelity, accept of this Ring. (*To Sgan.*) 'tis a constellated Ring, and cures Distractions of the Mind.

Luc. Let the Contract be made then, that nothing may be wanting.

Clit. It shall, Madam. (*To Sgan.*) I'll call up the Man that writes down my Prescriptions; and make her believe 'tis a Notary.

Sgan. Very well.

Clit. Soho, call up the Notary I brought with me.

Luc. What, did you bring a Notary?

Clit. Yes, Madam.

Luc. I'm glad on't.

Sgan. O poor silly Girl! silly G'rl!

SCENE VII.

Notary and the rest.

[*Clitander whispers the Notary.*]

Sgan. Yes, Sir, you are to draw a Contract for those two Persons. Write. (*Notary writes.*) The Contract is making, Girl. I give her twenty thousand Crowns as a Portion. Write.

Luc. I am obliged to you, Father.

Not. 'Tis done, you have nothing to do but to Sign.

Sgan. Here's a Contract soon drawn.

Clit. Bur, however, Sir——

Sgan. No, no. Do you think I don't know? Come, give him the Pen to Sign. Come, sign, sign, sign. Well I'll sign my self by and by.

Luc. No, no; I'll have the Contract in my own Hands.

Sgan. Well, take it. Are you satisfy'd?

Luc. More than you can imagine.

Sgan.

Sgan. That's well. That's well.

Clit. I have not only had the Precaution to bring a Notary, but I've brought several Singers, Musicians and Dancers, to celebrate the Feast and make merry. Call 'em in. These are People I brought with me, and which I use daily, to pacifie by their Harmony and Dancing the Disturbances of the Mind.

SCENE the Last.

Comedy, Musick, Dancing. Represented by so many Persons.

All Three.

*None can be well without us three,
Brisk Musick, Dancing, Comedy;
We the whole World's Physicians are
And drive away all Grief and Care.*

Comedy.

*Do you by pleasant Means desire
To Cure the Pains o'th' Head?
Commit your Galen to the Fire,
And come to us for Aid.*

All Three.

None can be, &c.

[Whilst they are singing, and whilst the Sports, the Smiles, and the Pleasures, are dancing, Clitander carries off Lucinda.]

Sgan. This is a pleasant Manner of curing. Where is my Daughter and the Physician?

Lyf. They're gone to conclude the rest of the Marriage.

Sgan. How do you mean?

Lyf. Faith, Sir, the Gudgeon's caught; you imagined you had been in Jest, and it proves in Earnest.

Sgan. *(The Dancers hold him, and wou'd fain make him dance by force.)* What, the Devil? let me go; let me go, let me go, I say. Again? Pox take you all.



Le Misanthrope.

THE
MAN-HATER:
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVI.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Alcestes, *in love with* Celimene.

Philintes, *Friend to* Alcestes.

Orontes, *in love with* Celimene.

Acastes, }
Clitander, } *Marquisses.*

Basque, *Valet to* Celimene.

A Guard of the Marshalsea of France.

Dubois, *Valet to* Alcestes.

W O M E N.

Celimene, *Alcestes's Mistress.*

Eliante, *her Cousin.*

Arsinoe, *her Friend.*

SCENE, PARIS.

TH

Alcestes



THE
MISANTROPE;
OR,
MAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Celimene's Lodgings.*

Philintes and Alcestes.

PHILINTES.

THE Matter then?—what ails you?

Alcest. Pray will you leave me.

Phil. Nay, but tell me,—what a Humour—

Alcest. I say leave me; be gone out o' my Sight.

Phil. Methinks you might hear one at least, without being Angry.

Alcest. I will be Angry, and I won't hear.

Phil.



Phil. Well, for my part, I can't comprehend you in your Splenetick Fits — And tho' you're my Friend, I must tell you —

Alcest. I your Friend! — pray cancel me that Name, 'Tis true, I've hitherto profess'd my self so: But after what I've just now discover'd in you, I tell you plainly I'm your Friend no longer — No — I'll have no share in a Corrupt Heart.

Phil. Then you think, *Alcestes*, that I am much to blame?

Alcest. To blame? — You ought to blush to Death: Such an Action admits no Excuse; and every honest Man must be scandaliz'd at it. Did'n't I see you almost Stifle him with your Caresses, protest the last Tendernefs for him, hug him with all the Transport of Oaths, Proteftations, Vows — And when I ask'd who this Man of Merit was — you cou'd scarce tell me his Name; your Zeal for him was gone the Moment he left you; and you treated him to me with all the Contempt imaginable — The Devil! 'Tis such a Base, Cowardly, Scandalous Thing! such a Prostitution! such a Betraying one's Soul! — And for my Part, cou'd I have been such a Wretch as to wrong my Conscience so, I shou'd hang my self for Shame the next Minute.

Phil. Troth, I can't think it such a Hanging-matter; and you must Pardon me, if, notwithstanding your Sentence, I shew a little Tendernefs to my own dear Person; and make bold, with Submission, not to hang my self.

Alcest. Pox o' your awkward Jestings!

Phil. But, seriously, what wou'd you have a Man do? —

Alcest. Do? — be sincere, and do as every honest Man shou'd; say nothing but what comes from his Heart.

Phil. But when a Person runs to embrace you with Rapture, why shou'd not you repay him in the same Coin; return his Ardour; give him Offer for Offer, and Oath for Oath?

Alcest. No; I detest that sneaking Way which your Men of Fashion affect; and nothing is to me so nauseous

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as the Grimace and Cant of your great Protesters, those affable, frivolous, Embracing Rascals; those obliging Speech-makers about nothing, that confound all Civilities, and treat a Man of Merit and a Block-head with the same Air. What are you the better for the Caresses of a Man, who having Sworn all the Friendship, Zeal, Esteem and Affection for you imaginable, and harangu'd you with a glorious Encomium on your own Perfections, runs immediately and does the very same to the next Scoundrel he meets? No — He must have a pitiful Soul that cou'd like such prostituted Esteem; the noblest loses its Relish. the Moment we find our selves rank'd with all the World. In short, Esteem must be founded on Preference; and to esteem every body, is to esteem no body. Therefore, Sir, since you're pleas'd to swim with the Current of these Rascally Times — I've done with you, d'ye see; I throw you back your lavish Complaisance that makes no Distinctions: — I'll be distinguish'd; and to end all in a Word — A Friend to Mankind is not a Friend for me.

Phil. But Custom obliges us, while we live in the World, to pay some outward Civilities.

Alceste. I deny it. We shou'd for ever banish the Scandalous Trade of counterfeit Friendships. I wou'd have every one be a Man, and let his Heart always appear in his Discourse. Let the Man himself speak, and never masque his Thoughts under empty Compliments.

Phil. But there are a thousand Occasions in which an absolute Freedom wou'd be ridiculous and insufferable; And — begging Pardon of your Austerity — I say, 'tis good to conceal what's in one's Heart. Where wou'd be the Sense, for God's sake, or Decorum, to tell a thousand People what you think of 'em? And, if I meet with one I hate or despise, must I needs acquaint him with it presently?

Alceste. Yes.

Phil. How? — You'd tell old *Emilia*, I warrant you, that to set up for Beauty at her Age is Monstrous? and that her Painting is a Scandal to the whole Town?

Alceste. Most certainly.

Phil. And *Dorilas*, that he's a troublesome Coxcomb, and that there is not an Ear at Court which he has'n't tir'd over and over with the Boasts of his Bravery and Splendor of his Race?

Alceft. Very right.

Phil. Why sure you are not in earnest?

Alceft. I am in earnest. I'm too much shock'd, to give Quarter to any Body. The Court, the City, afford nothing but Objects to provoke one's Spleen. It fills me with all the Distaste and Chagrin in the World, to see at what Rate Men lead their Lives. Nothing to be found every where, but base Flattery, Injustice, Self-Interest, Treachery and Cheating! — S'Death! I can't bear it; I'm out of all Patience; and I have taken up a Resolution to Stem the Tide against all Mankind.

Phil. Phoo — 'tis too Savage, your splenetick Philosophy. I can't forbear laughing when I see you in your dark Fits; and methinks you and I, who were brought up together, are for all the World like the two Brothers, Igad, in *Moliere's* * Play, that —

Alceft. Confound your dull Comparisons.

Phil. No but seriously; let me advise you to leave your eternal Wrangling — D'ye think you'll mend the World by't? No — And since you adore Freedom so much, I'll be very free with you; and tell you, that this Disease of yours furnishes nothing but Mirth where-ever you go; and that in short, such furious Transports against the Manners of the Age, have turn'd you into Ridicule among a great many People.

Alceft. So much the better, --- Gadzooks, so much the better; 'tis a good Sign, and I rejoice at it heartily. I think all Men so very odious and intolerable, that I shou'd never forgive my self the Shame of being thought Wise by 'em.

Phil. You wish very ill to human Nature.

Alceft. I do, I have the utmost Aversion for it.

Phil. What, for all poor Mortals without exception? Is there Nothing good in the present Age?

Alceft. No, --- I hate all Men; Some for being wicked,

* *L'Ecole des Maris.*

ed, and the rest for being complaisant to 'em, and for not expressing that vigorous and noble Hatred which Vice ought to raise in every virtuous Soul. And for an Instance of this unjust and excessive Complaisance, 'see how much of it is bestow'd on the Villain that's at Law with me! You discover plainly the Traitor in spite of his *Masque*, and he's every where as notorious as possible. His rowling Eyes and soft Whine impose only on Strangers. 'Tis known how this Varlet that deserves Hanging has thrust himself into the World by the most scandalous Employments; to which he owes all that Splendor of Fortune, which makes Merit cry shame, and Virtue blush. Whatever vile Names he's every where loaded with, his miserable Reputation has not one Advocate so shameless as to defend it. Call him Cheat, Rogue, cursed Villain---- all the World joins in it *nemine contradicente*. And yet---- his Grimace is every where welcome; People entertain him; laugh at his Jest; He worms himself into all Company; And if there's any Party Cause, or Place to be contended for, he carries it against the best Man i'the World. Death o'the Devil!---- These are mortal Wounds to me; I can't live and see Vice treated with Ceremony.-- And in short, I'm almost ready to fly into some Desert, and Abdicate all human kind.

Phil. Lord! What need we be in such Pain about the Manners of the Age? let's be a little more favourable to Humane Nature, not examine it with such extreme Severity, but view its Faults at least with some Tenderness. We shou'd have, while we are in the World, a Virtue that is conversable; Wisdom it self may betray us into a Fault; perfect Reason flies Extreame, and requires us to be wise with Temper. That inflexible Stiffness of the old Virtue, clashes too much with Custom and the present Age: It exacts from mortal Men too exalted a Perfection: one must bend a little to the Times; and to set up for a Corrector of the World, is as great piece of Folly as any. I observe every Day, as well as you, a hundred things that wou'd be better in another Course; but tho' I am not blind to 'em, you never see me in a Rage, as you are. I am content to take Men as they are; I practice my self to bear with their Actions, and I believe

that at Court, as well as in the City, my Phlegm is as good Philosophy as your Choler.

Alcest. But this Phlegm, that is so fine a Reasoner, is it never to be provok'd? Suppose you happen to be betray'd by a Friend, or there's a Trick plaid to get your Estate, or villainous Reports are given out against you, can you suffer all this without being in a Passion?

Phil. Yes; those Faults which put you into a Ferment, I look upon as Vices incorporate with Human Nature; and in short, I am no more discompos'd to see a Man that's a Cheat, that's Unjust, or Designing; than to see a Vultur ravenous after Prey, a Monkey doing Mischief, or a Wolf full of Rage and Fierceness.

Alcest. Very well! I shall see my self betray'd, robb'd tore to Pieces, and yet not—S'death! I'll say no more on't, 'tis a Reasoning so full of Impertinence.

Phil. Good faith you'll do well to be silent. I wish you'd shine a little less against your Adversary, and mind your Suit more.

Alcest. Positively not I.

Phil. Why! who wou'd you have your Solicitor?

Alcest. Who?—Reason, my Right, Equity

Phil. Then you don't design to wait on the Judge?

Alcest. For what? Is my Cause unjust, or doubtful?

Phil. I don't say 'tis. But Law-Suits are vexatious, and—

Alcest. No, I'm resolved not to stir a Step, Perhaps I'm in the wrong, perhaps I'm in the right,

Phil. Don't be too confident.

Alcest. I'll not move.

Phil. Your Antagonist is powerful, and by his Party may procure a—

Alcest. No matter:

Phil. You'll find your self mistaken.

Alcest. I'll venture that.

Phil. But—

Alcest. I'll have the Pleasure to lose my Cause.

Phil. Yet after all—

Alcest. I'll see by this Trial whether Men dare be so impudently wicked and perverse as to do me Injustice in the Face of the World.

Phil.

Phil. What a strange Man!

Alceſt. And I ſhall be glad to ſay, coſt what it will, that I loſt my Cauſe for the Goodneſs of it.

Phil. In earneſt, *Alceſtes*, every Body will laugh at you, if you talk thus.

Alceſt. Let 'em —, the Laughters will have the worſt.

Phil. But pray — as to this Rectitude now, this wondrous Exactneſs you demand in every thing, this conſummate Juſtneſs — do you find it in the Lady here that has your Heart? I'm amaz'd, that having ſo irreconcilable a Quarrel (as it ſeems) with human-kind; in ſpight of all which might give you Hatred, you find enough in her to be charm'd with: And, what ſurprizes me more, is the ſtrange Choice you have made. The ſincere *Eliante* has an Inclination for you; The diſcreet *Arſinoe* looks on you with Softneſs. Yet your Soul, immoveable to their Wiſhes, is a Slave to *Celimene*; whoſe coquette Humour and malicious Wit ſeem ſo extravagantly to give into the Manners of the Age — How is it poſſible then that hating them ſo mortally, you can endure ſo much of 'em in this Lady? Arn't they greater Faults in ſo fair an Object? Don't you ſee 'em? or can you excuſe 'em?

Alceſt. No — My Love for this young Widow does not make me blind to her Faults; but, in ſpight of my Paſſion, I'm the firſt to ſee and condemn 'em. And yet, ſo what I can, — I own my Weakneſs, ſhe has the Art of pleaſing me, 'Tis in vain I ſpy her Defects, in vain I blame her for 'em, in ſpight of All ſhe makes me love her. Her Agreeableneſs turns the Ballance; and I make no queſtion but my Flame will in time purifie her Soul from theſe Modern Vices.

Phil. If you can do that, you'll have perform'd no eaſy Taſk. Then you think ſhe loves you?

Alceſt. Yes, or I ſhou'd not love her.

Phil. But why then are you diſturb'd about Rivals?

Alceſt. Becauſe a Heart deeply in Love, is for claiming all to it ſelf. And 'tis with that Deſign I am come hither, to tell her freely upon this, whatever my Paſſion aſpires.

Phil.

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Phil. Well, if I had nothing to do but to wish, there's her Cousin *Eliante* wou'd have all my Devotion. Her Heart; besides its Regard for you, is solid and sincere; and methinks so agreeable a Choice shou'd be more worth your Pursuit.

Alcest. I own it. My Reason tells me so every Day; but Reason, you know, is not Love's Director.

Phil. Well, I'm full of Fears for you, and your Hope may possibly prove——

Enter Orontes.

Oront. They told me below that *Eliante* and *Celimene* were gone to make a small Tour to the Shops; but understanding, Sir, that you were here, I came up to tell you, with the sincerest Heart in the World, that I have conceiv'd a most incredible Esteem for you; and that for a long time I have had an ardent Ambition to be in the Number of your Friends. Sir, I love to do Justice to Merit, and am inflam'd to be joyn'd with you in the Bonds of Amity. And I presume, Sir, that a zealous Friend, of my Quality too, is by no means to be despis'd——Sir, 'tis to you, if you please, this Discourse is directed. [*Alcestes is musing all the time of this Speech, and seems not to hear it.*]

Alcest. To me, Sir?

Oront. Yes Sir, to you. Do you find any thing in it to offend you?

Alcest. No Sir——but I'm surpriz'd at it; 'tis an Honour I did not expect.

Oront. The Esteem I have for you ought not to surprize you. Why Sir, 'tis what you may Challenge from all the World.

Alcest. Sir——

Oront. The Nation has not that Thing to boast of that is not inferior to the Splendor of your Merit.

Alcest. Nay, good Sir——

Oront. Yes, Sir, I do, and will maintain, that I prefer you to every thing in it that's most considerable.

Alcest. But Sir——

Oront.

Oront. The Stars renounce me if I lye! And to convince you of my Sentiments, permit me to embrace you with an open Heart, and to demand a Place in your Friendship. Come, your Hand, Sir, if you please—you promise me your Friendship?

Alcest. Sir——

Oront. What! you won't refuse?

Alcest. Sir, you do me too much Honour. But Friendship is a sacred thing, and to make it too common is to profane it. Judgment and Choice are requir'd to such a Contract; and we shou'd know one another better, before we engage in it. 'Tis possible, Sir, our Tempers may be such, that we may both repent the Bargain.

Oront. Gad save me! spoke like an Oracle! And I esteem you the more for it. Well, let Time then form so tender a Union. But in the mean while I offer my self intirely yours. Sir——have you any Favour to ask at Court? I need not say what Figure I make there: Every body knows I have the honour of his Majesty's Ear; and, between Friends, you'd hardly imagine, I gad, that upon all Occasions he uses me with all the Frankness in the World. In fine, I'm every Way you can desire your most devoted——And Sir, because I know you to be a Person of extraordinary Judgment, as a Prologue to our Intimacy, I come to shew you a Song I writ t'other Day, and to take your Opinion whether I shall expose it to the Publick, or not.

Alcest. Sir, you must excuse me. I'm the worst qualify'd in the World to determine you.

Oront. Why?

Alcest. Why, I have the Infirmary of being a little more sincere upon such Occasions than I shou'd.

Oront. That's just what I wou'd have; and I shou'd be very sorry, if when I expose my self, in order to have the Satisfaction of your judgment without Disguise, you shou'd use me so ill as to betray me, or conceal any thing whatever.

Alcest. Why then, Sir, upon these Terms if you please, proceed.

Oront.

Oront. Song. — 'Tis a Song as I said. Hem! Hem! —
Hope — You must know there's a Lady that had flatter'd my Passion with some hopes — *Hope* — They are not your lofty Heroicks — They're little, soft, tender, languishing, and all that —

Alcest. Well, we shall see —

Oront. Hope — I don't know whether you'll think the Stile correct and easie enough, or whether the Choice of the Words may please you; But —

Alcest. We shall see, Sir.

Oront. I Vow and Swear they were made in a Quarter of an Hour.

Alcest. Well, let's hear — The Time signifies nothing.

Orontes Reading.

*Hope for a while, 'tis true, relieves,
 And lulls asleep our Pain;
 But, Phillis, sad's the Joy it gives,
 When nothing follows in its Train.*

Phil. Gad I'm charm'd already!

Alcest. (To him softly.) How? — you han't the Face sure to like it?

Orontes again.

*I own that you have Complaisance,
 But better you had none,
 Than put your self to the Expence
 To give me Hope alone.*

Phil. Ah! how Gallant's the Expression?

Alcest. (softly.) Curse o' your vile Complaisance; to commend such Doggrel!

Orontes again.

*If I Eternally must wait,
 My Zeal t'Extreams will fly;
 Nor shall your Cares prevent my Fate,
 But I'll, for Refuge, dye.
 To hope for ever, charming Fair,
 What is't but ever to Despair?*

Phil.

Phil. Well, the winding up is so pretty, so amorous, so admirable!

Alceſt. (*ſoftly.*) Rot your winding up! — wou'd you and your poyſonous Flattery were at the Devil.

Phil. I never ſaw prettier turn'd Verſes.

Alceſt. (*ſoftly.*) Confuſion!

Oront. Oh! Dear Sir, you flatter me, and perhaps think —

Phil. No really Sir — 'tis no Flattery.

Alceſt. (*ſoftly.*) What is it then, Traytor?

Oront. But pray, your Opinion Sir? — you'll Remember our Articles — I beg you'll be ſincere now.

Alceſt. Sir, this is always a nice Affair. Every body loves to be flatter'd upon the Subject of Wit. But I'll tell you what was my Answer once, to a certain Perſon that ſhall be nameleſs, when he ſhew'd me ſome Verſes of his. I told him, that a fine Gentleman ſhou'd have a very ſtrict Guard over his Inclination to be Writing. That the Temptation of ſhining as an Author was ſo very powerful, that it needed the greateſt Reſolution to bridle it. And that the Fondneſs of ſhewing their Works, makes People ſometimes act very ridiculous Parts.

Oront. Do you mean by this, that I'm to blame for —

Alceſt. Pardon me, Sir! I don't ſay ſo; But I told him, that to Write ill — a Man had as good be knock'd o' th' Head — There needs no other Weakneſs to decry him: And let People have ever ſo many good Qualities, the World always looks on their Blindſide.

Oront. Why, Sir, d'ye find any Faults in my Song?

Alceſt. I don't ſay I do; but, to deter him, I ſet before his Eyes the Examples of very worthy Perſons of our Age, who had been quite ſpoilt by this Frenzy of Writing.

Oront. What! do I write ill then, or reſemble thoſe Perſons?

Alceſt. I don't ſay ſo — But in ſhort, ſaid I, what preſſing Neceſſity have you to be Writing? and who the Deuce forces you to Print? If the publiſhing a wretched Book can be forgiven to any, 'tis only to thoſe poor Devils that Scribble for their Bread. Be advis'd, reſiſt the

Temptation, keep your Amusements from the publick View; and don't be drawn by any Persuasions into the Folly of forfeiting the Character you have at Court of a Man of Merit, for that of a ridiculous and miserable Author. This is what I endeavour'd to make him comprehend.

Oront. Very well 'fore Gad! And I suppose I guess your Meaning, Sir. But don't I know that my Song---

Alceſt. To be free—keep it to your self. You have been mis-led, by Copying after ill Models, and your Expression is unnatural. Pray what's—*Lull asleep our Pain—And—Nothing follows in its Train?* Where's the Sense of *Don't put your self to the Expence To give me Hope alone?* And—*To hope for ever, charming Fair, Is for ever to despair?* This figurative Stile, which People are so apt to be proud of, is vastly wide of Truth, and far from a good Manner. 'Tis Affectation, 'tis Jingling, and Nature never speaks so. I'm afraid of the ill Taste of the Age in this; our Ancestors, as unrefin'd as they were, had a much better; and I'll repeat you, for Example, an old Song that in my Esteem is infinitely preferable to all the fine Kick-shaws so much now in Vogue.

*If King Henry had granted me
His Paris large and Fair;
And I for it estoons must quit
The Love of my true Dear:
Thus would I say, my Liege, I pray
Take back your Paris Fair;
I love much mo my Dear, I tro,
I love much mo my Dear.*

The Rhime indeed is but poor, and the Stile is old; but who does not see that it is better than all those affected Fooleries which are an Affront to good Sense; and that here 'tis pure Passion speaks without any Art.

*If King Henry had granted me
His Paris large and Fair;*

And

*And I for it estsoon: must quit
The Love of my true Dear:
Thus would I say my Liege, I pray
Take back your Paris Fair;
I love much mo my Dear, I tro,
I love much mo my Dear.*

This now speaks the Sentiments of a Heart truly touch'd. Yes, my good laughing Sir, in Spight of all your *Beaux Esprits* I tell you I value this beyond the fustian Pomp and false Glitter of the Stuff that's so commonly cry'd up.

Oront. And for my part, Sir, I'll maintain that my Verses are good.

Alcest. They may be so to you, you have your Reasons no doubt. But you must give me leave to have mine too, that will take leave not to submit to yours.

Oront. Sir, 'tis Satisfaction enough to me that others prize 'em.

Alcest. Ay, because they have the Art of dissembling, which I han't.

Oront. Why Sir, d'ye take your self to have such a mighty Share of Wit?

Alcest. Perhaps I shou'd have more, if I commended your Verses.

Oront. Oh—I shall be content without your Approbation, I assure you.

Alcest. Sir, you must be content without my Approbation.

Oront. I wou'd very fain see you write after your Manner upon the same Subject.

Alcest. I might have the ill Luck to write as bad—, but I shou'd ne'er have the Folly to expose it.

Oront. Why, Sir, you're very positive, and this Sufficiency, let me tell you—

Alcest. Sir, you may seek your Admirers elsewhere—and not trouble me.

Oront. Hum! Methinks you might treat the Matter somewhat less haughtily, my little Sir!

And

L. 2

Alcest.

Alcest. Good faith, my great Sir, I treat it as it ought to be treated.

Phil. (*Interposing.*) Fye, Gentlemen! for God's-sake— Nay this goes too far.

Oront. Ah—that's true. I'm to blame—I own it: I'm gone this Moment—Sir, I'm your most obedient Slave, with all my Spirit.

Alcest. And, Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

[*Exit Orontes.*]

Phil. So—you see what you've got now by being too sincere; you're like to have a fine business upon your Hands: Why I saw as plain as cou'd be, that *Orontes*, for the Pleasure of being Flatter'd—

Alcest. I won't be talk'd to.

Phil. But—

Alcest. More Discourse?

Phil. 'Tis too—

Alcest. Leave me.

Phil. If I—

Alcest. No Words, I say.

Phil. Nay but—

Alcest. Again?

Phil. 'Tis to affront—

Alcest. Furies! this is insufferable,—you shan't follow me.

[*Going.*]

Phil. Positively I will; Why, this is meer Banter.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Alcestes and Celimene.

Alcest. WILL you give me leave to be plain with you, Madam? I don't like your Conduct: It fills me with too much Choler, and I find we must part. In short, 'twere to abuse you, not to tell you so. Part we must, there's no avoiding it. And shou'd I swear
you

you a thousand Oaths to the contrary, it wou'd not be in my Power to keep 'em.

Cel. Then for ought I see, you come here to Quarrel with me, Sir?

Alceſt. I don't quarrel with you; but your Humour is too open upon the first Acquaintance, and your Soul grants too much Access. Don't I see how you're beset here with a Crowd of Lovers? Death! I have a Heart too proud to bear it.

Cel. Well — suppose I do make Conquests, is it my Fault? Can I hinder People from liking me? What wou'd you have me do? If they use a kind of civil Force to see me, am I to take a Stick and drive 'em out of the House?

Alceſt. No, Madam, there's no occasion for a Stick; but it wou'd be well if you had a Heart less easie, and not so impressible. I know your Charms attend you in all Places; but 'tis your Encouragement retains those who are attracted by your Eyes; and the Softness with which you treat those who surrender to you, finishes the Work which your Beauty began. 'Tis the lavish Hope you indulge, that draws upon you such assiduous Applications. And were your Complaisance but more restrain'd, you might soon be rid of your Crowd of Addressers. But will you do me the Favour at least to tell me, Madam, by what means your *Clitander* has the good luck to please you so? Upon what solid Merit and sublime Vertue do you found your Esteem for him? Is it his white Hand and long little-Finger-nail have made this strange Acquisition? Or have you, with all the *Beau Monde*, surrender'd to the irresistible Persuasion of his fair full-bottom'd Wig? Are there Charms in his huge Pantaloon, and Philters in his fluttering Equipage of Ribbons? or is it by his becoming Laugh and his feign'd effeminate Voice he has found the happy secret of touching your Heart?

Cel. Lord! How unreasonably apprehensive you are? Don't you know for what I keep him in Play? And that 'tis in his Power to assist my Cause, by engaging all his Friends for me, as he has promis'd?

Alceſt. Rather loſe your Cauſe, Madam, with a brave Conſtancy, and ſhew your ſelf above humouring a Rival I can't bear.

Cel. But you're Jealous of all the World.

Alceſt. That's becauſe you're Civil to all the World.

Cel. Why then methinks you have the leſs reaſon to be angry, ſince my Complaiſance is univerſal. And you'd have more cauſe to complain, if you ſaw me beſtow it all upon one.

Alceſt. But, ſince you blame my Jealouſie, pray what have I, Madam, to encourage me more than others?

Cel. The Satisfaction of knowing, that you're be- lov'd.

Alceſt. And what Ground have I to believe it?

Cel. I think, Sir, 'tis enough that I have thought fit to tell you ſo, and you ought to be ſatisfy'd with ſuch a Confeſſion.

Alceſt. But what aſſurance have I that you won't ſay as much the next Minute to ſome body elſe?

Cel. Fine Flowers of Rhetorick theſe, for a Lover! And I admire your Gallant way of treating your Miſtreſs. Why look you, Sir, to put an End to that Concern then, I here unſay all I've ſaid before, and nothing hereafter ſhall impoſe on you but your ſelf; let that ſatisfie you.

Alceſt. Furies! — Muſt I yet be ſo bewitch'd as to love you? Well — if I'm once ſo happy as to get free from your Chains, I'll bleſs the Day of my Deliverance. I don't deſire it ſhou'd be a Secret that I uſe all my Endeavours to maſter this unlucky Paſſion. 'Tis true, my greateſt Efforts have yet prov'd unſucceſſful; and 'tis for my Sins I'm doom'd to love you ſo extravagantly.

Cel. Extravagantly enough I confeſs — and I believe your Paſſion is without an Equal.

Alceſt. I challenge the World to equal it. It is beyond all poſſible Imagination; and never was Man ſo poſſeſs'd with Love before.

Cel. In Truth, the manner of expreſſing it is very new. Why, you love People, it ſeems, only to wrangle with
em.

'em. Your Flame shines in angry Speeches; and such a surly mutinous Love was never known.

Alcest. If its Chagrin is not dissipated, 'tis intirely your own Fault. Come! for Heav'n's sake, let's resolve to end all Disputes at once. Let's deal openly and ingenuously with one another, and put a Stop——

Enter Basque.

Cel. What now!

Basque. *Acastes* is below, Madam.

Cel. Desire him to come up.

Alcest. What! there's no having you private for a Minute. One finds you perpetually receiving Visits from all the World; and you can't spare one single Moment to let your Servants deny you.

Cel. You'd have me fall out with him; wou'd you?

Alcest. You've more Caution, I'm sure, than I like.

Cel. Why he's one that wou'd never forgive me, if I shou'd seem the least uneasie at his coming.

Alcest. Well! and what then?

Cel. Bless me! —— Why, 'tis a thing of Consequence to have such People ones Friends. I don't know how 'tis, but they're Men that have a Privilege of talking loud at Court. You see they wind themselves into all Conversations. They can't do you Service 'tis true, but they can hurt you; and however your Interest may be supported otherways, 'tis necessary to avoid all Difference with these noisie Gentlemen.

Alcest. In short, 'tis to no Purpose to dispute with you; for let it be as it will, you'll find Reasons for admitting all the World; and your judicious Precautions——

Enter Basque.

Basq. *Clitander*, Madam.

Alcest. [*Going*] 'Tis very well——

Cel. Whither so fast?

Alcest. I'll be gone.

Cel. Nay, but stay.

Alcest. For what?

Cel. Stay.

Alcest. I can't.

Cel. You shall.

Alcest. Indeed I shan't; I'm plagu'd to Death with your Visiting Fools, and to think I'll endure such Conversation--

Cel. You shall stay. I say.

Alcest. 'Tis impossible.

Cel. Why then, do as you please, you're at your liberty.

Enter Eliante, Philintes, Acastes, Clitander.

Eliante. Here's the two Marquesses come with us—
Did any body give you Notice?

Cel. Yes, — Chairs here.

You an't gone then?

[*To Alcestes aside.*

Alcest. No, but I desire, Madam, you'll declare either for them or me.

Cel. Pish — Be Silent.

Alcest. I'm resolv'd you shall now explain your self.

Cel. You're out o' your Senses.

Alcest. You must and shall explain.

Cel. Bless me!

Alcest. You shall take one side or t'other.

Cel. You jest sure.

Alcest. No; you shall chuse, I say. 'Tis too much to have Patience any longer.

Clitan. Gad, I've just been at Court, where *Orontes* appear'd at the *Levee* so ridiculously Exact. Heav'ns! has he no Friend that can be so Charitable as to advise him about his strange Forms.

Cel. The Truth is, he appears extreamly odd in Company. He carries every where an Air that exposes him at first Sight; and when you see him again, you find him more Extravagant than before.

Acast. Extravagant! if you talk of that, I'm come from being persecuted by one of the most nauseous Extravagants living. *Damon* — the Reasoner; who, by all that's serious, had the Conscience to keep me out of my Chair a whole Hour at least of broad Day.

Cel. A strange Talker! and one that has always the Art of saying nothing to you, with a World of Circumlocution. You can never know what he's talking about, that's certain; and all you are listning to, is a meer Noise.

Eliante

Eliante to *Philintes* [*aside*.] A lucky Beginning this! The Conversation is falling into a good charitable Humour of exposing one's Acquaintance.

Clitan. There's *Timantes* too, Madam, is an Original.

Cel. He's all Mystery from Head to Foot: He stares at you *en passant* when you meet him, and without Business is perpetually in a Hurry. Whatever he says to you, is with a Thousand Grimaces; and for Ceremony, he oppresses you with it. To interrupt the Conversation, he has always some Secret to tell you softly; which Secret is — Nothing. He makes a Miracle of every Trifle; and gravely whispers it in your Ear, tho' 'tis only a Good Morrow.

Acaf. Then there's *Gerald*, Madam —

Cel. O — that Eternal Teller of Stories! you never see him descend below his grand Air of a Lord. He's perpetually mingling himself with the highest Company; and scorns in his common Discourse to quote you less than a Prince, a Princess, or a Duke. In short, Quality has turn'd his Brain; and all his Conversation is *Flanders-Mares*, *Dogs*, *Race-Horses*, and *Equipage*. He says *Thou* and *Thee* to People of the best Rank; and *Sir* is a Word quite out of use with him.

Clitan. *Belisa*, they say, has an infinite Value for him.

Cel. Wretched poor-witted Creature, and the dullest Company in the World! I am martyr'd when-ever she comes to Visit me. One must torture Invention to find Discourse with her: And yet the Conversation dyes at every turn, thro' her strange Sterility of Expression. Her stupid Silence is Proof against all Attacks, and 'tis in Vain to call to your Aid the most common Topicks of Discourse: The fine Weather, or the Rain, the Cold, the Heat, are all exhausted immediately. Yet her Visit is insupportably Tedious; and tho' you ask her what's a Clock, or look on your Watch ever so often, She's as immovable as a Statue.

Acaf. What think you of *Adrastes*?

Cel. Excessively Proud. Self-Conceit has swell'd him to a Monster: His great Merit has always a Quarrel with the Court. He never fails Cursing it, once in four and twenty

twenty Hours, for his daily Exercise. And there's not a Grant made, a Place filled up, or a Patent bestow'd, but he exclaims against the barbarous Injustice of it.

Clitan. But young *Cleon*, where all our best Company is to Day, what d'ye say of him?

Cel. That he's oblig'd to his Cook for all his Merit. And that his proper Place to receive Visits, is at his Table.

Elimate. No-body keeps a better.

Cel. True, if he himself were away. Fool is always a standing Dish at it, and to me his insipid Person spoils the whole Entertainment.

Philin. His Uncle *Damis* is in good Esteem. What say you to that, Madam?

Cel. Oh! he's one of my Friends.

Phil. I take him to be a very good sort of a Man, and, by his Appearance, wise enough.

Cel. Why——yes——But I'm angry with him for affecting too much Wit. He's always so full of his Flights; and you may observe he aims at quaint Turns in all his Discourse. And since he has taken a Fancy to appear Polite, he's so exceeding Nice, that nothing can please him. He's for spying Faults in every Thing that's Writ. He thinks it below a Man of Wit to Commend; That, in playing the Critick he shews his Learning; That 'tis the part of Blockheads to admire, and be mov'd to a Laugh: And in short, That by condemning without Exception all modern Works, he sets himself above the whole World. He exercises the same Talent of Severity upon Conversation too; Common Discourse is always too mean for him: He stands blessing himself in Company with Arms across, and seems from his Superiour Wit to look down with Pity and Contempt on every Thing you can say to him.

Acaf. His very Picture, 'fore Gad!

Clitan. Well, for drawing to the Life, your Ladyship is a Miracle.

Alceft. Good, very Good! — proceed my worthy Friends o' the Court! you spare nothing in your Ways, every body takes his Turn. And yet you never see any

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one of these Gentlemen you've been railing at, but you run to meet him with all the Rapture imaginable, give him your Hand, hug, kiss him, and swear a thousand flattering Oaths how much you're devoted to his Service.

Clitan. Why this to Us, Sir? If any Thing in the Conversation shocks you, your Reproach concerns the Lady here.

Alceft. No——Gadzooks, it concerns you. And 'tis your obsequious grinning Laughs that seduce her Wit, and draw from her these censorious Reflections. Her Satyrical Humour is encourag'd by the base Incense of your Flattery. And she wou'd not take that Pleasure in Railing, if she did not find it applauded. And 'tis thus that Flatterers are every where the Occasion of all the Vices that over-spread Mankind.

Philin. But how come You, Sir, to take the Part of these People? You, who have condemn'd the very same things they are now censured for?

Cel. What! wou'd you have him lose the Pleasure of contradicting? Is it fit he shou'd subscribe to common Opinion? Or not display every where that thwarting Genius which Heav'n has made his Peculiar? 'Tis impossible another's Opinion shou'd please him; He's oblig'd to maintain the Contrary; and thinks he shou'd appear Vulgar if he agreed with any body's Thoughts. Nay, the Honour of contradicting has such prevailing Charms over him, that it sets him often at Variance with himself. And he shall dispute against his own real Sentiments, the first Minute he finds 'em affirm'd by another.

Alceft. 'Tis very well Madam! The Laughters are of your side; and you may be as Satyrical as you please.

Philin. But 'tis really true, that your Wit is perpetually arm'd against whatever one can Say; and by a morose Humour, which it self owns, will neither suffer one to praise, nor to find fault.

Alceft. 'Sdeath! 'tis because Men are always in the wrong, and give one continual Reason to be out o' Humour.

mour. And because I see, that, upon all Occasions, they either praise impertinently, or are absurdly censorious.

Cel. Nay but—

Alcest. Look you Madam, if I were to dye for't, I must be plain—You have Pleasures I can't bear. And they do you base Wrong, to sooth and encourage you in Adhering to Faults which they themselves blame you for

Clitan. What d'ye mean, Sir? I vow and swear for my part, I never thought the Lady had any Faults.

Acaf. I see Millions of Charms and Perfections in her. But for Faults—I can't see one for my Life.

Alcest. I see too many I'm sure, and She knows I make it my daily Care to tell her of 'em. The more we love People, the less we shou'd flatter 'em. 'Tis the Purity of an ardent Love, not to pardon any Allays. And were I a Woman, I'd banish all those sneaking Lovers that shew'd a slavish Submission to all my Sentiments: And whose senseless Complaisance made 'em eternally adore my very Extravagancies.

Cel. In short, if Hearts were to be regulated by your Prescription, To love well, one must banish all Tendernefs; and make it the Supreme Honour of the most exalted Passion, to rail very heartily at the Person one loves.

Elian. Love, generally speaking, is quite the Reverse of this; and you see Lovers perpetually boasting of their Choice. Their Passion will not let 'em see any Thing amiss. All is lovely in the Object belov'd. Faults themselves pass for Perfections; and they have the prettiest softening Names for 'em imaginable. The pale Complexion, is fairer than Jessamin. The Black is awful, and the Brown adorable. The thin Lady, tho' a Skeleton, is free and well shap'd. The Porpoise Shape, is full of Majesty. The Slattern, is a negligent Beauty, and has no study'd Charms. The Gigantick seems a Goddess, and the Dwarf, an Epitome of Heaven's Wonders. The Proud, has a Soul worthy of a Crown. The Cheat, has Wit: the Fool, is All Goodness. The everlasting Talker, is most agreeable Company; and the Mute Lady keeps a modest Reserve. 'Tis thus, a Lover, whose Pa-

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Cel. Let's quit this Discourse, and go take a Turn or two in the Gallery. What! — you won't leave us, Gentlemen?

Clitander and Acastes. No, Madam.

Alcest. You're mightily disturb'd with the Fear of losing your Company. Look you, Gentlemen, you may stay as long as you please; but I tell you plainly I shan't stir till you're gone.

Acast. Rather than the Lady shou'd be uneasy, I have no Business shall call me from hence all this Day.

Clitander. And for my part, I have no Engagement, provided I'm at Court time enough to attend the Bed-chamber.

Celim. [to *Alcest.*] You have a Mind to be Merry, I believe.

Alcest. Not at all. I shall see whether 'tis my Company you want to be rid of.

Enter Basque.

Bas. Sir, here's a Man says, he must needs speak with you, about a Business that can't be put off.

Alcest. Tell him, I have no such pressing Business.

Bas. Sir, he has a great Coat with huge Plaits, and all lac'd with Gold.

Cel. Won't you see what's his Business, or desire him to come in? [To *Alcest.*]

Alcest. What makes you so concern'd about him? Come in Sir.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Sir, if you please, a Word with you.

Alcest. You may speak aloud, Sir, if you please.

Officer. Sir, The Mareschals of France, whose Commands I have the Honour to bear, give you Notice, that they require your Appearance before 'em immediately.

Alcest. Mine Sir?

Officer. Yes Sir.

Alcest. For what, pray?

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Alceft. You may speak aloud, Sir, if you please.

Officer. Sir, The Marshals of France, whose Commands I have the Honour to bear, give you Notice, that they require your Appearance before 'em immediately.

Alceft. Mine Sir?

Officer. Yes Sir.

Alceft. For what, pray?

Phil.

Phil. I'll be hang'd if 'tis not the ridiculous Business be-
twixt *Orontes* and You.

Cel. What Business?

Phil. Why *Orontes* and he had a Clash about some Ver-
ses he did not like. And this I suppose is to determine it,
before it goes further.

Alceſt. I scorn any cowardly Submissions.

Phil. But you must obey the Summons: Come prepare
to —

Alceſt. Plague! What Accommodation wou'd they
have? shall the Sentence of these Gentlemen oblige me
to like the Verses? No, I'll stand by all I have said:
They're Stuff.

Phil. But you might with more Temper —

Alceſt. I'll not bate a Tittle; they're Execrable.

Phil. You ought to give your Opinion with Moderati-
on at least. Come, will you go?

Alceſt. Yes. But nothing shall make me unsay my
Words.

Phil. Well — We shall see that.

Alceſt. If the King indeed shou'd send me his express
Command to praise 'em, I can't help it. But without
that, let me die if I won't maintain to the last that they're
intollerable; and that he that made 'em ought to be
hang'd. — By this Light, Gentlemen, I did not design to
make you so Merry.

[To *Clitan.* and *Acaſt.* who Laugh.

Cel. Go make your Appearance.

Alceſt. I'm going, Madam; but I'm resolv'd to be here
again presently, to end our Dispute.

A C T III.

Clitander and *Acaſt.*

Clitan. **Y**OU'RE a mighty satisfy'd Creature, my dear
Marquess! Why, every thing makes you Gay
I see, and nothing gives you Inquietude. But can you
really

really think, without putting out your Eyes, that you have such wondrous Reasons to be joyful?

Acaf. Let me perish, if, upon the most serious Contemplation of my self, I can find one single Subject for a melancholy Thought. I have a Fortune, thank my Stars; I'm Young, and descended from a Family that may with some Reason be call'd Noble. And I believe, that with this Pretention there are few Posts in the Kingdom that I don't stand fair for. As for Courage, (which above all, is a Quality to be priz'd,) without Vanity, 'tis known that I want none; and the World has seen me push an Affair with Vigour, and I gad, gallantly enough. Then for Wit, I have it, that's certain; and a Taste to judge and reason, without Study, upon every universal Thing. To make a learned Figure in the Side-Box at the first Night of a new Play, which is a Pleasure I doat on to Idolatry; to decide there in Chief, and mark out all the bright things that deserve Clapping. As for Person, I'm adroit enough, I have a good Air, good Teeth as you see, and a Shape that's positively fine: And I think, without flattering my self, that for Dress, there's no body will be so impertinent as to dispute with me. In short, I see my self in as great Estimation as possible; I'm the Darling of the fair Sex, and the Favourite at Court. Now I humbly conceive, my dear Marquess, that for the Reasons aforesaid, a Man may be allow'd to be satisfy'd with himself.

Clitan. True; But since you find Conquests so easie elsewhere, where's the Sence of lavishing your Sighs here, to no purpose?

Acaf. Who I? Pardon me, I'm not of a Complexion or Rank, I assure you, to suffer any Lady's Indifference: 'Tis for your People of inferior Mould, your Vulgar Merits, to consume eternally for cruel Beauties. To languish at their Feet: to endure all their Rigour: to seek Relief from Sighs and Tears; and by a tedious Succession of Cares, to labour in vain for what is refus'd to their diminutive Merit. But People of my Air, Marquess, are not made to love upon Trust, and bear all the Expence themselves. For, let the Merit of the Fair be ever so extraordinary,

traordinary, we are worth our Price, Gad take me, as well as they. And 'tis my peremptory Opinion, that to make an Honour of possessing a Heart like mine, there's no Reason nor Conscience it shou'd cost 'em nothing; and that, to put Things at least in a Balance, both Sides shou'd contribute equally to the Advances.

Clitan. Hum——Then you fancy, my Noble Marquess, that you are mighty well here?

Acaf. I have some Reason, my Noble Marquess, to fancy so.

Clitan. Hark ye——deliver your self from so preposterous a Mistake; you flatter your self, my Dear; you're blind——that's all.

Acaf. I own it; I flatter my self; I am blind.

Clitan. But prithee what has led thee into this Dream of Paradise?

Acaf. I flatter my self.

Clitan. What d'ye ground your Faith upon?

Acaf. I am blind.

Clitan. Have you undoubted Demonstrations?

Acaf. I impose upon my self, I tell you.

Clitan. *Celimene* has made you some secret Confession, Ha?

Acaf. No——I'm treated like a Devil.

Clitan. Nay but answer me, I beseech you.

Acaf. I meet with nothing but Repulses.

Clitan. Come, spare your Raillery, and tell me what wondrous Hopes have been given you?

Acaf. I'm the Wretch and you the happy Mortal. She has the utmost Aversion for my Person——and one of these Days——I shall certainly hang my self.

Clitan. Hum;——but will you agree to one Proposal, Marquess, to adjust this Affair of ours? That which soever of us two can shew a certain Mark of Preference in the Heart of *Celimene*, the other shall give Place to the Pretensions of the Conqueror, and free him from the Trouble of a Rival?

Acaf. Ah! Gadzookers——with all my Soul, I like you now, and heartily agree to it. But Hush——

Enter

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VOL.

Enter Celimene.

Cel. Here still, Gentlemen?

Clitan. Love — Madam, Love confines us.

Cel. I just heard a Coach stop below — can you think who it shoud be?

Clitan. No.

Enter Basque.

Basq. Arsinoe, Madam, is come to wait on you.

Cel. What would the Creature have with me?

Basq. Eliante is below with her.

Cel. What does she mean, I'd fain know? or who sent for her?

Acaf. She passes every where for a perfect Puritan; and so ardent is her Zeal —

Cel. Pshaw! Pshaw! — meer Grimace. In her Heart she's like the rest of the World; and she labours every Day all she can to gain a Prize, without being able once to succeed. She can't look without Envy on other People's Lovers. And her dull abandon'd Merit is continually in a Rage against the Blindness of the Age. She strives to cover her frightful Solitude under a false Veil of Discretion; and to save the Credit of her feeble Charms, she would degrade the Power which they want, into a Crime. Yet her Ladyship's great Wisdom, I assure you, could condescend to be pleas'd with a Lover. And particularly for *Alceste* I know she has a Tenderness. His making Addresses to me, is a Crime she can never forgive; she would have it thought I have stole him from her. And where-ever she goes, her jealous Resentments, which she can very ill conceal, are privately vented against me. In short, I never met with any thing so shocking and absurd. She's Impertinent to the last Degree, and — My Dear! What kind Chance has brought you hither! I vow Madam I've been in Pain for you.

[*Running to Arsinoe, who Enters as Clitander and Acastes goes out.*]

Arsin. I come to give you some Advice, Madam, which I owe you as a Friend.

Cel. Ye Powers! — How I rejoice to see you!

Arfin. Their taking Leave, never could have been more seasonable.

Cel. Come, shall we Sit?

Arfin. 'Tis no Matter — Friendship, Madam, should display it self most about those things that may be of the greatest importance to Us; And nothing being more so than Honour and Decorum, I come to give Proofs of my Zeal for you, by a Caution that concerns your Reputation. I was Yesterday in Company with some People of singular Vertue, where the Conversation turn'd upon you. And I'm sorry to say, Madam, that your Conduct, as shining as it is, had the Misfortune not to meet with the least Commendation. This Crowd of Visitors you admit, your Gallantry, and the Noise it makes, met with more Censures than it ought, and much severer than I could have wish'd. Your Ladyship will easily imagine what Part I took; I said all I could in your Vindication, I excus'd you upon the Innocence of your Intention, and affirmed I would be answerable for your Principles. But you know there are certain Affairs in Life which we can't justify though we wou'd; so that — in short, I was constrain'd to own, that for your Air of Living you are somewhat to Blame. That it has an ill Face to the World, and that there's no Story so Malicious but is every where rais'd upon it. And that if you pleas'd to regulate your whole Deportment, it might give less Occasion for Reflections. Not that I believe your Vertue really touched — No! Heav'n defend me from such a Thought! But the very shadow of a Crime easily meets with Belief; and 'tis not sufficient to live well to ones self — I know, Madam, your Ladyship has so reasonable a Soul, that you can't but take this useful Advice kindly, and impute it to the secret Impulse of a Zeal that engages me in all your Interests.

Cel. I have a World of Thanks to return you, Madam, for your Advice; It obliges me; and to let you see that I'm far from taking it amiss, I shall this Moment acknowledge the Favour by giving you some Advice too that touches your Honour. And since I see you shew your self my Friend by informing me of the Reports

which

which are publish'd of me, I shall follow so kind an Example, in telling you what's said of you. I found, at a Visit I made t'other Day, some Persons of uncommon Merit, who speaking of the true Conduct of Life, were pleas'd to turn the Discourse upon your Ladyship. Your great Preciseness and Shews of Zeal were not quoted as the most commendable Model. That Affectation of outside Gravity; your eternal Speeches about Wisdom and Honour; your Frowns and Outcries at the least shadow of Indecency, which possibly might have the innocence of a doubtful Expression; your excessive Value of your self; and that Scornful Pity with which you regard every body else; Your everlasting Lectures and censorious Remarks upon the most innocent Things in the World; All this, Madam, to be free with you, was condemn'd Universally. What signifies this Mien of Modesty, said they, and this Sage Appearance that contradicts all the rest of her Character? She's punctual at her Prayers to the last Degree, but she beats her Servants, and pays 'em no Wages. In all places of Devotion she makes a wonderful shew of Piety, but she Paints, and would be thought Handsome. She won't suffer the least Indecency in a Picture; but she loves the Reality, while she makes the Shadow be cover'd. For my part, Madam, I was your Advocate against the whole Company, and Vowed to 'em 'twas all Scandal. But I was out-voted, and they came to this Resolution, that your Ladyship would do well to trouble your self less about other Peoples Actions, and regard your own more. That People should consider themselves for a long time, before they ventured to pronounce Sentence against others. And that to the Corrections they would make, they should add the Force of a good Example. Now I know, Madam, you are Mistress of so much Reason, that you can't but take kindly too, in your Turn, this useful Information, and impute it to the secret impulse of a Zeal that engages me firmly in all your Interests.

Arfin. Tho' I Confess, that in reproving we expose our selves to People's Displeasure, yet I did not expect

such a Reply as this; and by the sharpness of it, Madam, I perceive that my plain-dealing has touched you.

Cel. So far from that, Madam, that I think if People were Wise, that would bring this mutual Freedom more into Practice; It would be a good Means to cure that blind Partiality which All have for themselves. And, Madam, 'twill be your own Fault if we don't continue this faithful Commerce hereafter with the same Zeal, and be very careful to tell one another from time to time what we hear; you of me, and I of your Ladyship.

Arfin. Alas! Madam! 'tis impossible to hear any thing of You. No——'tis I only give Occasion for Reflections.

Cel. Every thing, Madam, I believe, may be prais'd or censur'd: And every body may have Reason, as they follow their Years or Humour. There's a Season that's proper for Gallantry; and another for Preciseness. People may fall into it out of Policy, when the Lustre of their Youth is faded and gone; 'tis a good Covering indeed to deplorable Infirmities. And I an't positive that some time or other I may'nt follow your Steps. Age will bring every thing about: But it would be a little out o' Season, I take it, to set up for Preciseness at Twenty.

Arfin. In truth, Madam, you value your self upon a very slight Advantage, and make a most furious Sound with your Youth. But whatever Years I may have more than you, they are no such mighty Matter to give the Superiority. And I don't understand, Madam, what 'tis provokes your Resentment, that you should insult me thus.

Cel. And for my part, I don't understand, Madam, why you should take the Liberty to fall upon my Character every where as you do. Must your Spleen be eternally venting its self against me? And can I help it, if you are slighted? If my Person inspires Love, and I meet every Day with repeated Addresses, which you'd be glad to see me deprived of, I can't help it; 'tis no fault of mine—— You have a free Stage, Madam, and 'tis not I that hinder you from having Charms to do the like.

Arfin

Arfin. Alas! do you think the Number of Lovers you're so proud of, can give me Disturbance? Or that 'tis not easie to judge at what Price they may be had? Do you expect to make the World believe that 'tis purely your Merit attracts this Crowd? That they burn for you with a reputable Flame, and that 'tis for your Vertues they all make Court to You? No — The World is not so easily impos'd upon; we see some who are formed to inspire tender Sentiments, yet are not follow'd by Lovers. Whence 'tis easie to conclude, That Hearts are not gained without making considerable Advances: That no body is an humble Servant to fine Eyes alone: But that all the Devotions which are offered us, must be pay'd for. Do't let a trifling Victory then, fill you with so much Vain-glory; Correct a little the Pride of your Charms, and learn to treat People more civilly upon this Subject. If we could be so mean as to envy your Conquests, Madam, I believe it would be no hard matter to do like others; and by throwing off all Restraints, to let you see, that one may have Lovers when one is fond of having 'em.

Col. Have 'em then o' God's Name, Madam: Let us see this Rare Secret put in Practice; Force your self to please, and without —

Arfin. 'Tis time to end this Controversie, Madam; 'Twou'd transport us both too far. And indeed, I had taken my Leave, as I ought, before now, if I were not obliged to wait for my Coach.

Col. You may stay as long as you think fit, Madam, and nothing that has pass'd need hasten you away. But, not to tire you with Ceremony, I'm glad I can now entertain you with better Company than my own; And that here's a Gentleman come by Chance, who will very advantageously supply my Place.

Enter Alcestes.

Col. You'll stay with the Lady here, Sir, while I Write a line or two that must needs be dispatched immediately. She'll be so good, I know, as to Pardon my Rudeness. *[Exit Celimene.]*

Arfin. You see, Sir, I'm left to Entertain you for a Moment, till my Coach comes. And, to say the Truth,
Celimene

Celime could never have obliged me with any thing more Charming than such a Conversation. People of sublime Merit draw Love and Esteem from every Body; and yours has certainly some Secret Charm, that engages my Heart in all your Interests. I would fain have the Court, by a favourable Regard, do more Justice, Sir, to your Merit; Indeed you have Reason to complain, and I'm angry every Day to the last Degree, to see that nothing's done for you.

Alceft. For me, Madam! Why what Pretensions have I? What Service have I done the State? Or what Performances have I to boast of, that are in themselves so bright as to afford me just Reason to complain of the Court's doing Nothing for me?

Arfin. Those who are marked out for Favours from the Court, have not always done the most signal Services. There must be Opportunity as well as Power. And in fine, the Merit we see in you, ought —

Alceft. For Heav'n's sake no more of my Merit. To what end, would you trouble the Court about it? Troth 'twould have enough to do if it must make a Business of discovering Merit.

Arfin. That which is very shining, Sir, discovers itself; yours has the Advantage of being generally esteem'd. And give me leave to tell you, that you were praised yesterday in two very considerable Places, by People of the greatest Consequence.

Alceft. Why, Madam, People now-a-days praise all the World; and there's nothing that our Age does not commend this way. Every thing is ascribed to the same great Merit. So that Praise in short is no Honour. People are surfeited with Encomiums, they are grown so cheap. And 'tis not a Week, since my *Valet de Chambre* was in the *Gazette*.

Arfin. For my Part, I wish that, to bring you more into publick View, there were any Employment at Court that could be a Temptation to you. If you would give us but the least Signal of your Entertaining a Thought of it, There are Engines might be set at Work, and I myself have People in hand, whom I'm resolv'd to employ

ploy in your Favour; and who will make your way very easy.

Alceſt. And what would you have me do there, Madam? I have a Humour that rather obliges me to Banish my Self from thence. Heav'n, when it sent me into the World, gave me a Soul to my Portion that is absolutely incompatible with the Air of a Court. I am not furnished with the Qualities necessary to succeed in it, or make my Fortune. My chief Talent is to be frank and sincere; I don't know the Art of wheedling in Conversation; and he that has not the Gift of concealing his Thoughts, ought not I'm sure to reside long in such a Climate. You han't elsewhere indeed the Interest, the Show, the Titles, which a Court bestows; but to balance the loss of these Advantages, you are free from the necessity of acting very foolish Parts, and the Mortification of enduring a thousand cruel Shocks. You are not obliged to praise my Lord such a one's Poetry, to flatter my Lady such a one; and to suffer every day the Caprices of our hairbrain'd Marquesses.

Arſin. Well, Sir, since you'll have it so, we'll leave this Subject of the Court: But I must take the Liberty to complain of you about your Love, and tell you my Thoughts upon it. I could wish indeed your Ardours were better bestowed. You certainly merit a much gentler Fate; and the Lady you are Charmed with is very undeserving of you.

Alceſt. But when you say this, Madam, I desie you'll be pleased to consider that this Lady is your Friend.

Arſin. True; but it wounds my Conscience to endure that you should be so grossly abused any longer. My Soul is too much Afflicted at your Case; and you may take it from me, that in short your Passion is betray'd.

Alceſt. 'Tis to shew a very tender concern for me, Madam; and such an Information can't but oblige a Lover.

Arſin. Look you—She's entirely my Friend, and I pronounce that she's unworthy to retain the Heart of a Man of your Merit; and that he has but a very indifferent Regard for you.

Alceſt.

Alceſt. It may be ſo, Madam. 'Tis impoſſible to ſee the bottom of a Heart. But your Charity might have excus'd you from attacking mine with ſuch a Suſpicion.

Arſin. If you're reſolv'd, Sir, not to be diſabus'd, there's nothing more to be ſaid.

Alceſt. No, Madam; —but upon this Subject whatever may be represented to Us, Doubts are more uneasy than any thing. And I wou'd not have any Body inform me of what they can't make undeniably apparent.

Arſin. Very well, Sir. Then you ſhall receive full Conviction upon this Matter, and I ſhall deſire you to believe nothing but your own Eyes. You'll pleaſe only to take the Trouble to go home with me, and there I ſhall ſhew you a very Faithful Proof of your Miſtreſs's Infidelity. And if you can entertain a Paſſion for another, perhaps there may be Room to offer you Conſolation.

ACT IV.

Eliante and Philintes

Philinte. NO, — Never was ſo inflexible a Soul, nor any Accommodation ſo difficult to be effected. 'Twas in vain to try on all ſides to bend him; There was no drawing him a jot from his Sentiment. And o' my Conſcience, I believe the Wiſdom of theſe Gentlemen was never put to it to make up ſo whimſical a Quarrel before. Look you Gentlemen ſays he I don't retract; I'll grant you any thing but this. And pray where's the Affront? What would he have me ſay? Does his not Writing well concern his Honour? What harm has my Opinion done him, that he ſhou'd reſent it thus? A Man may be a very worthy Perſon I hope, tho' he's a ſcurvy Poet. This is not a Matter in which Honour is touch'd. I own he's in all Reſpects a fine Gentleman;

He's

He's a Man of Quality, of Merit, of Courage, what you will; --- but a damned Writer. I'll commend his Equipage, if you please, his way of Living, his Riding, Fencing, Dancing; but to think I'll praise his Verse! --- I'm his humble Servant. And when a Man has not the good Fortune to write better, he should not suffer the least Inclination in himself to be Rhiming, though 'twere to save his Life. In short, all the Submission, to which he was with Difficulty prevailed on to bend his stubborn Opinion, was to say, in a much softer Style, as he thought, --- I'm sorry Sir, I'm so difficult, and in Respect to You, I should have been glad with all my Soul if I could have liked your Song better. So to put an End to it, they obliged 'em to shake Hands and drop the Prosecution.

Eli. He's extremely Singular in his Manner. But I confess, it's what I can't but particularly value. And that Sincerity of Soul he prides himself in, has somewhat very Heroick. 'Tis an uncommon Vertue at present, and I wish one could find it every where as well as in him.

Phil. For my Part, the more I see of him, the more I'm amaz'd at the Passion to which he abandons his Heart. I can't imagine, as Heaven has form'd him, how 'tis possible he shou'd entertain a Thought of Love; and much less how your Cousin should be the Person of all the World to engage him.

Eli. 'Tis plain by this Instance, that Love is not always produced by a likeness of Humour; and all those Reasons for a tender Sympathy are here confuted.

Phil. But do you believe, by what appears, that she loves him?

Eli. 'Tis a Matter not very easily known. How can one judge whether she really loves him or not? Her Heart it self is not certain of its own Sensations. She sometimes Loves, and does not know it; and at other times fancies she Loves, and is mistaken.

Phil. I doubt our Friend will meet with more Trouble with this Cousin of yours than he imagines: And to speak freely, if he were of my Mind, his Wishes wou'd be directed quite another way; and we shou'd see him, Ma-

dam, by a juster Choice, take advantage of the Generosity you are pleased to discover for him.

Eli. For my part, I'm not for dissembling ; and I think that in such Affairs, one ought to speak ingenuously. I don't oppose his present Passion, but on the contrary, am interested for it ; and I declare, were it in my Power, I wou'd put him in Possession of the Object he loves. But if the Event of such a Choice, as 'tis not impossible, should be otherwise, and he's destin'd to make somebody else happy, I own I've no Aversion to his Addresses. And should not like him the less for his having been refused by another.

Phil. And for my Part, Madam, I'm not for opposing that charming Generosity you express for him ; and he himself can tell you, if he pleases, what I have said to him about it. But if by their joining Hands, you should be out of a Capacity of receiving his Addresses, it wou'd be my utmost Ambition to obtain the inestimable Favour you so obligingly present to him. And I shou'd be Happy, if, after he has had the Power to decline it, 'twere possible it might be plac'd upon me.

Eli. You're Merry, *Philintes*.

Phil. No, Madam, I speak from my Soul. I only wait for an Opportunity of boldly offering my self, and am impatient for the happy Moment of accomplishing all my good Wishes.

Enter Alcestes.

Alc. Ah Madam ! do me Justice, I beseech you, for an Affront that has just now triumph'd over all my Constancy !

Eli. Why, what's the Matter, Sir ? What has discompos'd you ?

Alc. What 'tis Death to me to think of ; and were the whole Frame of Nature dissolv'd, it wou'd not oppress me like this. 'Tis ended---- my Love ---- I can't speak.

Eli. Pray try to recover your Temper a little.

Alc. Good Heaven's ! Must then the most odious Vices of the basest Souls be joyn'd to so many Charms ?

Eli. But once again, who could give you ----

Alc.

Alc. Oh all's ruin'd--- I'm lost, betrayed, assassinated---
Celimene--- O cou'd it ever have been imagined? *Celimene*
 has betrayed me, *Celimene's* false!

Eli. Are you sure you have just Grounds for that Belief?

Phil. Perhaps 'tis a Suspicion lightly conceived, and only a jealous Chimera that by fits possesses your Soul.

Alc. 'S Death, Sir! meddle with your own Affairs
 — I think 'tis Demonstration enough of her Infidelity, Madam, to have it in my Pocket here, under her own Hand; yes, Madam, a Letter writ to *Orontes*; *Orontes*! who I thought was her Aversion, and who of all my Rivals gave me the least Uneasiness.

Phil. A Letter may deceive, and is not always so culpable as one may fancy.

Alc. Sir, once more, will you be pleas'd to leave me, and trouble your self with what belongs to you.

Eli. But you should moderate your Transports, and the Violence—

Alc. Madam, 'tis a Work for you; to you my Heart flies for Aid to free it self from this pressing Grief. Help me to be revenged on your ungrateful and perfidious Cousin who has basely abused so constant a Passion. Revenge me of an Injury, Madam, which ought to strike you with Horror.

Eli. Revenge you? which Way?

Alext. By receiving my Heart. Do you accept of it instead of the Traiteurs. 'Tis thus I'd be revenged of her. I'd punish her by the profound Love, the respectful Concern, the earnest Devotion, and assiduous Service, which I will offer you as the most ardent Sacrifice of my Soul.

Eli. I can't but sympathize with you, Sir, nor do I undervalue the Heart you offer me. But the Injury perhaps is not so great as you imagine; and 'tis possible you may forego this desire of Revenge. When the Wrong is done by an Object full of Charms, 'tis common to form Designs with Violence, which are dropped without Execution. It avails nothing to have the most powerful Reason for parting; an Offender that is beloved soon grows innocent. All the Harm that is wished her is ea-

fly dispersed; and we know very well what is the Anger of a Lover.

Alc. No, Madam, No — The Affront is Mortal, there is no returning, and I break off with her for ever. Nothing I'm sure can change my Design, and I should do a Violence to my self to esteem her any more. Here she comes: My Rage is doubled at the sight of her. I'll confound her with the most stinging Reproach of her black Guilt; and then bring you a Heart, Madam, entirely disingaged from her Perfidious Charms.

[*Exeunt Eliante and Philintes.*]

Enter Celimene.

Alc. Good Heaven! is it possible to Govern my Transports!

Cel. Save us! — what terrible Confusion has seized you? And what is the meaning of these deep Sighs and dismal Looks at me?

Alc. The Meaning? — that all the most horrid Crimes a Soul is capable of are not comparable to your Perfidiousness; That Fate, Fortune, and Devils, and the perversest Powers in a Fury, never produced a Creature half so wicked as you.

Cel. Tender things these! and which I can't but passionately admire.

Alc. Ah--- think not to make a Jest on't; 'Tis no time for Mirth: Rather be cover'd with Blushes--- you've Reason, I'm sure, since I have undoubted Proofs of your Treachery. See here the Event of my preiaging Troubles! 'Twas not in vain my Love was alarmed. By those frequent suspicions which were thought so Criminal, I only searched for that Misfortune my Eyes have now seen. And, spight of all your Precaution and fine Address in Dissembling; my Genius still whispered me what I was to fear. But don't presume that I'll suffer my wrongs unrevenged--- No body, 'tis true, has the Command of their Wishes, and I'm sensible that Love will always be born Free, that there's no taking Possession of a Heart by force, but every Soul has a Privilege to chuse its Conquerour; I had no Pretence to have complained therefore if you had treated me sincerely, and
rejected

rejected my Vows at first; I could have blamed nothing but my Destiny. But to see my Passion soothed by a false Confession --- 'Tis base Deceit, 'tis Perfidiousness that can't be punished too severely, and I could allow any Freedom to my Resentments. Yes, you ought to fear every thing, after such an Affront; I'm no longer in my own Power, I'm Distracted, you have Stabbed me to the Heart with a Mortal Wound. I yield my Soul to the Transports of just Resentment, and what I may be hurried to do--- I will not secure you.

Cel. But what's the Occasion, I beseech you, of these Tragedy-Airs? Have you lost your Senses?

Alc. I've lost 'em indeed; Then, then I lost 'em, when first, to my Misfortune, I drew from the sight of you, the Poison by which I Die. When I flattered my self to have found any Sincerity in those treacherous Charms which enchanted my Soul.

Cel. What Treachery then have you to complain of?

Alc. Heav'n's --- That double Heart! how perfectly has it learned the Skill of Deceiving! But, to drive it out of all its Holds --- Look here --- see what you have done --- This Letter may suffice to fill you with the utmost Confusion, and is an Evidence that admits of no Reply.

Cel. Is it this then that disturbs you so?

Alc. Can you see it, and not Blush?

Cel. Blush? for what?

Alc. How! --- Do you joyn Audaciousness to Deceit? Perhaps you'll disown it, because the Name is wanting.

Cel. Why should I disown my Hand?

Alc. Is it possible then you can behold it without being confounded with that Guilt against me which appears by the Contents?

Cel. As I'm serious, you're an unaccountable Man!

Alc. What! you think to out-brave so glaring a Proof? Then this Testimony of your Affection for *Orontes* has nothing it seems that is injurious to me, or should give you Shame?

Cel. Orontes?—who told you the Letter is to him?

Alceft. Those that put it into my Hands this very Day. But suppose it were to any body else, han't I the same Cause to complain, and would you be less Criminal?

Cel. But suppose 'tis to a Woman?—how are you injur'd then, and what is there in it that's Criminal?

Alceft. Admirably turned I confess! this indeed, is a Stratagem I never expected, and I can't but be intirely convinced by it. But dare you have recourse to such gross Impostures? and can you think me so blind as to admit 'em? But come—let's see now with what Air you'll maintain so notorious a Falsity? Let's see how you'll turn all these Expressions of Flame and Passion to make 'em proper to a Woman? I would fain hear how you'll hide your Perjured Faith, by adjusting what I'm going to read—

Cel. Excuse me, Sir—I shan't think fit to give my self that trouble. You take upon you methinks very finely, and I wonder how you dare say this to my Face!

Alceft. No but—without being Angry, pray will you take a little Pains to justify to me these Expressions here—

Cel. Indeed not I—you may believe what you please, I'm very little concerned what 'tis.

Alceft. But, I beg of you, do but shew me how this, Letter could be writ to a Woman, and I shall be Satisfied.

Cel. No, 'tis to *Orontes*; I'd have you think so. I receive all his Addresses with a World of Pleasure. I'm charmed with his Discourse, I esteem his Character; and I'm ready to own whatever you please. Go, do as you think fit, let nothing stop you, Sir, and don't disturb me any more.

Alceft. Heav'n! Is it possible to imagine any thing more Cruel? Was ever Lover treated liked me? Though I have the justest the Cause in the World to be angry, and 'tis I that come to complain; yet the Quarrel's turned against me. My Uneasiness and Suspicions are worked to the highest Pitch, I'm left to believe every thing; 'tis all made a Matter of Sport and Triumph; And yet—my Heart

is so abject and foolish as not to be able to break its Chains, and arm it self with a generous Disdain against so ungrateful an Object. Perfidious Woman! with what Skill can you turn my extream Weakness upon my self, and take your Advantage of the excessive and fatal Passion those deceitful Charms have inspired! But for Heav'n's sake, at least, clear your self from a Crime that overwhelms me; and do not longer obstinately affect to appear Guilty. Convince me, if possible, that this Letter may be Innocent; my Fondness is ready to help make it out. Constrain your self then but to Seem faithful, and I'll constrain my self to believe you.

Cel. Go — your jealous Fits make you a Fool, and you don't deserve the Respect one has for you. What could force me, I'd fain know, to descend to the meanness of playing the Hypocrite for your sake? And, if my Heart were otherwise inclined, why should I scruple to own it freely? What! you won't admit the obliging Assurance of my Sentiments, in my Defence against your unjust Suspicions? Are they of Weight against such a Proof? Is it not doing me the greatest Injury, to hearken to 'em? And when 'tis with the utmost Effort a Heart brings it self to confess it Loves, when the Honour of our Sex opposes such Confessions, and yet the Lover, in Regard to him, sees so great an Obstacle removed, ought he to doubt such an Oracle, and not be Punished? And is he excusable in not firmly believing what is never said but after the greatest Struggling and Difficulties imaginable? Away! — such Jealousies deserve my Anger, and you are not worthy of one's Concern. I'm a Fool, and do my self Wrong to retain any Regard for you. I ought to fix my Esteem elsewhere, and give you a real Cause to complain.

Alceste. Ah Trajutors! how well you know my Weakness! 'Tis strange I own, and I'm most certainly cheated with these tender Expressions; But, 'tis no matter, I must follow my Destiny; My Soul is abandon'd to you; I'm resolv'd to make the utmost Proof of your Heart, and see whether it can be so hellish as to betray me.

7 *Cel.* No — you don't Love me, as you ought to Love me.

Alcest. Not Love you! — Nothing is comparable to my superlative Passion; And in the Zeal it has to Signalize it self to all the World, it's even transported to form Wishes against you. Yes, I could be content that no body else should think you Lovely, that you were reduced to some very miserable Condition, that Heav'n had bestowed neither Birth, Dignity, nor Wealth on you; that so the generous Sacrifice of my Heart might repair all that Injustice of your Destiny; and I might now have the Pleasure and Glory to see you receive every thing from the Gift of my Love.

Cel. 'Tis to wish me well, after a very odd Manner. Pray Heav'n preserve me from affording you any Occasion —

Enter Dubois, in a Riding Dress, with a Portmanteau, Cloak, &c.

Alcest. What means this Equipage, and frightful Air?

Dub. Oh, Sir —

Alcest. Well.

Dub. Strange things!

Alcest. What?

Dub. Troth Matters go but scurvily with Us, Sir.

Alcest. As how?

Dub. Shall I speak out, Sir?

Alcest. Ay, and quickly.

Dub. But is here no body that —

Alcest. Trifling Rascal! — will you speak?

Dub. Sir, we must retreat.

Alcest. How retreat?

Dub. Why, we must March off, without Beat of Drum, or Sound of Trumpet.

Alcest. For what?

Dub. I say, we must leave this Place.

Alcest. The Reason?

Dub. The Reason is, that we must be gone, Sir, without taking leave.

Alcest. But what dost thou mean by these Speeches?

Dub.

Dub. Mean? Sir; — that we must pack up our Awls, and so forth.

Alceſt. Dog! I ſhall break that impertinent Pate, if you don't explain your ſelf better.

Dub. Sir, there was a Man with black Cloaths, and a dark Countenance, came ſtaring in as far as the Kitchen to leave us a Paper he brought, all ſo beſcrawled, that he muſt be a greater Conjuror than the Devil, that can read a Word in't. 'Tis about your Law-Suit, I dare ſay; But Belzebub himſelf wou'd be puzzled to unriddle it.

Alceſt. Ha! — How's this? — But what has this Paper to do, Sirrah, with our Marching off?

Dub. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that an hour afterwards comes a Man that is often with you, and ask'd for you with all the earneſtneſs in the World; and finding you were not at home, charg'd me very ſoftly — (knowing, Sir, that I ſerve you with the greateſt Zeal) to tell you how that — Stay, his Name is —

Alceſt. Let his Name alone, you Coxcomb, and ſpeak quickly what he ſaid t'ye.

Dub. What'd ye call him, Monſieur, — In ſhort, one of your Friends. He told me that the Danger you are in required you to withdraw, and that you were threaten'd to be taken up.

Alceſt. Did he tell you no Particulars?

Dub. No; He asked for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and has writ ſomewhat to you, by which, I ſuppoſe, you may find out the Bottom of this Myſtery.

Alceſt. Let's ſee it then.

Cel. What can be the Meaning of this?

Alceſt. I don't know — but I long to be ſatisfied. Make haſte, you impertinent Coxcomb! or I ſhall ſend you to the Devil.

Dub. [*after having ſearch'd his Pockets.*] Od's Heart, Sir! I've left it on your Table.

Alceſt. I think I'm bewitch'd to forbear —

Cel. Don't be Angry; but make what haſte you can to unravel this.

Alceſt. It ſeems as if Fortune had ſworn, in ſpight of all my Endeavours, to hinder me from any Converſation with

with you. But to triumph over this Misfortune, favour me with your Leave, Madam, to wait on you again, before the Evening.

ACT V.

Alcestes and Philintes.

Alcest. I Tell you 'tis my fix'd Resolution.

Phil. But were it ever so severe a Blow, must you therefore be oblig'd—

Alcest. You may spare your Labour, Sir; 'tis Reasoning to no purpose; nothing can move me from what I've said. No; 'tis too perverse an Age, and I'll withdraw from the detestable Commerce of Mankind. What!—when Honour, Probity, Reputation, the Laws, all at once are against my Adversary; when the Integrity of my Cause is ev'ry where Proclaim'd; when my Soul has rested secure on the firm Assurance of my Right, — I'm betray'd by the Event. I've Justice o' my Side, yet must lose my Suit; while a Rogue, whose Infamous History is every where known, goes off Triumphant in his black Villany. Truth is baffled by Perjury, and he finds means to justify his cutting my Throat. His fawning Behaviour, thro' which the Knave is manifest, has force enough to subvert Property, and turn the Scale of Justice. He gets his Villany Crown'd by a Decree, and so far is he from contenting himself with the Wrong he has done me, that, to add to it, there's a detestable Book in Print, which 'tis unpardonable even to read, a Piece of Stuff, not to be Nam'd without the utmost Indignation; and yet the Rascal has the Impudence to father it upon me. *Orontes* whispers the Lye about too, and basely endeavours to support this Abuse; *Orontes*, that passes at Court for a Man of Honour, and to whom the only Injury I've ever done, is to have treated him with Sincerity and Frankness, who thrust himself upon me with the most irresistible Importunity, and wou'd force from me my Opinion of his

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Verſes; and, becauſe I dealt honeſtly, and ſcorn'd to betray either him or the Truth, aſſiſts to load me with an invented Crime. He's grown the moſt implacable Enemy I have, and will never forgive my diſliking his Song. And this now is the Complexion of Mankind! theſe are the Actions to which their higheſt ſenſe of Glory excites 'em! Here ſee the Truth and Fidelity, the virtuous Zeal, the Juſtice and Honour that's to be found among 'em! In ſhort, there's no bearing the continual Vexation. Therefore I'll be gone out of this Wilderneſs, this Scene of Rapine and Murder; and ſince I ſee Men live together like Wolves and Tygers, — Traitors! farewel — you ſhall have my Company no longer!

Phil. With Submiſſion, your Reſolution is a little too haſty; nor is the Evil ſo great as you make it. Your Adverſaries Allegation you ſee has not found Credit enough to bring you under an Arreſt. His falſe Report deſtroys it ſelf, and is an Action he may have cauſe dearly to repent.

Alceſt. Who he! — The Infamy of ſuch Practices never awes him; he's Licenſ'd to be a Rogue. And ſo far is this Adventure from hurting his Reputation, that you'll ſee him more triumphant than ever.

Phil. In ſhort, 'tis plain that the Report he has maliciously ſpread againſt you has been but little regarded; ſo that you have nothing more to fear on that ſide. And for your Cauſe, 'tis eaſie to try it over again, and you may be reliev'd by bringing your —

Alceſt. No, I'll ſtop here. Whate'er I loſe by this Decree, I won't allow my ſelf even to wiſh it Revers'd, 'Tis too plain by this how barbarouſly Right is treated, and I'd have it remain to all Poſterity as a notorious Example of the Villany of Mankind in our Age. 'Twill coſt me indeed twenty thouſand Livres — But no matter — For twenty thouſand Livres I ſhall have a Right to Curſe the profligate Wickedneſs of human Nature, and to nourish againſt it in my Breſt immortal Hatred.

Phil. But in ſhort —

Alceſt. But in ſhort, your Pains are thrown away. What can you ſay more to me, Sir, upon this? You won't have the

the Assurance to make Excuses to my Face for the dev'lish Vileness of all that's past?

Phil. No, — I grant you all you can desire. Every thing is carry'd on by Faction and base Interest. Nothing now-a-days prevails but Cunning; and Men ought to be of another Make. But is their want of Justice a Reason why we shou'd abandon all Society? No — These Faults in Life furnish us with Opportunities of exercising our Philosophy; 'tis the noblest Employment it finds. And if Probity reign'd every where, if all Hearts were Frank, Just, and Tractable, for God's-sake what Use shou'd we have for the greatest Part of our Virtues? But when we add the Practice to the Power, and can with Temper endure another's Violation of our Rights, and that a Heart of the most establish'd Goodness —

Alcest. Sir, I know you're the compleatest Orator in the World, and that you perpetually abound in fine Reasonings; but all your Speeches are lost upon me. Reason directs, that for my Welfare I shou'd retire; I han't Command enough of my Tongue; I don't know what I might be provok'd to say, and I shou'd bring upon my Hands a thousand Quarrels. Therefore, without more Controversie, leave me to wait for *Celimene*; I must have her Consent to my Design; I shall see now if she really loves me, and this is the critical Opportunity that will convince me of the Truth.

Phil. Let's go to *Eliante*, and wait for her coming.

Alcest. No, I'm too full of Trouble. Go you to her, and leave me in this private Corner with my Melancholy.

Phil. 'Tis leaving you with very indifferent Company; I'll go and persuade *Eliante* to come to you. [Exit *Phil.*

[*Alcestes retires to a corner of the Stage.*

Enter Celimene and Orontes.

Oront. Yes, Madam, you are to consider whether by such tender Engagements you'll make me entirely yours. I must have a positive and full Declaration. No Lover can bear to be held in suspence. In short, if the Ardour of my Flame has warm'd your Heart, you ought not to dissemble it; And, for a Proof, I only desire you'll no longer

longer suffer *Alceste's* Pretensions, but sacrifice him, Madam, to my Nobler Passion, and Banish him your Company from this very Day.

Cel. But what mighty Quarrel have you against him, Sir? You, whom I have heard speak so much in his Praise?

Oront. As for that, Madam — why — a — There's no Occasion, in short, for these Explanations; all the business is to know your Ladyship's Sentiments. Be pleas'd then to chuse which of us you'll retain; my Resolution depends entirely on yours.

Alceste. [*Shewing himself.*] The Gentleman is in the right, Madam, 'tis fit you shou'd make your Choice, and his Demand agrees with my Wishes. I'm full of the same pressing Concern; my Passion wou'd have some undoubted Mark of yours. 'Tis certain that Affairs of this Nature ought not to be protracted, and this is the proper time to unfold your Heart.

Oront. Oh dear Sir! I wou'd by no means let the Importance of my Passion disturb your good Fortune.

Alcest. And I will by no means, jealous Sir, or not jealous, admit you to any Share in a Heart with me.

Oront. If she thinks your Love preferable to mine —

Alcest. If she's but capable of the least Thought in your Favour —

Oront. I vow I'll quit all Pretensions to her.

Alcest. I swear solemnly I'll not see her more.

Oront. You are now to speak freely, Madam.

Alcest. You need not be afraid, Madam, to explain your self.

Oront. You have nothing to do but to hint to us your Inclinations.

Alcest. You have nothing to do but to decide at once, and chuse which of us you please.

Oront. Is it possible you shou'd seem in Pain about such a Choice?

Alcest. Is it possible you shou'd deliberate?

Cel. Good Heav'ns! How improper is this Importunity, and how much you're both in the Wrong! 'Tis not that I'm at a loss which to chuse: 'Tis not that my Heart deliberates, or is suspended between you; No — nothing

thing is easier than to determine according to our Wishes. But to make such a Declaration before you, is too great a Violence to me; and why shou'd a Sentence, which cannot but disoblige, be pronounc'd to any Body's Face? a Heart may make sufficient Discovery of its Inclination, without an open Quarrel. And 'tis sufficient, after all, if the rejected Lover is inform'd by more gentle Evidences that his Cares are not likely to be successful.

Oront. No, I'm not afraid of a free Confession. And I give my Vote for it.

Alceft. And I demand it. Nay, 'tis what I have the Boldness to insist upon, more than any thing. And I don't desire to see any of your exquisite Address. I know your great Care is how to retain all the World; but no more Amusement, I beseech you! 'Tis fit you shou'd declare very plainly, Madam, or I shall take your avoiding it to be a Decision; I shall know how to interpret your Silence, and will look upon all the worst I can imagine, to be as good as said to me.

Oront. I think you're much in the right, Sir, to be warm on this Occasion. And I subscribe to what you've said.

Cel. Deliver me! — how Teasing you are with your Caprices! 'tis very unreasonable what you demand. Why... han't I told you what 'tis restrains me? I'll be judg'd by *Eliante* whether I'm not in the Right.

Enter Eliante and Philintes.

Cel. Wou'd you believe it, Cousin, I'm Persecuted here to Death, by two Gentlemen, whose Humours seem to have conspir'd to this very Purpose. Nothing will satisfy 'em both, but I must declare which of 'em I chuse, and, by a Sentence pronounc'd to his Face, forbid the other any future Endeavours. Pray tell me, is this ever done?

Elian. For God's sake don't refer it to me, perhaps you consult the wrong Person; I'm for People that speak plainly their Thoughts.

Oront. 'Tis to no purpose, Madam, to decline it.

Alceft. Your Evasions here will be but ill seconded.

Oront. Nay you must, you must speak.

Alceft.

Alceft. No—you need but perfist in your Silence.

Oront. I desire but one Word to end our Controversie

Alceft. And I understand you without a word.

Enter Acastes, Clitander, and Arsinoe.

Acast. Not to offend you, Madam, we are both come to unravel a certain small Affair with you.

Clit. You are here very luckily, Gentlemen, this Matter concerns you too.

Arfin. Madam, you may possibly be surpris'd to see me here. But these Gentlemen are the Cause of my coming. They have both been making their Complaints to me of an Affair which I can very hardly believe, and I've too high an Opinion of you to imagine you capable of such a Crime. No, I cou'd not suffer my Eyes to be convinc'd by their strongest Proofs; And therefore laying aside all petty Differences between Friends, I was willing to joyn Company with 'em, Madam, that I might have the Satisfaction of seeing how you'll clear your self of this Calumny.

Acast. Yes Madam, Let's see now with what Composure of Soul you'll bear what follows—This Letter, I take it, you writ to *Clitander*.

Clit. And this tender Epistle, Madam, to *Acastes*.

Acast. You'll find nothing here, Gentlemen, but what's very plain to be understood; And I don't doubt but her frequent Civility has long made you acquainted with her Hand. But this I assure you is particularly worth the hearing.

[reads.]

You're a strange Man, *Clitander*, to condemn my Mirth, and to reproach me, that I'm never so gay as when I'm not with you. Nothing can be a more unjust Charge. And if you don't immediately come and ask my Pardon, I'll not forgive you as long as I live. Our great Flemish Vicount— 'Tis pity he's not here now— Our great Flemish Vicount, with whom your Complaint begins, is a Man I've done with for ever, and since I once saw him for half an Hour together ingeniously spitting into the Basin of a Fountain to make Circles in the Water, I have not been able to entertain a tolerable Thought of him. As for the little Marquess that held

held me Yesterday so long by the Hand, — Meaning without Vanity, Gentlemen, your humble Servant — My Notion of him is, that there is not in Nature any thing so trivial in his whole Person and Character. And these are your People of that sort of Merit which consists in a Sword and Feather. Then for the grave Gentleman in green Ribbons. — 'Tis coming to you, Sir, [to Alceste] He serves to divert me sometimes with his Bluntness and humourous Chagrin, but upon a thousand Occasions I think him the most troublesome Creature in the World. And for Monsieur the Man of Sonnets — Now for your Part [to Orontes] For Monsieur the Man of Sonnets, who sets up for a Wit, and will be an Author in spite of Nature and all the World, I can't for my Life give my self the Torture to hearken to a Word he says, and his Prose is as Nauseous to me as his Verse. Will you please to assure your self then, that I'm not always so wonderfully entertain'd as you imagine; That I find more to say to you than I could wish, in every Company I'm drawn into; And that the Presence of People we love adds always a mighty Relish to our Pleasures.

Clitan. Now for me Gentlemen. [Reads.] [To Acaste.] Your Clitander, whom you speak of, and who affects so much the Gallant, is the last Man in the World I shou'd have a Friendship for. He's mad, in short, to dream that he is belov'd, and you to blame not to believe you are. Therefore to set you right in your Reason, change Sentiments with him, and see me as often as you can to support me under the Persecution he gives me.

A very fine Model this of a Character! And I need not tell your Ladyship what is the proper Name for it. We shall only do you the Justice, Madam, to go into all publick Places, and expose to View this glorious Picture of your Heart.

Acaste. I might say something to you now, and here's Subject enough before me. But the Duce take me if I think you worth my Anger. And I shall let you see I gad, that the little Marquesses, for their Consolation, have Hearts of a much higher Price.

Orontes. What! Is this my Usage then after all you have Writ to me? Has your Heart, in the false Dress of pretended

tended Love, made a Practice of promising it self by Turns to all Mankind? Go——as great a Bubble as I've been, I am now such no longer; You have done me one Favour at least; in teaching me to know you. I'm a gainer by it of a Heart which you thus restore me, and shall find my Revenge, Madam, in your Loss —— [to Alcest.] Sir, I have no more Objections to your Passion, I assure you, and you may conclude with the Lady as soon as you please.

Arfin. Well! this is absolutely one of the most barbarous Actions in the World —— I am shock'd at it, and can't forbear speaking. Was ever any Proceeding like your Ladyship's! As for the Croud of your Pretenders, I don't concern my self —— But for this Gentleman, that had fix'd your Happiness! A Man of his Honour and Merit! and one who was fond of you to Idolatry —— was he a Man to be ——

Alcest. Pray will you leave me, Madam, to manage my own Interests, and don't take upon your self a needless Trouble. Your engaging in my Quarrel will be to no Purpose, I'm not in a Capacity of making a Return to your great Zeal. And you are not the Person I cou'd think of, if I shou'd desire to revenge my self by another Choice.

Arfin. Alas! Sir. Do you imagine We cou'd entertain such a Thought, or that any body is in such desperate Fits to have you? No, you're excessive Vain, if you flatter your self with any such Belief. This Lady's Refuse is choice Ware indeed to set one's Heart upon! Undeceive your self pray, and learn to be somewhat less haughty. People of my Rank are not for such as You. You'll do well Sir, to Languish still for your Mistress here, and I shall long to see so delicious a Match. [Exit.]

Alcest. Well —— Thus far I have been silent, in spite of all that I have seen and heard; and I've given every body leave to speak before me. Is it sufficient, Madam?— Have I govern'd my self long enough, and may I now ——

Cel. Yes, you may, Sir, you may say every thing in the World. You have Cause to complain, and to reproach

proach me, as much as you please. I have been to blame, and in my Confusion will not offer to make any frivolous Excuses. Tho' I despise the Anger of the other Gentlemen, to you I plead Guilty. Your Resentment no doubt is reasonable, and I know how Criminal I must needs appear to you; I know that every thing speaks me unfaithful; and that in short, you have abundant Reason to hate me;—Hate me therefore—I give my consent to it.

Alcest. Can I then, Traytress, can I at once get the Victory over all my Tenderness? And tho' I should ever so firmly resolve to hate you—Have I a Heart, alas! that will obey me? [*to Eliante and Philintes*] You see here the strange Effect of an usurping and unworthy Passion; I make you both Witnesses of my Weakness. But, to tell you the Truth, this is not all; I'll carry it to the utmost Extreme, and convince you with how little Reason we are call'd Wise, and that in all Hearts there's still too much of Man. Yes, perfidious Woman! I'm willing to forget your Crimes, and cover 'em under the Name of a Frailty into which your Youth has been betray'd by the Vice of the Times—Provided you'll heartily joyn with me in a Design I have form'd to abandon all Mankind; and now resolve to follow me to my Desert, where I've sworn to pass in Solitude the rest of my Life. This is the only way by which you can efface the Guilt of your Letters: And by which, after a Discovery, which ought to raise Abhorrence in a Noble Heart, I can justify myself in persevering to love you.

Cel. My Stars!—what! renounce the World before I'm grown Old? And go bury my self alive in a Desert?

Alcest. Why, if your Flame is equal to mine, what signifies all the Rest of the World to you? Are not your Wishes satisfy'd in me?

Cel. But Solitude at Twenty, is a most frightful Thing. I have not a Soul heroick enough to engage in any such Resolution. If the giving you my Hand wou'd content you, Sir, I cou'd possibly yield to that, and—

Alcest. No—Now I detest you. And this Refusal

has

has contributed more to my Cure than all besides. Since your Heart is not so United to mine, as to be able to find all in me, as well as I in you, Go—I reject you, as becomes me; and this stabbing Affront has for ever freed me from your Tyranny. *[Exit Celimene.]*

Alcest. *[to Eliante.]* Your Beauty, Madam, is adorn'd by a Thousand noble Vertues, and in you alone I have found Sincerity. I have long had a just Esteem for you; but let me always esteem you as I have, without presuming to offer a Heart, distracted with various Troubles, to the Honour of wearing your Chains. I am sensible I'm unworthy of it, and I begin to know at last that Heav'n has not form'd me for any such Alliance; That it would be too mean a Homage to present you the Refuse of a Heart not worthy of your accepting, and that in short—

Eliant. You may pursue that Thought. I am not at a Loss about bestowing my Hand, and here's your Friend, I dare say, without troubling my self further, wou'd not be averse to accepting it.

Phil. That Honour, Madam, comprehends the whole of my Ambition, and I shou'd think my Life but a cheap Sacrifice to the Hopes of obtaining it.

Alcest. May you both then live to taste the truest Felicity, in retaining for ever the same Value of each other. While I, betray'd on every side, and cover'd with Injuries, retire from a Scene where Vice is Triumphant, and go seek some remote Corner of the Earth, where one may enjoy the Liberty of being Honest. *[Exit.]*

Phil. Come, Madam, let's follow him, and use all our Endeavours to divert him from his Design.



ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

BOOKSELLER

Concerning the following LETTER.

THE *Misanthrope*, the very First time 'twas acted, having received the Approbation which the Reader cannot refuse it, and the Court (before whom it was play'd) being then at Fontainbleau, I thought I cou'd not do any thing more agreeable to the Public, than to impart this Letter which was written a Day or two afterwards by a Person of Quality upon this Comedy. He who writ it, being a Man whose Merit and Abilities are very well known, his Letter was seen by the best Part of the Court; and all who had any Skill in these Things, thought it so judicious, that I was perswaded since it had pleased them, the Reader would be obliged to me for my Care in getting a Copy of it for him, not doubting but he will do it the same Justice which so many Persons of the highest Rank have done it.

Jean Donneau de Vige
A

LETTER

Written upon the

MISANTROPE.

SIR,

YOU ought to have been satisfy'd with what I said to you of *Moliere's* last Comedy, which you saw as well as I, without obliging me to write my Thoughts to you. I can't refuse doing what you desire ; but remember your Promise to me, and don't expose at *Fontainebleau* Observations that I made only to obey you. Be tender of my Reputation ; and consider that the Courtiers, whose Taste is so refined, will not have the same Indulgence for me as you have.

Before we go to the Foundation of this Comedy, it is proper to see what was the Author's Aim ; and I think he deserves Praise, if he has effected what he proposed ; and this is the first thing that must be examined. I might tell you in two Words, if I had a Mind to avoid a long Discourse, that the Comedy has pleased, and that the Author's Design being to please, the Criticks cannot say he has done ill, since had he done better, (if that be possible) he might not perhaps have succeeded so well.

Let us, therefore, examine the Passages by which he has pleased ; and let us see what was the Aim of his Work : 'Twas not his Intention to write a Comedy full of Incidents,

dents, but only a Play wherein he might speak against the Manners of the Age. This made him take a *Misanthrope* for his Heroe; and as the Word *Misanthrope* signifies an Enemy to Mankind, it must be agreed he could not have chosen a Person, who in Probability, could speak better against Mankind, than their Enemy. This Choice is still more admirable, with respect to the Theatre; and the Spleen, the Indignation, the Pettishness, the Whims, and the Sallies of a *Misanthrope*, being things very fit for Action, that Character is one of the most shining that can be brought on the Stage.

The Author's Skill is not conspicuous in the Choice of that Character alone, but likewise in all the others; and as nothing sets a Thing off more than its Opposite, it may not only be said that the *Misanthrope's* Friend, who is a wise and prudent Man, shews to Advantage the Character of that ridiculous Personage; but likewise that the *Misanthrope's* Infirmary sets off his Friend's Wisdom.

Moliere being none of those who do not do every thing equally well, was no less happy in the Choice of his other Characters; since the *Misanthrope's* Mistress is a Young Widow of a Coquet Humour, and stockt with a Malicious Wit. Here we must lift up our Hands, and admire the Author's Skill; not but that the Character is common enough, and others may have hit upon it, but what is wonderful is, that in a Play, where *Moliere* proposes to speak against the Manners of the Age without sparing any body, he, at once, exhibits to View a Woman given up to Slander, and a Man that hates his kind. I leave you to think if those two Persons can't naturally speak against all the World, since the one hates Mankind, and the other delights to speak all the ill of 'em that she can. Indeed the Address of this Author is admirable, these are things which every body does not observe, and which are done with a great deal of Judgment. The *Misanthrope* alone could not have spoken against all Mankind; but to find a way to make him be assisted by a Coquet, is at the same time finding a way to put the last Hand to the Picture of the Age in one single Piece. In the Play the Age is entirely pourtraid, since we likewise see there

in a Woman who would pass for a Prude, opposed to a Coquet, and Marquisses representing the Court; so that it may be affirmed that in this Comedy is to be seen all that can be said against the Manners of the Age. But as it is not enough to say a Thing, unless one proves it, I shall, in examining this Piece Act by Act, point out an hundred Things which are set in their true Light, with a great deal of Art, and which are comprehended by none but such understanding Persons as your self.

Things of the greatest intrinsic worth would oftentimes be less esteemed, if Art had not lent them some Assistance; and it may be said, that however valuable they be, Art always, enhances their Price. A Diamond, when 'tis set, has much more brightness than it had before; and the finest Picture in the World would lose its Beauty, were it be placed out of its Light.

'Tis the same with every thing else; and the Actions that are represented to us on the Stage, appear to us more or less agreeable, according as the Poet's Art shews them to us; not that he ought to make too much use of it, since too much Art ceases to be Art, and to conceal it is sometimes the greatest Art of all. Every Excess is blameable, and the greatest Beauties lose a vast deal of their Lustre, when they are exposed to too great a Light. The Productions of Wit are the same, and especially those which regard the Stage; they require certain Positions which it is more difficult to hit upon than the most witty Conceits; for in short, there are none so stupid, but have sometimes fine Thoughts come into their Heads, but there are few that know how to bring them out and place them. This is what Moliere performs so well, as you may observe throughout his Piece. This ingenious and admirable Comedy begins with the *Misanthrope*, whose very Action speaks 'tis he, even before he opens his Mouth; which makes us judge he will keep to his Character, as he ought, since he begins so well to make himself be taken notice of.

In this first Scene, he explodes those who are so much accustomed to make Protestations of Friendship, that they equally care for their Friends, and those who ought to be indifferent to them, the Knave and the Honest Man alike; and

and at the same time, by the Anger he is in with his Friend, he signifies that they who receive those Caresses with too much Complaisance, are no less Faulty than those that give them; and by what his Friend answers him, he shews that he designs to oppose all Mankind; and by these few Words we are let into the Character he is to maintain throughout the whole Piece. But since he could not shew this without having Cause, the Author has hunted for every Thing that can exercise a Man's Patience; and as there is hardly any body but what has some Law-Suit upon his Hands, and as 'tis a Thing very contrary to the Humour of such a Person, he did not fail to make him in Law; and since the wisest of Men are generally crabbed when they are Litigants, he might justly put what he wou'd into the Mouth of a *Misanthrope*, who is likely to shew his ill Humour more than another, both against his Judges and his Adversary.

'Twas not enough to make him say, that he would oppose all Mankind, without giving him Scope to do it. Several People say things which they don't do; and the Auditor has no sooner heard him take this Resolution, but he longs to see the Effects of it; which he discovers in the following Scene, and which ought to make him acknowledge the Skill of the Author, who so soon answers his Desire.

This second Scene is very diverting and engaging, since we see a Man of Quality offering to the *Misanthrope* those Civilities which he had just before blamed, and he is of Necessity obliged either to bely his Character, or be very blunt with him. But he is still more perplex'd afterwards, for the same Person reads a Sonnet to him, and will force him to tell his Opinion of it. The *Misanthrope* at first shews a little Shiness, and endeavours to make him comprehend what he don't care to tell him flatly, that he may not put him to Confusion; but at length he is forced to speak his Thoughts plainly; which he does in a manner that is very proper to divert the Spectator. He lets him know that the Sonnet is worse than an old Spanish Ballad which he repeats to him; that 'tis only senseless quibbling with Words, but that the Ballad

much

much more expressive, since it at least denotes a Man in love, who wou'd refuse such a City as *Paris* for his Mis-
tress.

I don't think any thing can be more agreeable than this Scene. The Sonnet is not bad, according to the manner of Writing now-a-days; and those who love what we call Points or Falls, rather than good Sense, will certainly like it. Nay, I saw some, at the first Representation of this Piece, who expos'd their own Character to the Ridicule of this Scene, whilst it was playing; for they cry'd out that the Sonnet was good, till the *Misanthrope* had criticis'd it, and then they were all confounded.

There are an hundred Things in this Scene, which make the Wit of the Author conspicuous. The Choice of the Sonnet is one of them, in a Time when all our Courtiers are turn'd Poets. We may add to this; that Persons of Quality think their Birth ought to be their Excuse when they write ill; and they presently cry, *This is writ en cavalier, and a Gentleman ought to know no more*. But they shou'd rather consider that Persons of Quality ought to do better than others, or at least not to publish what they do ill.

This first Act having pleas'd every Body, and being but of two Scenes, must needs be perfectly fine; since the *French*, who always love to see new Persons, wou'd have been tired with it, if it had not been very diverting and engaging.

After having seen the *Misanthrope* rail at those who make Proteffations of Friendship indifferently to all the World, and at those who answer them with the same warmth; after having heard him speak against his Adversary, and seen him condemn the Sonnet, and quarrel with the Author of it, one can desire nothing more than to see him in Love, since Love must needs give some Disturbance to Persons of this Character, and since in such a Condition we may expect something very pleasant from him, every one generally treating that Passion according to his natural Temper; and 'tis from hence that so many Things

are attributed to Love, which often ought only to be ascribed to the Humour of the Man.

If you desire to see the *Misanthrope* in Love, you are satisfy'd in this Scene, since here he appears with his Mistress, but with the Haughtiness that's common to Men of his Character. He is not Submissive, he is not Languishing; but he freely tells her the Faults he finds in her, and reproaches her for giving a good Reception to all Comers; and for a piece of Courtship, he tells her that he shou'd be glad if he did not love her, and that he loved her only for his Sins. Not but that, for all this, he is as amorous as any Body, as we shall see by and by. During their Conversation some Visitors come to see this Mistress; he would fain have her refuse to see them; and she answering him, that one of 'em is of Service to her in a Law-suit, he bids her rather lose her Cause than see 'em.

It must be agreed, this Thought is not currant, and none but a *Misanthrope* could say any such Thing. At length all the Company comes in, and the *Misanthrope* is so enrag'd, that he wou'd fain go away. 'Tis here that *Moliere's* Wit is remarkable, since in two Verses, joyn'd to some Action that denotes Indignation, he shews the Power of Love over the Hearts of all Mankind, and even over that of the *Misanthrope*, without making him depart from his Character. His Mistress twice bids him stay, he lets her know he will not; so soon as she gives him leave with a little Coldness, he tarries, and by taking two or three Steps to go, and at the same Instant returning, he shews that Love during that time is struggling with his Character, and remains Conqueror: which is very judiciously done of the Author, for Love surmounts all Things. One thing more I think admirable in this Place; 'tis the manner how the fair Sex act to make themselves to be obey'd; and what a power a Woman has, to reclaim such a Man as the *Misanthrope*, who had but just before quarrell'd with her, by saying to him, *I will have you stay*, and then changing her Tone, *you may go*. Yet this happens every Day, and it cannot be better represented than in this Scene. After so many Things so different

different, and so naturally touch'd and represented in four Verses, we have a Scene of Conversation, in which are two Marquisses, the *Misanthrope's* Friend, and a Cousin of the *Misanthrope's* Mistress. The young Widow, at whose House all the Company meets, is not sorry to have them there; rather seems glad of it, being politic, and desirous to keep in with every Body, she was not willing to be deny'd to the two Marquesses, as the *Misanthrope* desired. The Conversation is all at the Neighbour's Cost; and the slanderous Coquet discovers her Skill in Calumny, and shews that she is one of those who underhand abuse their best Friends.

This Conversation proves that the Author is not exhausted, since they mention twenty Characters which are admirably well described in a few Lines each; and one may say they are so many Subjects for Comedies, which *Moliere* freely bestows on any that have a mind to use them. The *Misanthrope* duly maintains his Character during this Conversation, and speaks to them with his usual Freedom. It is hardly ended but he does an Action like himself, by telling the two Marquisses that he won't go till they are gone; and he wou'd certainly have kept his Word, since Men of his Character seldom recede, had he had not been oblig'd to go along with a Guard about the Difference he had had with *Orontes* for condemning his Sonnet. Here this Act ends.

The third begins with a Scene between the two Marquesses, who say things which are very suitable to their Character, and which shew, by the Applauses they receive, that one may always bring Marquisses on the Stage, so long as one makes 'em say any thing they never before said. The Bargain they make to tell one another the Marks of Esteem they receive from their Mistress, is an Address in the Author which prepares the end End of his Play, as you will soon observe.

There is in the same Act a Scene between two Women, which is so much the finer, as their Characters are entirely opposite, and therefore set off one another. The one is a young Widow, as coquettish as she is censorious; and the other a Woman who wou'd pass for a

Prude; and who in her Heart is no less worldly given than the Coquet. She gives to this latter some charitable Advice concerning her Conduct; the Coquet receives it very well in Appearance; and in her turn, to repay the Obligation, tells her that she will let her know what the World says of her, and gives her a Picture of the Life of Prudes, in Colours as strong as those which the Prude the employ'd to represent to her the Carriage of Coquets: And what makes this Scene more agreeable, is, that she who spoke first is vex'd that t'other pays her in the same Coin.

In this Scene we have all that can be said of Women, since there's none of 'em but comes under one of those two Characters; and if there's any Difference, 'tis only as to More or Less.

These two Women, after having spoken freely concerning their Way of Living, part; and the Coquet leaves the Prude with the *Misanthrope*, whom she sees coming in. As the Prude has Wit, and having chosen the Character she is of only to bring her Matters about, she does all she can to attract the *Misanthrope*, whom she's in Love with. She praises him, she rails at the Coquet, would fain persuade him that he is trick'd, and carries him to her House to give him Proofs of it; which is the Subject of some of the Things that happen in the fourth Act.

This Act begins with the Relation of the Reconciliation of the *Misanthrope* with the Sonneteer, and the Friend of the former discourses the Coquet's Cousin about it. The Verses of this Relation are extremely fine: but what is to be observed in it is, that the Character of the *Misanthrope* is maintain'd with the same Vigour, as he shews at the beginning of the Play. Those two Persons discourse some time concerning their respective Affections, and are interrupted by the *Misanthrope* himself; who appears furiously Jealous: and the Spectator easily imagines, by what he saw in the preceding Act, that the Prude with whom he went out, had put this in his Head. Anger makes him do what any body else wou'd do in his Place, be their Humour what it wou'd: he offers his Heart to his Mistress's handsome Kinswoman: but she tells him

him that he speaks only thro' Indignation, and that a guilty Person when she is lov'd, soon appears innocent. They leave him with his Mistress who comes on.

I think nothing can be finer than this Scene, it is all serious, and yet there are few in the Play that are more diverting. We see in it a natural Representation of what Lovers do every Day on such Occasions. The *Misanthrope* at first seems as much enraged as he is jealous; one wou'd think nothing cou'd diminish his Anger, and that tho' his Mistress fully justify'd her self, he wou'd hardly be appeas'd. Yet, behold the Author's Address! that jealous, that enrag'd, that fiery Man, appears quite calm again, he talks of nothing but the desire he has to do his Mistress Service: and what is admirable, is that he says all these Things to her before she has justify'd her self, and after she has told him that he has reason to be jealous. This is shewing the Power that Love has over the Hearts of all Mankind, and at the same time lets us know what Women are able to work on their Lovers, only by changing the Tone of their Voice and by assuming an Air which appears at once both haughty and attractive. For my part, I cannot sufficiently wonder, when I see a Coquet (without justifying herself,) reclaim not a whining Lover, but a *Misanthrope*; and oblige him, not only to beg her to justify her self, but even to make Protestations of Love, which have no other End than the Happiness of the Object beloved; and yet to remain obstinate, after she has brought him again to her Yoke, and not to clear his Doubts, purely to have the Pleasure of a complete Triumph. This is what is call'd managing the Scenes: this is what is call'd working with Art; and representing, with delicate Strokes, what daily passes in the World. I don't think the Beauties of this Scene were perceiv'd by all that saw it. It is too nicely handled: but I can affirm that every body took notice it was well writ, and that Persons of Wit were aware of the Delicacies of it.

In the other part of the Act, the *Misanthrope's* Servant comes to look for his Master, to inform him that one is come to tell him something concerning his Law-suit. As

Wit may enter as well in small Things as in great, there is a great deal of it in this Scene, since the Servant exercises the *Misanthrope's* Patience, and what he says would have less effect if he belong'd to a Master of another Temper.

The Scene of the Servant in the fourth Act gave us room to believe, the Lawsuit wou'd soon be spoken of. And in the beginning of the fifth we are inform'd that 'tis lost; and the *Misanthrope* acts as I said at first. His Chagrin, which obliges him to walk about and muse, makes him retire into a Corner of the Room, where he presently sees his Mistress enter with the Man with whom he had quarrell'd concerning the Sonnet. This Man presses her to declare herself, and to make her Election between him and his Rivals, which gives occasion to the *Misanthrope* to do a Thing which is of a piece with his Character. He comes out of the Place he is in, and makes the same Request to her. The Coquet still acts like a Woman of Wit and Cunning; and by a Proceeding which appears modest, tells 'em that she knows which she ought to chuse, and that she is not at a loss; but that she won't declare herself in the presence of him whom she is to Reject. They are interrupted by the Prude and by the Marquisses, who each bring a Letter she had writ against them: Which the Author prepares even in the third Act, by making them promise to shew one another whatever they shou'd receive from their Mistress. This Scene is very agreeable. All the Actors are rally'd in the two Letters; and tho' this be new on the Stage, yet it discovers the Practice of the Coquets, who are continually speaking and writing against those whom they visit every Day, and to whom they carry a good Countenance outwardly. The Marquisses leave her, and let her know they rather despise than are angry at her.

The Coquet appears a little mortify'd in this Scene. Not that she departs from her Character: but the Surprise she is in to see herself abandon'd, and her Grief to find that her Practices are discover'd, causes in her a secret Vexation which appears even in her Countenance. This Passage is entirely Judicious, Slander being Vice.

it was fit at the End of the Play, it shou'd meet with some sort of Punishment : and the Author found a Way to punish her, and at the same time make her maintain her Character. There needs no other Proof to shew that she does maintain it, than her refusing to marry the *Misanthrope*, and to go and live in his Desert. She might have marry'd him if she wou'd ; but their Humours being incompatible, they wou'd have been too ill match'd ; and the Coquet may reform herself and live in the World too, without chusing a Desert to do Penance in : Her Crime, which proceeded only from vivacity of Youth, not requiring so severe a Mortification.

As for the *Misanthrope*, it may be said he maintains his Character to the End. There are some that can scarce maintain theirs for so small a time, as during the Course of a Comedy : but if, as I said just now, he discover'd his Character before he spoke, he lets us know in the Conclusion, that he will preserve it as long as he lives, by retiring from the World.

This, Sir, is what I think of the *Misanthrope* in Love, which I think so much the more admirable, as that the Hero is the Buffoon of it without being too Ridiculous ; and that he makes Men of Sense laugh, without using low insipid Jest, which are so usual in comic Pieces. Such as these are to me more Diverting, tho' we Laugh less loud at them ; and I thank them the more so, as they engage our Attention, and give us a continual Feast within. The *Misanthrope*, notwithstanding his Folly (if we may call his Humour by that Name) has the Character of a Man of Honour, and great Resolution, as may be seen in the Business of the Sonnet. We see some great Men in Heroical Pieces, who have much less of that Quality, and who have no Character at all, but often by their meanness of Soul on the Stage, contradict the good Opinion History had given us of 'em.

The Author does not represent the *Misanthrope* under this Character only, but he likewise makes his Hero touch upon the Manners of the Age : And what is admirable is, that tho' he seems in some sort ridiculous, yet he says

Things that are very judicious. 'Tis true he seems to require too much, but 'tis necessary to demand a great deal to obtain something; and to oblige Men to correct their Faults a little, it is needful to represent them as very great.

Moliere, by an Address peculiar to himself, always leaves us more to guess at than he says; and don't imitate those who talk a great deal and say nothing.

One may affirm, that this Piece is a perpetual and diverting Lesson; that there are inimitable Turns and Delicacies in it; that, in every Bodies Opinion, the Verses of it are very fine, the Scenes well turn'd and well managed, and that 'tis impossible not to think it good, without shewing that one knows nothing of the World, and the way of living in it.

Every thing in this Comedy may be of use. The *Misanthrope's* Friend is so reasonable, that every one ought to imitate him; he is neither too little nor too much a Critick; and not carrying things to any Extremity, his Conduct ought to be approved by all the World. As for the *Misanthrope*, he ought to inspire all that are like him, with a desire to correct themselves. The backbiting Coquets, after the Example of *Celimene*, seeing that they cannot avoid Renconuters that will make them contemptible, ought to learn not to rail at their best Friends behind their Backs. False Prudes ought to learn that their Grimaces are of no Use; and that though they were indeed as Sage as they would be thought, they would nevertheless be blamed so long as they set up for Prudes. I say nothing of the Marquisses; I think them the most incorrigible of all; and there are so many things still to be reprehended in them, that every Body owns they may yet for a long time afford matter for Ridicule, though they themselves are far from allowing it to be true.

You will certainly think my Letter too long; but I could not restrain my self, and I found 'twas hard to speak on a great Subject in a few Words. This prolix Discourse ought not to displease the Courtiers, since by their Applause they have sufficiently shewn that they think

think the Comedy very fine. Let the worst come to the worst, I writ it only for you, and I hope you will conceal it, if you do not think it worth while to shew it. Don't be afraid that I shall be angry at it; I have another-guess sort of Deference for your Judgment than *Orontes* had for that of the *Misanthrope's*. I am,

S I R,

Your most Humble and

most Obedient Servant,

* J. D. D. V.

* *Monfieur de Vifcé ; late Author of the Mercur Galant.*



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A

COMEDY



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GERONTE, Lucinda's Father.
Leander, in love with Lucinda.

Sganarelle, a Faggot-binder; Husband to
Martina.

Mr. Robert, his Neighbour.

Valerio, Geronte's Servant.

Lucas, Jaqueline's Husband.

Thibaut, a Countryman.

Perrin, his Son.

W O M E N.

Lucinda, Geronte's Daughter.

Martina, Sganarelle's Wife.

Jaqueline, a Nurse in Geronte's House, and
Lucas's Wife.

SCENE lies in the Country.

THE



THE
Forced Physician.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sganarelle and Martina, Quarrelling.

SGANARELLE.



O, I tell you, I won't do't; 'tis my Right to speak, and be Master.

Mart. And I tell you you shall live as I have a mind to it; I did not marry you to bear with your Pranks.

Sgan. How troublesome 'tis to have a Wife! How rightly did *Aristotle* say,

that a Woman's worse than a Devil!

Mart. Pray Smoak the learned Man with his boobily *Aristotle*!

Sgan. Yes, Huffy: Shew me a Faggot-binder, that can argue upon things like me; one that has served a famous Physician for six Years, and who in his Youth could say his Accidence by heart.

Mart. Out you Fool!

Sgan. Out you dirty Trull!

Mart.

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Mart. Curst be the Hour and Day wherein I took it in my Head to say, YES.

Sgan. Curst be the Cuckold of a Notary that made me sign my Ruin!

Mart. Aye, you have great Cause indeed to complain on't! Ought'st thou not to be continually giving Thanks to Heaven that I am thy Wife? didst thou deserve such a one as me?

Sgan. 'Tis true, you did me too much Honour, and I had cause to be glad the first Night of our Marriage S'bodikins, don't make me explain my self upon that I should say some things—

Mart. Come; what would you say?

Sgan. Enough: No more of that Chapter, 'tis sufficient that we know what we know, and that you were very happy in lighting on me.

Mart. What do you mean by very happy in lighting on you? A Man who reduces me to Beggary, a Drunkard a Rogue that eats up all I have.

Sgan. That's a Lie, for I drink some on't.

Mart. Who piece by piece sells all my Furniture—

Sgan. That's living upon the Stock.

Mart. Who has taken the very Bed I lie on.

Sgan. Then you won't lie a-bed long in the Morning.

Mart. In short, who has not left me the least Piece of Household stuff in the House?

Sgan. We may remove with the less trouble.

Mart. And who from Morning to Night does nothing but Game and Drink.

Sgan. That's for fear of growing Melancholly.

Mart. And what must I do with my Family all the while?

Sgan. What you will.

Mart. I have four poor little Children upon my Hands.

Sgan. Then lay them down upon the Ground.

Mart. Who are every Moment a squaling for want of Bread.

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Mart.
ngdog
Sgan.
Mart.
Sgan.

Mr. R
Plag

Sgan.

The FORCED PHYSICIAN. 183

Sgan. Give 'em a Rod. When I have Eat and Drank
my Belly full, I'll have all my Family be satisfied

Mart. And you intend to let things continue at this
pace then, do you, Sot?

Sgan. Soft and fair, Wife, if you please.

Mart. Must I always endure your Insolence and De-
bauchery?

Sgan. Not too hot, Wife.

Mart. Shall I never bring you to your Duty?

Sgan. Wife, you know I'm not over-patient, and have
a heavy Hand.

Mart. I don't care a Pin for your Threats.

Sgan. Dear sweet Wife, does your Hide itch to be
spanned?

Mart. I'll make you know that I don't value you, not

Sgan. My dear Counter-part, you have a mind to get
something of me now.

Mart. Do you think I'm afraid of your Words?

Sgan. Sweet Object of my Desires, I shall Box your
ears for you.

Mart. Drunkard!

Sgan. I shall give it you.

Mart. Wine-sack!

Sgan. I shall bang you.

Mart. Infamous Wretch!

Sgan. I shall curry you—

Mart. Traitor! Insolence! Cheat! Coward! Knave!
Ang-dog! Beggar! Scoundrel! Rogue! Thief! —

Sgan. I see I must. [*He takes a Stick and beats her.*]

Mart. Murther, Murther.

Sgan. This is the only way to silence you.

SCENE II.

Sgnarelle, Martina, and Mr. Robert.

Mr. Rob. Soho, hold; fie; what now? What a shame
! Plague take the Knave for beating his Wife thus

Mart.

The FORCED PHYSICIAN. 185

Sgan. And you are an impertinent Fellow to screw yourself into other People's Concerns; Cicero says, that between the Tree and the Finger you must not put the Rind.

[*Ex. Mr. Rob.*]

Sgan. (*Coming to his Wife, and taking her by the Hand.*) Come, let's be reconciled. Touch Flesh.

Mart. What, after you have beat me thus?

Sgan. That's nothing; touch.

Mart. I won't---

Sgan. Ha?

Mart. No.

Sgan. Dear Wife.

Mart. No.

Sgan. Come, I say.

Mart. I won't.

Sgan. Come, come, come.

Mart. No, I will be angry.

Sgan. Fie, 'tis a Trifle, come, come.

Mart. Let me alone.

Sgan. Touch, I say.

Mart. No, you have used me too ill---

Sgan. Go, I beg your Pardon, give me your Hand.

Mart. Well, I pardon you--but I'll be revenged. [*Aside.*]

Sgan. You're a Fool to mind that. These are little things that are necessary to Friends now and then; five or six Blows between Lovers renew Affection--- Well, I'll go to the Wood, and I promise you above a hundred of Fag-gots to Day.

SCENE III.

Martina sola.

Mart. Go; whatever I pretend I shan't forget this, soon; I'm impatient to find some way or other to punish the Blows you have given me. I know a Woman has one way in her Power to be revenged on her Husband: but that Punishment will be too small for my Rascal; I'd have a Revenge that may be a little more palpable; that would not be sufficient Satisfaction for the Injury I have received.

Vol. III.

Q

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Valerio, Lucas, and Martina.

Luc. By th' Mafs, we ha' both taken a great Commiffion upon us; I know not what we fhall get by't.

Val. Why what wou'd you have, honeft *Lucas*? We muft obey our Mafter; befides, we are both concern'd in the Health of his Daughter, our Miftrefs; and without doubt her Marriage, which is obftruded by her Illnefs, wou'd be fomething in our way. *Horatio*, who is liberal, has good Pretentions to her Perfon; and tho' ſhe ſeems to like one *Leander*, you know her Father wou'd never conſent to receive him for a Son-in-Law.

Mart. (*Mufing.*) Can I find no way to be revenged?

Luc. But what cou'd put it into his Pate to fend us about here, when all the Doctors have loſt their Latin in it?

Val. Becauſe ſometimes that is found by ſearching, which cou'd not at firſt be met with; and often in ſimple places——

Mart. Yes, I muſt be revenged coſt what it will; theſe Blows ſtick in my Stomack, I can't digeſt them, and—— (*Not ſeeing the two Men ſhe runs againſt 'em.*) Ah! Gentlemen, I beg your Pardon, I did not ſee you, and was thinking of ſomething that diſturb'd me.

Val. Every one has his Cares in this World; we're looking for ſomething we'd fain meet with.

Mart. Is it any thing I can help you in?

Val. I don't know but it may; we're ſearching for an able Man, ſome private Phyſician, to give ſome Eaſe to our Maſter's Daughter, who has an Illnefs that deprives her of the uſe of her Tongue. Several Phyſicians have already experienced the utmoſt of their Art upon her; ſometimes one may find People with admirable Secrets, certain particular Remedies, which often effect what others cou'd not, and that's what we want.

Mart. Here's an admirable Opportunity offer'd me to revenge my ſelf. (*Aside.*)——You cou'd not have enquired of any body better to have met with what you ſearch

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search for; and we have here the most wonderful Man in the World for desperate Diseases —

Val. Pray can we see him?

Mart. You'll find him towards that Place there; he's amusing himself with cutting Wood.

Luc. A Physitian cutting Wood?

Val. I suppose you mean gathering of Simples?

Mart. No; he's an odd humour'd Man, and takes pleasure in it, he's mighty fantastical, humourfome, and maggoty; you'd never take him for what he is. He dresses in an extravagant manner, affects sometimes to appear ignorant, keeps his Learning close, and avoids nothing so much as the Exercise of the wonderful Talents for Physick, which Heav'n has bestow'd on him.

Val. 'Tis strange that all great Men have still some Caprice or other, some little Grain of Folly mix'd with their Learning.

Mart. But the Folly of this Man is greater than can be imagined; for it's sometimes so great, that he must be beaten before he owns his Capacity; and I must tell you you'll never compass it; he'll ne'er own he's a Physician, if he's in his Humours, 'till each of you take a Stick and force him by dint of Blows, to confess at last what he'll at first deny. Thus we serve him when we have occasion for him.

Val. This is a strange Madness.

Mart. 'Tis true; but you'll find that afterwards he'll work wonders.

Val. What's his Name?

Mart. *Sganarelle*; he's easily known. He's a Man with a great black Beard, wears a Ruff and a Coat of Yellow and Green.

Luc. Yellow and Green! Why 'tis the Physician of Parroquets sure!

Val. But are you sure he's so skilful as you say he is?

Mart. Why he's a Man that works Miracles. Six Months ago a certain Woman was given over by all the other Physicians. She lay six Hours for dead, and they were preparing to bury her, when by force they brought the Man we are speaking of. When he saw her he put

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a little drop of something or other in her Mouth, and at the same instant she rose from her Bed, and began to walk about her Chamber as if nothing had ail'd her.

Luc. Hah !

Val. Sure it must be a drop of liquid Gold —

Mart. May be so. It was not above three Weeks ago that a Boy of twelve Years Old, fell from the Top of the Steeple, and broke his Head, his Arm, and his Leg, upon the Pavement. No sooner had they brought this Man to him, but he rubb'd his Body over with a certain Oyntment which he knows how to make, and the Child presently got upon his Feet, and ran to play at Chuck.

Luc. Hah !

Val. This Man must be an universal Physician.

Mart. To be sure he is.

Luc. 'Snigs, why here's just the Man we wanted; let's gang and see for'n.

Val. We thank you for your kindness.

Mart. But besure you remember the Advice I gave you.

Luc. Ay, ay, let us alone; if beating will do't the Calf's our own.

Val. We were very happy in meeting with this Woman; I have great Expectations from it.

SCENE V.

Sganarelle singing in a Wood, holding a Bottle, Lucas and Valerio.

Sgan. La, la, la, tol, tol.

Enter Valerio and Lucas.

Val. I hear some body singing and cutting Wood —

Sgan. Tol, tol derol, dol, come, let's take a Draught, and breath a bit. (*Drinks.*) This Wood's salted to the Devil.

*I wish his Soul in Heav'n may dwell,
That first invented the Leather Bottel,*

I'm

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*I'm glad when thou try'st gluck, gluck, gluck, [To his Bottle.
When empty I am dull,
Monarchs might envy my good Luck
If thou wer't always full.*

Come, we must not let Melancholy grow upon us.

Val. This is he.

Luc. I believe you say true; we have lit on him by the Scent.

Fal. Let's view him nearer.

Sgan. (*Perceiving them, looks first upon one, and then upon t'other.*) Ah my little Rogue, my dear Hony — Monarchs might envy my good luck, if — what the deuce do these Men want?

Val. 'Tis certainly he.

Luc. 'Tis exactly him that was disfigured to us.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) They consult together and stare at me, what can be their Design? (*He puts the Bottle on the Ground, and Valerio bowing to salute him, he, thinking he does it to take it up, puts it on t'other side; after which, Lucas doing the same, he takes it up again, and holds it to his Breast with divers Gestures, which make great sport on the Stage.*)

Val. Sir, are not you call'd Sganarelle?

Sgan. What?

Val. I ask whether your Name is not Sganarelle?

Sgan. (*Turning to Valerio, and then to Lucas.*) Yes, no, what you will.

Val. We shou'd be as civil to him as possible.

Sgan. Upon that condition I am call'd Sganarelle.

Val. Sir, we're overjoy'd to see you. We were recommended to you for what we want, and come to implore your Aid, which we have need of.

Sgan. If 'tis any thing that depends upon me, Gentlemen, I am ready to serve you in my way.

Val. Sir, we're mightily obliged to you; but pray, Sir, be cover'd, the Sun may incommode you.

Luc. Pray, Sir, put on your Nab.

Sgan. (*Aside.*) These Men are mighty full of Ceremony,

Val.

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Val. Sir, you must not think it strange that we come to you; the Skilful are always sought after, and we're inform'd of your Capacity.

Sgan. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I'm the handiest Man in the World at making of Faggots.

Val. Ah! Sir——

Sgan. I spare no pains, and make 'em in such a manner that they cannot be found fault with.

Val. Sir, 'tis not that we speak of.

Sgan. But I don't sell 'em under nine and two Pence the hundred.

Val. Don't let's talk of that, pray now.

Sgan. I declare I can't afford them under.

Val. Sir, we know things better than you imagine.

Sgan. If you know things, you know that I sell them at that Price.

Val. Sir, you're in the wrong to——

Sgan. I am not in the wrong, I can't bate a farthing.

Val. Pray, Sir, let's talk in another manner.

Sgan. You may get 'em somewhere else; there are Faggots and Faggots; but as for those which I make——

Val. Leave this Conversation.

Sgan. I swear you shan't have 'em a farthing under.

Val. Fie, fie.

Sgan. Upon my Conscience you shall give that for 'em. I speak sincerely, and am not one that will exact upon you.

Val. Sir, is't fit for one like you to amuse himself with these gross Pretences, and condescend to talk in this manner? A Man so learned, a famous Physician, as you are, to disguise himself from the Eyes of the World, and bury his noble Talents?

Sgan. (*Aside.*) The Man's a Fool sure!

Val. Pray, Sir, don't dissemble with us.

Sgan. Ha!

Luc. All this trifling won't serve your turn; I know what I know.

Sgan. What do you mean? What do you take me for?

Val. thing t

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Val. For what you are, a great Physitian.

Sgan. Physician! I am none, nor ever was so.

Val. (*Aside.*) Now his Madnefs is upon him — Sir, don't deny things any longer, nor make us use Extremities.

Sgan. Use what?

Val. Certain things which we shou'd be very sorry for.

Sgan. 'Zblood use what you will; I'm no Physician, and can't imagine what you mean.

Val. (*Aside.*) I see we must use the Remedy. (*Aloud.*) Once more, Sir, I desire you to confess what you are.

Luc. Come, come, put it off no longer, and confess freely that you are a Physician.

Sgan. What the deuce —

Val. Why shou'd you deny what's already known?

Luc. What good will all this do you?

Sgan. Gentlemen, in one word, as well as in two thousand, I tell you I'm no Physician.

Val. You are no Physician?

Sgan. No.

Luc. You are no Physician?

Sgan. No, I say.

Val. Since you'll have it so, we must do it —

[*They beat him.*]

Sgan. Hold, hold, hold, Gentlemen, I'm what you'll please to have me.

Val. Why, Sir, wou'd you oblige me to this Violence?

Luc. Why wou'd you give us the trouble to beat you?

Val. I'll assure you I'm heartily sorry for't.

Luc. By my troth, I am.

Sgan. What the Devil's the meaning of all this? Do you do it for a Jest, or are you both mad to force me to be a Physician?

Val. What will not you yield yet, but deny that you're a Physician?

Sgan. The Devil take me if I am so.

Luc. You don't understand Physick?

Sgan. May I be hang'd if I do. (*They begin to beat him again.*) Hold, hold, Gentlemen, yes, since you will have it so I am a Physician, I am a Physician, and an Apothecary too, if you've a mind to't. I'd rather consent to any thing than be beat to mummy.

Val.

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Val. Aye, now you do well, Sir, and I'm overjoy'd to see you in your right Senses.

Luc. You make my Heart skip for Joy, when I hear you talk thus.

Val. I beg your Pardon with all my Soul.

Luc. I hope you'll excuse the Liberty I have taken.

Sgan. [*aside*] What the Dickens, am I not what I think my self; am I become a Physician without ever knowing a Tittle on't?

Val. Sir, you shall have no cause to repent that you discover'd to us what you are, you shall be very well satisfy'd.

Sgan. But Gentlemen, tell me, are you not deceiv'd? Am I certainly a Physician?

Luc. As sure as a Gun.

Sgan. Seriously?

Val. Yes.

Sgan. The Devil take me then if I knew it.

Val. No? Why you're the most skilful Physician in the World.

Sgan. Indeed!

Luc. A Physician that has cur'd the Leard knows how many Diseases.

Sgan. Good Lord!

Val. A Woman for six hours was thought Dead; they were preparing to Bury her; when with a Drop of something you brought her to Life, and she got up and walk'd about her Chamber.

Sgan. Aye!

Luc. A Boy of about Twelve Years, fell from the top of the Steeple and broke his Head, his Legs and his Arms; but you, with a certain Noynment, made him get on his Feet and go and Play at Chuck.

Sgan. The Devil I did?

Val. In short, Sir, you shall be satisfy'd, and have what Mony you please, if you'll go with us.

Sgan. What Mony I will?

Val. Yes.

Sga. Ah! then I'm surely a Physician. I'd forgot but I now remember it. What's to be done? Where am I to go?

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Val. We'll conduct you. You must go see a Young Lady that has lost her Speech.

Sgan. I han't found it.

Val. He loves to jest; Come, Sir.

Sgan. What, without my Physician's Gown.

Val. We'll get one for you.

Sgan. [*Presenting his Bottle to Valerio*] Hold that; 'tis what I put my Julip in. [*Then turning to Lucas and spitting*] Do you tread upon that by the Physician's Order.

Luc. This is a Physician that I like; he'll certainly succeed, because he's merry.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Geronte, Valerio, Lucas, Jaqueline.

Val. YES, Sir, I believe you'll be satisfy'd; we've brought you the greatest Physician in the World.

Lucas. Oh, none can be better; all the others are not worthy to wipe his Shoes.

Val. He has done wonderful Cures.

Lucas. He has cured People that were Dead.

Val. He's a little humourfome, as I said, and sometimes his Senses make an escape, and he don't appear what he is.

Lucas. Yes, he loves to jest, and I've heard, under favour, that he had a Knock in the Cradle.

Val. But at the Bottom he's all Learning, and he often says very sublime Things.

Lucas. When he has a Mind to't he speaks as fine as tho' he were reading in a Book.

Val. His Reputation is spread all hereabouts, and every body comes to him.

Ger. I'm impatient to see him; fetch him hither quickly.

Val. I will.

[*Exit.*]

Faque. By'th 'Mackins, Sir, this Mon will do just as much as the others. They'll be all alike; and the best

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Physicianist yaw con give'n is a good handsome Husband that she loves.

Ger. You meddle with more things than concern you, Nurse.

Lucas. Hold your Tongue Huswife *Faqueline*, 'tis not for you to meddle.

Faque. Ise tell yea boath, all these Physicianists will do nea good, your Daughter has nead of something else than *Rhubarb* and *Sena*, a Husband's a Pleaster that cures all the Illnesses of Girls.

Ge. Is she in a Condition for one now, with this Infirmitie upon her? And when I design'd to Marry her, did not she oppose my Will?

Faque. Marry and well shea maight; you'd ha gi'n a Man she doan't care a Pin for: Why did not you proffer e'n this Mr. *Liander*, that she's foa teaken with. She'd ha' been very obedient then; I'd leay a Weager that she'd take'n as she is, if yau'd gi'n to her.

Ger. This *Leander* is not fit for her; he has not such an Estate as t'other.

Faque. He has an old rich Hunks of an Uncle, who has made'n his Heir.

Ger. An Estate that is to come seems a Trifle to me. Nothing's like what one has; and we run a great Risk of being deceiv'd, when we reckon upon an Estate which another keeps for us. Death does not always listen to the Addresses of these Heirs, and those that wait for dead Men's Shoes may go barefoot.

Faque. But Ise heard that in Marriage, as in other cases, Contentment is better than Riches. Parents have the Pleaguy Custom of easking, What has he? what has he? And Goodman *Piarr* marry'd his Girl *Simonetta* to lubberly *Tummas*, because he had a larger Vineyard than Young *Rabin*, whom she had a maind to; and the poor Creature is grawn as yellow as a Quince, and is ne'er the better all the whaile. This shud be a Warning to you, Maister; Pleasure is all one has in this World; and I'd rather give my Girl a good Husband than all the Rents in the County.

Ger.

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Ger. How you prattle, Madam Nurse! Hold your Tongue, you trouble yourself too much, and will heat your Milk.

Lucas. (*Striking Jaqueline on the Breast*) Hold your Tongue, Impertinence. Master has nothing to do with what you say, and knows what he does. Take care and gi' your Child suck, and don't pretend to turn Arguier. My Master is the Father of his own Daughter sure, and knows what's fitting for'n.

Ger. Soft and fair.

Lucas. Sir, I'll mortify her a little, and make her know the respect she owes you.

Ger. Yes, but such Actions are not necessary.

SCENE II.

Valerio, Sganarelle, &c.

Val. Sir, prepare yourself; here comes the Physician.

Ger. Sir I'm overjoy'd to see you at my House, for we've great need of you.

Sgan. [*In a Physician's Gown and a High Crown'd Hat*] Hippocrates says---let's be cover'd.

Ger. Does Hippocrates say that?

Sgan. Yes.

Ger. In what Chapter pray?

Sgan. In his Chapter — of Hats.

Ger. Since Hippocrates says it, it must be done.

Sgan. Mr. Doctor, having heard wonderful Cures of—

Ger. Who do you speak to?

Sgan. To you.

Ger. I am no Physician.

Sgan. Are you no Physician?

Ger. No truly.

Sgan. Indeed! [*Beats him as he himself had been beaten.*]

Ger. Indeed—Hold, hold.

Sgan. You are a Physician now; I never had any other Licence.

Ger. What for a Man have you brought me here?

Val. I told you he was Whimsical.

Ger. Yes, but I shall send him packing with his Whims.

Lucas. Don't mind it Sir, 'tis only for a Jest.

R 2

Ger.

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Ger. I don't like such Jestings.

Sgan. Sir, I beg your Pardon for the Liberty I have taken.

Ger. Sir, I'm your Servant.

Sgan. I'm sorry——

Ger. 'Tis nothing.

Sgan. For the Blows——

Ger. There's no harm done.

Sgan. Which I had the honour to give you.

Ger. No more of that, Sir; I have a Daughter that's fal'n into a strange Illness.

Sgan. I'm glad your Daughter has need of me, Sir; and I wish with all my Heart, that you and your whole Family had the like, that I might shew you how desirous I am of serving you.

Ger. I am obliged to you for your kindness.

Sgan. I'll assure you 'tis from the bottom of my Soul what I speak to you.

Ger. You do me too much Honour.

Sgan. What's your Daughter's Name?

Ger. Lucinda.

Sgan. Lucinda! A fine Name to practise upon! Lucinda!

Ger. I'll go and see what she's doing.

Sgan. Who's that fat Woman there?

Ger. 'Tis the Nurse of a little Child of mine.

Sgan. A pretty piece of Household Stuff! Ah Nurse, charming Nurse, my Physicianship is the very humble Slave of your Nurseship; and I shou'd be glad to be the happy Infant that sucks the Milk of your good Graces. [*Puts his Hand on her Breast*] All my Remedies, all my Learning, all my Capacity is at your Service, and——

Lucas. With your Permission, Mr. Physicianist, pray let my Wife alone.

Sgan. What, is she your Wife?

Lucas. Yes.

Sgan. [*Pretending to Embrace Lucas, but turns to the Nurse and embraces her*] I did not know that, and I'm very glad on't for both your sakes.

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Lucas. [*Drawing him back*] Soft, if you please.

Sgan. I'll assure you I'm glad you're associated together;
[*Seems as if he wou'd embrace Lucas, and slipping under his Arm throws himself on his Wife's Neck.*]

I Congratulate her in having such a Husband as you, and you in having a Wife so handsome, so wise, and so well shap'd as she is.

Lucas. [*Pulling him back again*] S'nigs, not so many Compliments.

Sgan. Why; won't you let me Rejoyce with you, for so fair a Spouse?

Lucas. With me as much as you please; but pray none of your Ceremony with my Wife.

Sgan. I take part equally in both your Happinefles, [*goes on as before*] and if I Embrace you to testify my Joy to you, I Embrace her for the same Reason.

Lucas. [*drawing him back again*] None of your Whims; good Mr. Physician.

SCENE III.

Re-enter Gerontes, and the rest.

Ger. Sir, they'll bring my Daughter to you presently.

Sgan. I wait for her Sir, with all my Physick.

Ger. Where is it?

Sgan. [*Touching his Forehead*] Here.

Ger. Good.

Sgan. [*Going to touch the Nurses Nipple*] But as I am concern'd for all your Family, I must try your Nurse's Milk, and visit her Breast.

Lucas. [*Drawing him back, and whirling him about*] No, no, there's no head on't.

Sgan. 'Tis the Business of a Physician to view the Nurse's Nipples.

Luc. Business or no Business, I must beg your Pardon.

Sgan. Have you the boldness to contradict the Physician? Away.

Lucas. What do I care?

Sgan. [*Looking askew upon him*] I'll give you a Fever.

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Faque. [Taking Lucas by the Arm and turning him about
300] Get you gone, 'en't I big enough to defend my self,
if he does any thing that shou'd not be done?

Lucas. I won't have him touch you.

Sgan. The Rogue is Jealous of his Wife.

Ger. Here comes my Daughter.

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucinda, Valerio, and the rest.

Sgan. Is this the Sick Lady ?

Ger. Yes she's the only Daughter I have; I should be
extreamly grieved if she should dye.

Sgan. Let her take care she don't dye without the Phy-
sician's Order.

Ger. Chairs here.

Sgan. This is no very distateful Patient ; I believe a Man
that's in good Health would be very well content with her.

Ger. You have made her Laugh, Sir,

Sgan. So much the better, when the Physician makes
the Patient Laugh, 'tis the best sign in the World. Well,
what's to be done ? What ails you ? What's your Illness.

Luc. [Answers by signs, putting her Hand to her Mouth,
her Head, and under her Chin] Han, hi, hon, han.

Sgan. Ha ! What say you ?

Luc. [Continuing the same Motions] Hon, hi, hon, han,
han, hi, hon.

Sgan. What ?

Luc. Hon, hi, hon.

Sgan. [Imitating her] Hon, hi, hon, han, ha. I don't
understand you, what the Devil for a Language is this?

Ger. Sir, this is her Disease. She's grown Dumb, and
none hitherto could ever find out the Causes; this Acci-
dent caused the Marriage to be delayed.

Sgan. Why so ?

Ger. He that was to Marry her would stay till she was
cured.

Sgan. What Fool is it, that would not have his Wife
Dumb ? Would to Heaven mine were so ; I would not
her in haste.

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Ger. I must beg you, Sir, to be as careful as possible to mitigate her Illness.

Sgan. Oh never trouble yourself about that. But tell me, is she mightily afflicted with this Distemper?

Ger. Yes, Sir.

Sgan. So much the better. Has she any great Pains?

Ger. Very great.

Sgan. I'm glad on't. Does she go you know where?

Ger. Yes.

Sgan. Copiously?

Ger. I don't know that.

Sgan. Are her Ejections laudable?

Ger. I e'nt acquainted with those thngs.

Sgan. [*Turning towards the Patient*] Give me your Arm.

—This Pulse denotes that your Daughter is Dumb.

Ger. That's her Disease indeed, Sir, you have hit it.

Sgan. Ha!

Faque. See how he divined her Distemper,

Sgan. We great Physicians know Things presently; an Ignoramus would have been at a loss, and would have told you, 'tis this, and that; but I hit the Nail on the Head immediately, and I tell you your Daughter is Dumb.

Ger. Yes, but I'd fain know the Cause on't.

Sgan. That's soon told. 'Tis because she has lost her Speech.

Ger. Very well; but pray what can her having lost her Speech proceed from?

Sgan. Our best Authors will tell you, that 'tis from an Obstruction in the Action of the Tongue.

Ger. But what's your Opinion upon the Obstruction of the Action of the Tongue?

Sgan. Aristotle upon that Head says—very fine things

Ger. I believe it.

Sgan. He was a great Man!

Ger. Certainly.

Sgan. A very great Man; a Man that was greater than me by thus much [*Lifting his Arm*] — But to return to our reasoning. I hold that this Obstruction of the Action of the Tongue is caused by certain Humours, which we

Learned Men call peccant Humours, peccant, peccant; that is—— peccant Humours; so that the Vapours form'd by the Exhalations of the Influences which rise up from the Region of Diseases, coming—— to—— d'ye understand Latin?

Ger. Not at all.

Sgan. [*Rising as in amaze*] Not understand Latin?

Ger. No.

Sgan. [*Making divers comical Postures*] *Cabricias arcithuram, cathalamus, singulariter, nominativo hæc Musa the Muse, Bonus, Bona, Bonum, Deus sanctus, est ne oratio latinas? etiam yes, quare why, quia substantivo, & adjectivum, concordat in generi, numerum & casus.*

Ger. Ah! Why did not I study?

Faque, What a great Schollard he is!

Lucas. 'Tis so soine that I don't understand a Word on't.

Sgan. Then these Vapours, which I mention'd to you, passing from the left side, where the Liver is, to the right side, where the Heart is, finds that the Lungs, which in Latin we call *Armyan*, having Communication with the Brain, which in Greek we call *Nasmus*, by means of the hollow Vein, which in Hebrew we call *Cubile*, meets in its way the same Vapours which fill the Ventricles of the *Omoplate*; and because the said Vapours—— pray comprehend this Reasoning—— and because the said Vapours have a certain Malignity—— pray harken to this.

Ger. Yes.

Sgan. Have a certain Malignity which is caused—— be attentive.

Ger. I am so.

Sgan. Which is caused by the Acrimony of the Humours, engendred in the Concavity of the *Diaphragm*, it happens that these Vapours—— *Offabundus, nequeis, nequor, potarium, quipsa nulus.* This is the Cause why your Daughter is Dumb.

Faque. That's well said

Lucas. Would I had such a well-hung Tongue.

Ger. 'Tis certainly argued as well as possible. Nothing in it shock'd me but the place where the Liver and Heart

is,

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is. I think you place them otherwise than they are, and that the Heart is on the left Side, and the Liver on the right.

Sgan. Aye, heretofore it was so; but we have changed all that, and practise Physick now in a different Method.

Ger. I did not know that. I beg your Pardon for my Ignorance.

Sgan. There's no harm done; everybody is not obliged to be so skilful as we.

Ger. Right; but Sir, what do you think is to be done in this Distemper?

Sgan. What do I think is to be done in it?

Ger. Yes.

Sgan. I'd have you put her to Bed; and give her for a Remedy a pretty deal of Bread soak'd in Wine.

Ger. Why that, Sir?

Sgan. Because Bread and Wine mixt together have a Sympathetick Virtue to cause Talking. Don't you know that they give nothing else to Parrots, and they learn to Talk by eating that?

Ger. That's true; Ay! What a great Man he is! quickly, get a pretty deal of Bread and Wine.

Sgan. To morrow Night I'll come again and see how she does. [*To the Nurse*] Stay you — Sir, I must give some small Prescriptions to the Nurse here.

Faque. Who I? I'm as well as ever I was in my born Days.

Sgan. So much the worse, Nurse, so much the worse. Too much Health is to be fear'd; 'twon't be amiss to give a gentle Bleeding, or a dulcifying Clyster.

Ger. But, Sir, this is an odd Fashion, to bleed one that does not ail any thing.

Sgan. 'Tis a very wholesome Fashion; and as one drinks for Thirst that's to come, so must one bleed for Sickness that's to come.

Faque. [*Retiring*] I don't care a Farthing; I won't make an Apothecary's Shop of my Body.

Sgan. You are restive to Remedies; but we can bring you to Reason. [*To Geronte*] Well, Good morrow to you Sir.

Ger.

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Ger. Stay a little

Sgan. For what?

Ger. For your Mony, Sir.

Sgan. [*Stretching out his Hand behind under his Gown, whilst Gerontes is opening his Purse*] I'll take none, Sir

Ger. Sir.

Sgan. None at all.

Ger. Stay a little, Sir.

Sgan. By no means.

Ger. Pray now.

Sgan. You are deceiv'd.

Ger. I've just done.

Sgan. I can't, Sir.

Ger. Ha.

Sgan. 'Tis not for Mony I practise.

Ger. I believe you.

Sgan. [*After he has taken the Mony*] Is it weight, Sir

Ger. Yes, Sir.

Sgan. I am no mercenary Physician.

Ger. I know it.

Sgan. I am not govern'd by Interest.

Ger. I have no such Thought.

S C E N E V.

[*Sganarelle looking at his Mony.*] Leander *standing by him.*

Sgan. There's no harm in this, and if—

Lean. I have stay'd for you, Sir, this great while, and come to beg your Assistance.

Sgan. [*Taking his Wrist*] Here's a very ill Pulse.

Lean. I'm not ill Sir, 'tis not for that I come to you.

Sgan. If you are not ill, why the deuce did you not tell me so?

Lean. To be short, I am call'd *Leander*, and am in love with *Lucinda* whom you just now visited; and as, by her Father's ill Humour, I am deny'd all sort of Access to her, I venture to desire you'd serve me, and give me an Opportunity of executing a Stratagem which I have

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have invented to get to the Speech of her ; and upon this absolutely depend my Happiness and Life.

Sgan. [*Seeming angry*] Who do you take me for ? What, do you dare to apply to me to serve you in your Amour, and lessen the Dignity of the Faculty by such an Employment ?

Lean. Sir, don't make a Noise.

Sgan. [*Pressing upon him*] I will do it, you are an Impertinent Fellow.

Lean. Soft and Fair, Sir.

Sgan. A Blockhead —

Lean. Good now.

Sgan. I'll teach you that I am no such Man ; that 'tis an extream Insolence to —

Lean. [*Giving him a Purse*] Sir.

Sgan. [*Holding it*] Employ me in — I don't speak as to you ; for you're a very civil Gentleman, and I shall be glad to serve you. But there are some Impertinent Fellows in the World, who take People for what they are not ; and I confess I'm mightily provok'd at it.

Lean. I beg your Pardon, Sir, for the Liberty I —

Sgan. Shaw, shaw — What's to be done ?

Lean. You must know, Sir, that this Illness which you try to cure is a pretended Illness. Physicians have argued mightily about it ; and they ha'n't fail'd to say that it proceeded, some from the Brain, some from the Entrails, some from the Spleen, some from the Liver. But 'tis certain that Love is the true Cause on't, and that *Lucinda* pretended this Illness, only to avoid a Marriage she was importun'd to. But lest we're seen together let's walk from hence, and as we go I'll tell you what I'd have you do.

Sgan. Sir, I am inconceivably touch'd with your Love ; and I'll lose my Art, or the Patient shall either dye or be yours.

ACT

ACT III: SCENE I.

Sganarelle, Leander.

Lean. I Believe I may pass well enough now for an Apothecary; and her Father having not often seen me, I believe this Change of Cloaths and Perruke is sufficient to conceal me from his Knowledge.

Sgan. Certainly.

Lean. All I desire is to have five or six high sounding Terms, to deck my Discourse with, and give me the Air of a Man of Skill.

Sgan. Go, go, There's no need of all that. The Habit's sufficient; I know no more of it than your self.

Lean. How!

Sgan. The Deuce take me if I understand any thing of Physic. You are a Man of Honour, and I'll trust in you as you have in Me.

Lean. What, are you not really—

Sgan. No, I tell you; they made me a Physician in spite of my Teeth. I never pretended to be so learned as that comes to; I never mounted any higher than the lowest Form. I can't imagine what put it into their Heads; but when I found they were fix'd to compel me to be a Physician, I resolv'd to be so, at the expence of my Patient. You can't imagine how this Error is spread abroad, and in what manner People are bewitch'd to think me a Man of Skill. I am resorted to from all sides; and if Things go on as they have begun, I think I'd best continue a Physician as long as I live. I find, after all, 'tis the best of Trades; for whether we do well or ill, we're sure to be paid alike. The ill Effects are never laid to our Charge, and we cut out as we please the Stuff we work upon. A Shoemaker cannot spoil a piece of Leather, but he's made to pay Sauce for't; but here we may spoil a Man, and 'twill cost us nothing. The Error is never ours, but his that dyes. In short, the good of this Profession is, that there's a certain Generosity, an unpara-

le'd

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call'd Discretion, among those that dye; and they never
lay their Deaths at the Physician's Door?

Leann. 'Tis true, the Dead are very good sort of People
for that.

Sgan. (*Seeing some People coming to him*) Here are some
People that seem as if they were coming to consult me,
Go and stay for me near your Mistress's House.

SCENE II.

Thibaut, Perrin and Sganarelle.

Thib. Sir, I and my zon *Perrin* come to look for
you.

Sgan. What's the Matter?

Thib. His poor Mother, who's call'd *Parette*, has been
on her zick Bed, for these zix Months, zo please yaw.

Sgan. (*Holding out his Hand to receive Money*) What wou'd
you have me do in't?

Thib. Ise have you order'n zome zmall Gallimaufry or
ether to cure'n.

Sgan. Let's know what she's sick of.

Thib. Of Hypocrisy, Sir.

Sgan. Of Hypocrisy!

Thibaut. Yes, that is, she's zwell'd all over, and they zay
is thro' the over-much Zeriosity that's in the Body of'n,
and that her Liver, her Belly, and her Zpleen, as yaw'd
call it, instead of turning into Blood, turns into Water.
She has every other Day, the Quotigian Fevar, with
Lafitudes and Pains in the Muzzles of the Legs of'n.
One may hear in her Throat, Fleums which welly choke
her; every now and then she's taken with Syncoke's and
Conversions, so that I think she's gone. We have in our
Village a Poticary, with Reverence be it spoken, that
has giv'n her I don't know how much Stuff; and't has
cost me above a dozen good Creawns, in Clysters, saving
your worship's Prefence, in Aposthumes, which they ha'
giv'n her, in Infections of Hyacynth, and in Cordial Por-
tunc. But all this did no more good than only to drain
my Purse, as the saying is. They'd ha' give'n a certain
Drug call'd Ametyle Wine; but Ise fear'd that wou'd ha'
sent'n

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sent'n the weay of all Flesh, and they zay that theze great Physicians kills the Leard knows how many Volk with that Vention.

Sgan. (*Still holding out his Hand and shaking it*) But to the Point, Friend, to the Point.

Thib. The Point, Zir, is, that Ise come to desire you to tell's what we mun do.

Sgan. I don't understand you.

Perrin. ---Zir, my Mother's zick, and here's two Creawns which I bring you, to order'n zome Remedy.

Sgan. Now I understand you. Here's a Lad speaks clearly, expresses himself as he ought to do. You say your Mother's sick of a Dropsy, that she's swell'd all over her Body, that she has a Fever, with Pains in her Legs; and that she's sometimes taken with Syncopes and Convulsions, that is, Faintings.

Per. Ay, Zir, that's just the case.

Sgan. I understood You, presently. You have a Father that don't well know what he says. You want a Remedy, you say?

Perrin. Yes, Zir.

Sgan. A Remedy to cure her.

Perrin. Ay, Zir, that is what we want.

Sgan. There, here's a piece of Cheese, which you must give her.

Perrin. Cheese, Zir!

Sgan. Ay, tis a prepared Cheese, wherein there's Gold Corral, Pearls, and a great many other precious Things.

Perrin. Zir we're obliged to yaw; well gang and make her take it presently.

Sgan. Go. If she dyes, be sure you bury her as well as you can.

SCENE III.

Sganarelle, Jaqueline, Lucas behind her.

Sgan. Here's the handsome Nurse. Ah Nurse of my Heart, I'm glad to meet you thus; your Sight is Right but

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barb, Casia, and Sena, which purge all Melancholly from my Heart.

Faque. Mr. Physicianist, you speak too fine for me; I don't understand any o'your Latin.

Sgan. Fall sick, Nurse, pray fall sick for my sake. I shou'd be extremely glad to cure you.

Faque. I thank you; but I'd rather not stand in nead of your Help.

Sgan. I'm heartily sorry, Nurse, that you've such a jealous ill Husband as you have!

Faque. What wou'd you ha'me do, Zir; 'tis for the Punishment of my Zips; where the Goat's ty'd there must she browze.

Sgan. What, such a Rustic as him! A Man that's always watching you, and will suffer no body to speak to you!

Faque. Alas! You have seen nothing of him yet; this is but a little Sample of his ill Humour.

Sgan. Is't possible a Man shou'd have so sordid a Soul as to give such a one as You ill Usage? I know some, fair Nurse, not far off, that would esteem themselves happy to kiss but the end of your Foot! Why must such a well-made Person should fall into such hands, and that a downright brute Beast, a stupid Wretch, a Fool--- pardon me, Nurse, for speaking thus of your Husband.

Faque. Troth, Zir, I know he deserves no less.

Sgan. No more he don't, Nurse; nay, he deserves that you shou'd put something on his Head to punish him for his Suspitions.

Faque. 'Tis true, if I had nothing in my Eye but his Interest, I might do some strange thing.

Sgan. Faith you'd do no harm if you were revenged on him with somebody. He's a Man that deserves it; and if I were happy enough, fair Nurse, to be chosen for----

[*Here both perceiving Lucas, who was behind 'em, and had heard all their Discourse, they retire each on different Sides, but the Physician in a very comical manner.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Geronte, Lucas.

Ger. So ho, *Lucas*, have you seen our Physician?

Lucas. Yes, and be hang'd to him, I have seen Him and my Wife too.

Ger. Where can he be?

Lucas. I don't know; but I wish he were at the Devil.

Ger. Go and see how my Daughter does.

SCENE V.

Sganarelle, Leander, Geronte.

Ger. Ah! Sir, I was asking for you.

Sgan. I was in the Court amusing my self in expelling the Superfluity of Drink. How fares my Patient?

Ger. A little worse since your Prescription.

Sgan. So much the better. 'Tis a sign it operates.

Ger. Aye, but in operating I'm afraid 'twill choke her.

Sgan. Don't be alarm'd; I have Remedies that will surmount all, and I did not care if she were gasping for Life.

Ger. What Man's that, you bring with you.

Sgan. (*Making signs to signify that 'tis an Apothecary*) 'Tis——

Ger. What?

Sgan. He——

Ger. Ha?

Sgan. Who——

Ger. I understand you.

Sgan. Your Daughter will have need of him.

SCENE VI.

Lucinda, Jaqueline, and the rest.

Jaqu. Sir, here's your Daughter desires to walk a little

Sgan. 'Twill do her good. Go, Mr. Apothecary, see her

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her Pulse a little, that we may reason together about her Distemper. (*Here he takes Geronte to t'other side the Stage, and putting one Arm over his Shoulder, brings his Hand under his Chin by which he turns him towards him, whenever he's for seeing what his Daughter and the Apothecary are doing; and holds the following Discourse to amuse him*) Sir, 'tis a great and subtle Question amongst the Doctors, whether Women are more easily cured than Men? Pray listen to this. Some say Yes, others say No, and I say both Yes and No. Forasmuch as the Incongruity of the Opaque Humours, which meet in the natural Constitution of Women, causing that the brutish Part will always Predominate over the sensitive, we see that the Inequality of their Opinions depend on the oblique Motion of the Circle of the Moon; and as the Sun, which darts its Beams on the Concavity of the Earth finds——

Lucin. Yes, I am resolv'd to continue Stedfast.

Ger. My Daughter speaks! O wonderful Remedy! O admirable Physician! How I'm oblig'd to you Sir, for this amazing Cure; and how can I sufficiently reward you for such a Service!

Sgan. (*Walking about and wiping his Forehead*) This Distemper has given me a great deal of Trouble!

Lucin. Yes, Father, I have recover'd my Speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you that I'll never have any Husband but *Leander*, and that in vain you wou'd give me *Horatio*.

Ger. But——

Lucin. Nothing can shake the Resolution I have made.

Ger. What——

Lucin. Your Arguments will be useless.

Ger. If ——

Lucin. All you can say will do no good.

Ger. I ——

Lucin. 'Tis a thing I am fix'd upon.

Ger. But ——

Lucin. Paternal Power cannot oblige me to marry against my Will.

Ger. I have ——

Lucin. You may endeavour as much as you please.

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Ger.

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Ger. It——

Lucin. My Heart can never submit to such a Tyranny.

Ger. There——

Lucin. And I'll sooner throw my self into a Monastery, than marry a Man I don't love.

Ger. But——

Lucin. (*Speaking very loud*) No. Not at all. You lose your Time. I won't do it. I am resolved.

Ger. What an irresistible flood of Words is here! Pray Sir make her dumb again.

Sgan. That's impossible. All I can do to serve you is to make you deaf, if you please.

Ger. I thank you—— Do you think then——

Luc. No, all your Reasons will gain nothing upon me.

Ger. You shall marry *Horatio* this very Night.

Luc. I'll marry Death sooner.

Sgan. Stay, let me Medicament in this Affair a little 'Tis a Distemper that is upon her; I know what Remedy's fittest for her.

Ger. Why, Sir, is't possible to cure this Distemper of her Mind?

Sgan. Yes, let me alone, I have a Remedy for every Thing; and our Apothecary will be useful in this Cure (*Calls him to him*) A Word. You see the Ardor she has for this *Leander* is quite contrary to her Father's Will that there's no time to be lost, that the Humours are very sharp, and 'tis necessary to find some speedy Remedy for this Evil, which may grow predominant by Delay. For my part, the only one I can see is to take a purgative Fligh which you must mix with two Drachms of Matrimonium in Pills. Perhaps she may scruple to take that Remedy, but as you are skilful in your Trade, 'tis your Business to bring her to, and to make her swallow it as well as you can. Go and take a little Turn in the Garden to prepare the Humours, whilst I discourse here with her Father; but lose no time. To the Remedy, quick, to the specific Remedy.

S C E N

SCENE VII.

Geronte, Sganarelle.

Ger. What Drugs, Sir, were those you prescribed? I think I never heard of them before —

Sgan. They are Drugs which are used upon urgent Occasions.

Ger. Did you ever see an Insolence equal to hers?

Sgan. Girls are sometimes a little stubborn.

Ger. You can't imagine how mad she is for this *Leander*.

Sgan. The Heat of the Blood causes it in young People.

Ger. For my part, so soon as I had discover'd the Violence of her Love, I always took care to keep her fast lock'd up.

Sgan. You did wisely.

Ger. And I hinder'd her from having Communication with him.

Sgan. Very well.

Ger. If I had suffer'd them to see each other, some Folly or other wou'd have happen'd.

Sgan. Certainly.

Ger. And I did not know but she might have run away with him.

Sgan. 'Twas prudently done of you.

Ger. I'm told she does all she can to get to the Speech of him.

Sgan. Fool!

Ger. But she shall lose her Labour.

Sgan. Ha, ha.

Ger. I'll hinder him from seeing her.

Sgan. He has no Fool to deal with: You know twenty things that he's ignorant of, those that are cunninger than You are no Asses.

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SCENE VIII.

Lucas, Geronte, Sganaralle.

Luc. S'bodikins, Sir, here's the De'el to do; your Daughter's run away with her *Leander*; 'twas he that was the Potecary, and there's Mr. Physician that has made this fine Operation.

Ger. What, assassinate me in this Manner? Come, a Commissary, and take care he don't escape. Ah Traitor I'll have you punish'd by Justice. [Exit.]

Luc. Ah, Mr. Physician, you will be hang'd, only stay here a little.

SCENE IX.

Martina, Sganarelle, Lucas.

Mart. I've had a devilish deal of Trouble to find this House; pray tell me what's become of the Physician I recommended to you.

Luc. There he is, and will be hang'd presently.

Mart. What, my Husband hang'd? Alas! What has he done to deserve it?

Luc. He has caused my Master's Daughter to be run away with.

Mart. Alas! dear Husband, must you really be hang'd?

Sgan. You see how 'tis.

Mart. Must you die in the Presence of so many People?

Sgan. What wou'd you have me do?

Mart. If you had but done cutting our Wood 'twou'd be some Comfort to me.

Sgan. Go get you gone, you'll break my Heart.

Mart. No, I'll stay and encourage you to die; I will never leave you 'till I've seen you hang'd.

Sgan. Ah!

SCENE X.

Geronte, and the rest.

Ger. The Commissary will soon be here, and you shall be put in a Place that shall be secure enough,

Sgan.

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Sgan. (*Cap in Hand.*) Alas! might not this be changed for a few dry Blows?

Ger. No, no, Justice shall take its Course. But what do I see?

SCENE IX.

Leander, Lucinda, Jaqueline, and the rest.

Lean. Sir, I come to shew you *Leander*, and put *Lucinda* in your Power again; we both of us design'd to take to flight and be marry'd; but this Enterprize has giv'n way to a more honourable Proceeding; I don't intend to steal your Daughter, I only desire to receive her from your own Hands; what I have to say to you, Sir, is, that I just now receiv'd Letters which inform me that my Uncle's dead, and that I am Heir to all his Estate—

Ger. Sir, your Virtue is all I consider, and I give you my Daughter with the greatest Joy in the World.

Sgan. Well escaped Physick!

Mart. Since you 'en't to be hang'd pray, thank me for your being a Physician; for 'twas me that procured you that Honour.

Sgan. Aye, 'twas you that procured me a good Basting.

Lean. You must not resent it; it has had so good an effect.

Sgan. Well, be it so, I pardon you the beating in favour of the Dignity you have rais'd me to, but prepare your self henceforwards to live very respectfully with a Man of my Consequence, and consider that the Anger of a Physician is more terrible than can be imagin'd.



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M E N.

A Draftus, *a French Gentleman in love with Ifidora.*

Don Pedro, *the Sicilian, in love with Ifidora.*

Hali, *Valet to Adraftus.*

Justice of the Peace.

Muficians.

Troop of Slaves.

Troop of Moors.

Two Lacquies.

W O M E N.

Ifidora, *a Greek, Don Pedro's Slave.*

Climene, *Sifter to Adraftus.*

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THE SICILIAN.

SCENE I.

Haly, Musicians.

HALY to the Musicians.



USH — Stay there 'till I call you.
'Tis as dark as Pitch; the Sky to Night
is dress'd like a Scaramouch; there is
not so much as a Star to see the end
of one's Nose by. What a plaguy
condition is that of a Slave! Never to
live for one's self, and to be always sub-
ject to a Master's Passions! To be obli-

ged to be conformable to his Whims, and to do what be-
longs properly to him with as much solicitude, as tho'
'twere for one's self? My Master here makes me partake
of his Uneasiness; and because he's in Love, I forsooth
must not, either Night or Day, take any rest. But here
comes a Light; 'tis certainly he.

SCENE II.

*Adraustus, two Lacquies, and Haly.**Adraust.* Is't you, *Haly*?*Haly.* Who else can it be, do you think? I believe no body, Sir, but you and I, are so mad as to walk the Street at this time of Night.*Adraust.* Neither do I believe that any body besides my self feels the Disturbance I do: To have the Indifference and Cruelty of a Lady to deal with, is nothing; one has then at least the liberty of Sighing, and the Pleasure of Complaining; but to be unable to gain an opportunity of speaking to what one adores; or to know whether ones Love pleases or offends the Fair One; this, in my Opinion, is the worst of Torments; and this is what I'm reduced to by the jealous Fool who so carefully watches my charming *Greek*, and who cannot stir a step without she's in his sight.*Haly.* But in Love there's a great many ways of Discouraging; and, or I'm deceived, your Eyes and hers have, within these two Months, talk'd a great many things.*Adraust.* 'Tis true she and I have had a great deal of Discourse by the Eyes: But how do either of us know certainly, whether we have given a true Explication to this sort of Language? And how do you know, after all, whether she has rightly understood what my Eyes have said to her, and whether her Looks meant what I flatter my self they did?*Haly.* You must find out some way to speak to her in in another manner.*Adraust.* Are the Musicians here?*Haly.* Yes.*Adraust.* Bid 'em come hither. I'll have them sing here 'till break of Day, to see if their Musick will draw this charming Creature to some Window.*Haly.* Here they are. What shall they sing?*Adraust.* What they think fit.*Haly.* It shall be a *Trio* then, which they sung to me t'other day.*Adraust.*

Adrast. No, no; I don't like that.

Haly. Ah, Sir, 'tis a charming B. sharp.

Adrast. What the Devil do you mean with your B. sharp?

Haly. Sir, I stand up for B. sharp: You know I understand Musick. B. sharp charms me. No Key is so harmonious as B. sharp. Pray hear this *Trio*.

Adrast. No, I'll have something that's tender and soft, something that may put me into a gentle musing.

Haly. I see you're for B. Flat; but there's a way to satisfy both of us. They shall sing you a certain Scene of a little Comedy which I have heard 'em rehearse. 'Tis of two Love-sick Shepherds, full of Languor, who upon B. flat, come separately to make their Complaints in a Wood, afterwards they discover to each other the Cruelty of their Mistress; and, thereupon, comes a jovial Shepherd, with an admirable B. sharp, who rallies their Weaknesses.

Adrast. Well, let's hear it.

Haly. This place shall serve for the Stage; and these two Torches shall light the Comedy.

Adrast. Stand over-against the Door, that at the least Noise in the House I may conceal the Lights.

SCENE III.

SONG, by three Musicians.

1 Musician.

*If, with the sad recital of my Woes,
I, O ye Rocks, disturb your calm Repose;
Did you but know what Pains my Soul torments,
Rocks tho' you are, with Pity you'd relent.*

2 Musician.

*The Birds salute Aurora's blest Return,
And usher with their Songs the opening Morn:
I too, e'er yet the Sun licks up the Dew,
My constant task of Sighs and Complaints renew.*

T 2

Phileno

Phileno there! 1 Mus. Dear Thyrsis, yes.

2 Mus. I still despair. 1 Mus. And I no less.

2 Mus. Climene still rejects my Vow.

1 Mus. Neither does Chloris smooth her Brow.

Both.

O Cupid, thou who rul'st o'er Jove,

Our Fair Ones Eyes disarm!

Why shou'd not they be forc'd to Love,

Or lose the Pow'r to charm?

3 Musician.

I laugh at that dull whining Fool

Who can't pluck up a Heart,

But weaker far than Boys at School,

Adores what makes him smart.

Learn then of me to use the Fair;

And how their Pride to stem:

For if for me they do not care,

No more care I for them.

Surrounded by a thousand Dames

I tell 'em all I dye;

If any one a Tygress seems;

To her a Bear prove I.

1 and 2 Mus. Happy he who so can Love,

Happier far than Scepter'd Jove.

Haly. Sir, I hear a noise in the House.

Adrast. Retire quickly, and put out the Lights.

SCENE IV.

Don Pedro in his Night Cap and Night Gown, with a
Sword under his Arm, Adrastus and Haly.

Pedro. What Singing is this? 'tis not for nothing. I
must in the dark try to discover who it can be.

Adrast. Haly.

Haly. Anon.

Adrast. Do you hear nothing stirring?

Haly. No.

[Don Pedro is behind 'em listening.

Adrast.

Adraft. What! Cannot all our Endeavours obtain a Moment's talk with this amiable *Greek*; will this jealous-pated Rascal, this Traitor of a *Sicilian*, always keep her from me?

Haly. I wish with all my Heart the Devil had him for the trouble he gives us; for a Villain as he is. If we had him here, how glad should I be to revenge on his Back all the useless Steps his Jealousie has made us take!

Adraft. We must however find some way, some Invention, some Trick, to catch our *As*s; I am too far engaged in it now to lose my end; and tho' I —

Haly. Sir, I can't imagine the Meaning, but the Door is open, and if you please I'll steal in softly to discover the Cause.

[*Don Pedro retires to his Door.*]

Adraft. Do so, but make no noise; I'll not forsake you. Pray Heav'n it be the charming *Isidora*!

Pedro. Who's there?

[*Giving him a Cuff on the Ear.*]

Adraft. A Friend.

[*Giving him another.*]

Pedro. So ho, *Francis*, *Peter*, *Simon*, *Martin*, *Thomas*, *George*, *Charles*, *Bartholomew*, quickly, my Sword, my Buckler, my Halberd, my Pistols, my Blunderbuss; quick, kill, cut, slash; no quarter.

SCENE V.

Adraftus, *Haly*.

Adraft. I hear no body stir. *Haly! Haly!*

Haly. (*Hid in a corner.*) Sir.

Adraft. Where are you?

Haly. Are they all gone?

Adraft. No body stirs.

Haly. If they had come they shou'd have paid dearly for it.

[*Coming out of his Hole.*]

Adraft. Will all our Cares be useless? And will this impertinent Coxcomb always thwart our Designs?

Haly. No, My Honour is incens'd; it shall not be said that my Cunning is triumph'd over; my Invention is the more enraged by all these Obstacles; and I intend to shew my Talent.

Adraft. I only want, either by a Note, or word of Mouth, to let her know the Sentiments I have for her, and to understand hers. We may afterwards easily——

Haly. Let me alone; I'll try so many ways that something shall succeed. But Day breaks, I'll go look out for my Men, and then come here and stay till our Competitor is gone out.

SCENE VI.

Don Pedro, Isidora.

Isid. I wonder what Pleasure you can take in waking me so early; in my Opinion it don't agree much with your design of having my Picture drawn to Day; 'twill give no fresh Colour and sparkling Eyes, to rise thus at break of Day.

Pedro. I have business which obliges me to go abroad thus early.

Isid. But I suppose your Business might have been done without my Presence, and you might have let me have tasted the sweets of a Morning Nap a little longer, without putting your self to the least Inconveniency.

Pedro. Yes; but I love to have you always with me. 'Tis good to secure ones self against the Contrivances of Spies; and this very Night there has been singing under the Windows.

Isid. 'Tis true; the Musick was admirable.

Pedro. 'Twas upon your account.

Isid. I'm willing to believe so, since you tell it me.

Pedro. Do you know who gave this Serenade?

Isid. No; but be it who 'twill I'm obliged to him.

Pedro. Obligated to him!

Isid. Yes, certainly, since he endeavours to divert me.

Pedro. You are glad then that you are beloved?

Isid. Yes, without doubt. 'Tis very obliging.

Pedro. And you wish well to all that love you?

Isid. Do you question it?

Pedro. 'Tis a frank confession of your Thoughts!

Isid. What good does Dissimulation do? Whatever we may pretend, we are always very glad to be beloved; these

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these Homages to our Charms can by no means displease us. We may say what we please, but believe me, the chief Ambition of Women is to inspire Love. All the pains they take is only for that end; nor is there any, tho' never so haughty, but is tickled in her Heart at the Conquests which her Eyes obtain.

Pedro. But if *you* take pleasure to see your self beloved, do you know that *I* who love you, do not?

Isid. I can't see why you shou'd not; for if I loved any body, I shou'd have no greater pleasure than to see him beloved by all the World. Is there a greater token of the goodness of ones Choice? You ought to be glad that what you love is reputed amiable.

Pedro. Several Men several Minds; I am not of that Opinion. I shou'd be very glad if you were not thought so handsome; and you wou'd oblige me if you wou'd not study to appear so to others.

Isid. What! Jealous for such things!

Pedro. Yes, jealous for such things! jealous as a Tyger; nay, if you will, as a Devil. My Love wou'd have you wholly to it self; 'tis so nice, that the least Smile or Look that another forces from you offends it; all the care I take is only to keep away Galants, and to secure me in the Possession of a Heart which I cannot bear another shou'd rob me of the least part of.

Isid. Give me leave to tell you, that you take a wrong method; the possession of a Heart is not very secure, when it must be retain'd by force. As for me, I confess if I was in Love with a Woman who was in another Man's Power, I shou'd make it my Study to render him jealous, and to oblige him to watch Night and Day over her I had a liking to: 'Tis an admirable way to forward the Work; Men seldom miss improving the Discontent and Rage which Restraint and Servitude gives to a Woman's Mind.

Pedro. So then if any body shou'd make Love to you, he'd find you ready to receive his Vows?

Isid. I say nothing of that. But in short, Women don't love to be confined; and those who suspect and restrain them run a great Risque.

Pedro. You shew but little Acknowledgment of the Obligation you are under to me: I think a Slave whom one has set free, and means to marry, is——

Ifid. What Obligation have I to you, if you change one Slavery for another that's worse? If you let me enjoy Liberty, but fatigue me as you do with continually dogging me.

Pedro. All this is out of an excess of Love.

Ifid. If this is your manner of loving, I wish you'd hate me.

Pedro. You are in a disobliging humour to Day; therefore I pardon what you say, since it may be occasion'd by your being call'd up so early.

SCENE VII.

Haly, D. Pedro, Ifidora. Haly *dress'd as a Turk, and making a great many bows to Pedro.*

Pedro. No more Ceremony. What's your Business?

Haly. (*Turning towards Ifidora, every word he speaks to Pedro, and making signs to let her know his Master's Intention.*) Sir, (with the Permission of this Lady) I shall tell you (with the Permission of this Lady) that I come (with the permission of this Lady) to desire you (with the permission of this Lady) that you wou'd (with the permission of this Lady) ——

Pedro. With the permission of this Lady, come further this way.

Haly. Signor, I'm a *Virtuoso*.

Pedro. Here's nothing for you.

Haly. That is not my Business. But as my Talent lies in Musick and Dancing. I have instructed some Slaves who want a Master that delights in those things; and as I know that you're a considerable Person, I wish you'd see 'em, hear 'em, and, if you like them, buy 'em, or recommend them to some of your Friends that will.

Ifid. 'Tis worth seeing, and will divert us. Let 'em come in.

Haly. Chala bala——Here's a new Song that agrees with the time. Listens. Chala bala.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

[Haly sings in this Scene, and the Slaves Dance during the Intervals of the Song.]

HALY and four Slaves, ISIDORA, D. PEDRO,

HALY Sings.

Here and there and every where
A faithful Lover seeks his Fair :
But if a watchful Dragon's Eye
Restrains him from approaching nigh ;
On Earth there is no Torment, sure,
Equal to what he must endure.

Chiribirida ouch alla,
Aar bon Turca,
Non aver danara
Ti voler comprara,
Mi servir à ti,
Se pagar par mi,
Far bona coucina,
Mi levar matina,
Far boller caldera,
Parlara, parlara,
Ti voler comprara!

Such a Lover suffers more,
Than ever Martyr did before:
But if the Object of his Flame
With one kind Glance approve the same,
He soon may win the Fair, and Laugh
At the jealous-pated Galf.

Chiribirida ouch alla
Star bon Turca,
Non avar danara,
Ti volar comprara, &c.

Don Pedro sings.

Know ye not, my merry Bladoes,
Your Song smells strong of Bastinadoes?

Chiribirida

Chiribirida ouch alla
 Mi ti non comprara;
 Ma ti bastonnara,
 Si, si non andara,
 Andara, andara
 O ti bastonnara.

Pedro. They're special Sparks! Come *Isidora*, let's go in again, I've chang'd my Mind, I'll not go abroad, the Weather grows cloudy. [*Seeing Haly still sauntering there.*] Ah Knave, have I found you out?

Haly. Well what then, my Master adores her; he has no greater desire than to let know his Love, and if she'll give her consent he'll marry her.

Pedro. Yes, yes. I'll take care of her for him.

Haly. We'll have her in spite of your Teeth.

Pedro. How! Rascal.

Haly. I say we'll have her in spite of your Teeth!

Pedro. If I take you —

Haly. You may watch her as much as you please, but I have sworn it, and have her we will.

Pedro. I shall easily out-wit you.

Haly. We shall you, I don't doubt; she shall be our Wife, the thing is resolv'd, I'll either dye or bring it about,

SCENE IX.

Adrastus, Haly.

Haly. Sir, I've already made a small Attempt, but —

Adr. Don't trouble yourself about it, I've found by chance what I wanted: and I shall shortly have the Pleasure of seeing her at her own Lodgings. I met *Damon* the Painter, who told me he was to come to Town to Day, to draw the Picture of that adorable Person; as we have been old Cronies he has agreed to serve me, and let me go in his stead with a Letter of Recommendation. You know I was always a Lover of Painting, and that sometimes I practise it, contrary to the custom of *France*, which forbids a Gentleman the Knowledge of any manual Science. Thus I shall have the Liberty to see her, at my pleasure.

sure. I doubt not but her *Argus* will be continually present, and hinder the Discourse we might have together; and to tell you the truth, I have, by means of a young Slave, a Stratagem in readiness to get this fair Greek from her Dragon, if I can but obtain her Consent.

Haly. Let me alone; I'll give you an Opportunity of speaking to her. [*He whispers Adrastus.*] It shall never be said that I'm of no use in this Affair. When do you go?

Adr. This Moment. I've prepared all things.

Haly. Then I'll go and get myself ready too---

Adr. I'll lose no time. I'm impatient to have the Pleasure of seeing her.

SCENE X.

Don Pedro, Adrastus.

Pedro. Who do you want, Sir, in this House?

Adr. I want Signior D. Pedro.

Pedro. He stands before you.

Adr. Then I desire he'd take the Pains to read this Letter.

Pedro reads. "I send in my stead, for the purpose you know of, this French Gentleman, who being desirous to oblige Men of worth, is willing to take this care upon him. He is, without Contradiction, the first Man in the World for such sort of Performances; and I believe I cannot do you a greater piece of Service than in sending him, since you design to have a compleat Portrait of the Person you love. Take care not to speak to him about any Recompence, for he's a Man who wou'd be affronted at it, and who does things only for Glory and Reputation." [*D. Ped. speaking to the French-man.*] Sir you do me a great Favour, and I'm very much oblig'd to you.

Adr. All my Ambition is to serve Gentlemen of Distinction and Merit.

Pedro. I'll fetch the Person whose Picture is to be drawn;

SCENE

SCENE XL

Isidora, D. Pedro, Adrastus, two Lacquies.

Pedro. Damon has sent us this Gentleman, who will give himself the trouble to draw you. [*Adrastus in paying his respect to Isidora kisses her*] Sir, Sir; this way of saluting is not in Fashion here.

Adr. 'Tis the Custom of France.

Pedro. The Custom of France may agree with your Women; but with ours 'tis a little too familiar.

Isid. I receive this Honour with a great deal of Joy; the Adventure surprizes me very much; and indeed I did not expect so illustrious a Painter.

Adr. There's no body but wou'd esteem it a great Glory to put his hand to such a Work. I have no great Skill; but the Original here, will of it's self supply the inability, and be a means of doing something fine.

Isid. The Original is but indifferent, but the Painter's Skill will cover its Defects.

Adr. The Painter can perceive none; and all he desires is ability to represent the Charms to the Eyes of the World as great as he sees them.

Isid. If your Pencil flatters as much as your Tongue, you will draw my Picture with but little Resemblance.

Adr. Heaven, who form'd the Original, has made it impossible to flatter it.

Isid. Heaven, tho' you---

Pedro. No more I beseech you; let us ha' done with Compliments and mind our Business---

Adr. Come bring the things [*The necessary things are brought to paint Isidora.*]

Isid. Where will you have me sit?

Adr. Here. This place is the most advantageous, and receives best the favourable Gleams of Light which we want.

Isid. Am I right now?

Adr. Yes. Raise your self a little if you please; more on this side; the Body turn'd thus; the Head litted up, that the Beauty of the Neck may appear a little more.

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[He speaks a little]

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[He speaks of her Neck] Good. There; a little more---- a little more.

Pedro. Here's a great deal of trouble in placing you; cannot you hold your self as you ought?

Isid. These things are new to me, and the Gentleman must put me as he would have me--

Adr. 'Tis right now; rarely well indeed. [Turning her more towards him] So-- if you please; it all depends on the posture and situation which are given to the Persons we Paint.

Pedro. Very well.

Adr. More on this side; your Eyes always turn'd towards me; your Looks fix'd to mine.

Isid. I am not like those Women, who when they are drawn, love to have their Picture not like 'em; and who are not pleas'd with the Painter, unless they are made handsomer than they really are. One and the same Picture will content them all, for they all require the same thing, a colour of Lilies and Roses; a Nose well made, a little Mouth, and large lively Eyes, well cut; and especially the Face no bigger than the Fist, tho' tis a Foot Square. As for me, I'd have a Picture that may be Me, and which may not oblige any body to ask whose 'tis.

Adr. 'Twill be hard to ask that of yours; for you have Features which very few — come up to. What Softness they have! What Charms! and what a Risk do I run in painting them!

Pedro. I think the Nose too large.

Adr. I have read, I forgot where, that *Apelles* heretofore drew one of *Alexander's* Mistresses, and that he in painting her, fell so desperately in love with her, that it almost cost him his Life; so that *Alexander* out of Generosity gave him the Object of his Wishes. I may do here what *Apelles* did formerly; but perhaps you wou'd not do what *Alexander* did.

Isid. All this shews your Nation; French Gentlemen have an inexhaustable Stock of Gallantry.

Adr. One is not easily deceiv'd in such things; and your Wit is too distinguishing not to perceive from what
Source

Source proceed the Things which are said to you. Yes, tho' *Alexander* were here, and this were your Lover, I cou'd not help saying I never saw any Thing so beautiful as what I do now, and that——

Pedro. Sir, in my Opinion you shou'd not talk so much; it takes you from your Work.

Adrast. No not at all, I'm always used to talk when I paint; there's need in these Things of a little Conversation, to quicken the Mind, and keep the Countenance in the Gayety that is necessary to the Persons that are to be painted.

SCENE XII.

Haly dress'd like a Spaniard, and the rest.

Pedro. What does that Man want? Who let's People come up without giving us notice?

Haly. I come in abruptly; but among Cavaliers such a Freedom is usual. Do you know me, *Signor*?

Pedro. No, *Signor*.

Haly. I am *Don Giles d'Avalos*; the *Spanish* History might have let you known my Merit.

Pedro. Do you want any thing with me?

Haly. Yes, your Advice upon a Point of Honour: I know that in these Things 'tis hard to find a Cavalier more consummate than you; but I desire you'd come aside a little.

Pedro. Come, come, far enough.

[*Adrastus goes to speak to Isidora, is surpriz'd by Pedro.*]

Adrast. (Looking on *Isidora*) She has blue Eyes, I see.

Haly. [*Drawing Pedro away.*] *Signor*, I have had a box on the Ear. You know what a box on the Ear is, when 'tis given with the flat of the Hand upon the better half of the Cheek. I have this Blow mightily at Heart, and am in suspence, whether I'd best fight my Adversary, or have him murder'd.

Pedro. The last is the shortest and surest Way. Who is your Enemy?

Haly. Speak softly, if you please.

Adrast.

Adraft. (Kneeling to *Isidora*, whilst *Pedro* talks to *Haly*)
Yes, charming *Isidora*, my Looks have told it you above these two Months, and you have understood them: I love you more than 'tis possible to express, nor have I any other Thought, any other Aim, any other Desire, than to be yours for Life.

Isidora. I know not whether you speak true, but you win upon my Belief.

Adraft. But do I gain Belief enough to inspire you with some little Goodness for me?

Isidora. I'm afraid, too much.

Adraft. Have you enough, fair *Isidora*, to consent to the Design I have told you of.

Isidora. I can't tell you that, yet.

Adraft. Why do you delay?

Isidora. That I may consider.

Adraft. Ah; when one loves truly, there's no need of much Consideration.

Isidora. Well; go, I consent.

Adraft. But tell me do you consent it shall be immediately?

Isidora. When a Thing's resolv'd upon, the time is never scrupled.

Pedro. [To *Haly*.] This is my Opinion; so I kiss your Hands.——

Haly. Whenever you receive a Box on the Ear, I am your Man to give you Advice, and may perhaps in return do you the like Service——

Pedro. I don't wait on you down; but Cavaliers may take that Liberty:

Adraft. No, nothing can efface from my Heart the tender——

[Seeing that *Pedro* perceiv'd him.]
I was looking on this little Dimple on the side of her Chin; I thought at first it had been a Mole. But we've done enough for to Day, we'll finish another time. (Turning to *Pedro*), Don't look at it yet; let it be lock'd up. (To *Isidora*) And I beg you, not to let your Spirits droop; but be gay, that we may the better effect the Work we have in hand.

Isidora. Don't fear it, I'll do as you'd have me——

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

D. Pedro, Isidora.

Isidora. What do you think of him? This Gentleman appears to me the most civiliz'd Person in the World; and it must needs be confess'd, the *French* have a Politeness and Galantry which other Nations have not.

Pedro. Yes, but they have this Fault; they take too much Liberty, and like Fools as they are, love and court all they meet.

Isidora. That is, because they know what pleases the Ladies.

Pedro. Yes, but if they please the Ladies, they displease the Men, who do not love to have their Wives and Mistresses cajol'd under their Nose.

Isidora. What they do is only in jest.

SCENE XIV.

Climene veil'd, D. Pedro, Isidora.

Climene. Ah; Sir, save me from the Hands of a furious Husband by whom I am pursued. His Jealousy is incredible; and exceeds, when it takes him, all that can be imagined. He'll have me always veil'd; and because he found me with my Face uncover'd, he drew his Sword and obliged me to take refuge with you, to beg your Aid against his Injustice. But here he comes. For God's sake Signor save me from his Fury.

Pedro. Go in there, with her, and fear nothing.

SCENE XV.

Adraffus, D. Pedro.

Pedro. What! is it You, Sir! Can a *Frenchman* be so jealous! I thought *we* only were capable of that Passion?

Adraff. The *French* always exceed in what they do, and when we are jealous, we are so twenty times more than a *Sicilian*. The Strumpet thought she had found a sure Refuge at your House; but you are too reasonable to blame

blame my Resentment, I beseech you let me treat her as she deserves.

Pedro. Pray hold; the Offence is too small for so severe a Resentment.

Adrast. The Greatness of such an Offence lyes not so much in the importance of Things committed, as in disobeying the Orders which are giv'n; and in such cases what is only a Trifle, becomes very criminal when forbid.

Pedro. By the Account she gave of it, all she did was without Design; pray be Reconcil'd.

Adrast. What! do You espouse her Cause! You who are so nice in such sort of Things!

Pedro. Yes, I espouse her Cause; and if you'd oblige me, you'd quit your Anger and be Reconciled. 'Tis a Favour I beg of you: and I shall receive it as an essay of the Friendship I'd fain contract with you.

Adrast. On this Condition I cannot refuse you any Thing; I'll do as you'd have me.

SCENE XVI.

Climene unveil'd, Adrastus, D. Pedro.

Pedro. Come, you need only follow me, I have made Peace. You cou'd not have fall'n into better Hands than mine.

Clim. ---I'm infinitely obliged to you; but I must step in and take my Veil, I dare not see him without it.

Pedro. (To Adrastus;) She'll come presently; and I'll assure you, her Heart seem'd to leap for Joy when I told her I had appeased you.

SCENE XVII.

Ifidora in Climene's Veil, Adrastus, D. Pedro.

Pedro. Since you have suffer'd me to assuage your Resentment, let me in this Place joyn both your Hands; and I conjure you to live for my sake in perfect Union.

Adrast. I promise for your sake to live with her, in the most endearing manner.

VOL. III.

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Pedro.

Pedro. You oblige me sensibly, and I shall ever remember it.

Adrast. I give you my Word, Signor *Don Pedro*, that to please you, I'll treat her with all possible Indulgence.

Pedro. You do me a great Favour : 'Tis always good to pacify and compose Matters. So ho *Isidora*, come hither.

S C E N E XVIII.

Climene, D. Pedro.

Pedro. How now ! What's the meaning of this !

Climene What's the meaning of this ! Why, it means that a jealous Man is a Monster, hated by every body ; and there's no body but is glad to do him a Mischief, were it only for Mischief sake : That all the Locks and Keys in the World are ineffectual to restrain People ; and 'tis the Heart must be secured by Mildness and Complaisance : That *Isidora* is in the Hands of the Cavalier she loves, and that you are a Cully.

Pedro. Shall *Don Pedro* bear this mortal Injury ! No, no ; I've too much Spirit ; I'll demand the Help of Justice to pursue this Cheat. O here lives a Magistrate, What ho !

S C E N E XIX.

Magistrate, D. Pedro.

Magif. Your Servant, *Don Pedro*. You come in the nick of Time.

Pedro. I come to complain of an Affront I've receiv'd.

Magif I've the finest Masquerade in the World.

Pedro A Rascal of a *Frenchman* has play'd me a Trick.

Magif. You never in your Life saw any thing so fine.

Pedro. He has run away with a Girl I made free.

Magif. They are dress'd like *Moors*, and dance admirably.

Pedro. Such an Injury ought not to be born.

Magif. How charming and proper are the Dresses !

Pedro. I demand Justice for this Action.

Magif.

Magis. I'll have you see this Thing; 'tis going to be repeated to divert the People.

Pedro. What do you talk of?

Magis. I speak of my Masquerade.

Pedro. I speak of my Business.

Magis. I'll have no Business to Day but Pleasure. Come Gentlemen; let's see how 'twill do.

Pedro. Pox take the Fool with his Masquerade.

Magis. Pox take the Blockhead with his Business.

SCENE the Last.

Several Moors Dance; and that ends the Comedy.



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C O M E D Y.



Printed in the Year MDCCXIV..

AMPHITRYON

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His most Serene Highness

Monseigneur the PRINCE.

MONSEIGNEUR,

UNDER favour of the Wits;
I see nothing more impertinent than Dedications; and
Your MOST SERENE HIGHNESS will give me leave not to follow here the Style of those Gentlemen, and to omit using two or three miserable Thoughts, which have been turn'd and turn'd over again so often, that they are worn Threadbare. The Name of the Great *Conde* is too glorious a Name to be treated like other Names. That illustrious Name must be apply'd to no Uses but what are worthy of it, and if I were to say fine Things, I would rather talk of putting it at the Head of an Army, than at the Head of a Book: and I should much better conceive what it is able
to

The DEDICATION.

to do, by opposing it to the Forces of the Enemies of the State, than by opposing it to the Criticism of the Enemies of a Play.

Not but that Your SERENE HIGHNESS's Approbation is a powerful Protection for all these sorts of Works, and that People are persuaded of your Wit, as well as Courage and Greatness of Soul. 'Tis known throughout the whole World, that your Merit is not included in the Bounds of that unconquerable Valour, which gains Adorers even amongst those it vanquishes; that that Merit extends even to the most nice and sublime Sciences; and that your Decisions concerning Pieces of Wit never fail to be assented to even by the most delicate. But 'tis likewise known, my Lord, that all those glorious Approbations which we boast of to the Publick, cost us nothing to Print, and that they are Things which we dispose of at Pleasure 'Tis known, I say, that an Epistle Dedicatory says what it pleases, and that an Author has it in his Power to lay hold on the most august Persons, and
to

The DEDICATION.

to adorn the first Leaves of his Book with their great Names; that he has the Liberty therein to give himself the Honour of their Esteem as much as he will, and to make to himself Protectors who never had the least Thoughts of being so.

I shall neither abuse your Name, nor your Goodness, my Lord, to oppugn the Critizers of *Amphitryon*, and to assume a Glory which perhaps I have not deserved; and I take the Liberty to offer you my Play, only to have an Opportunity to let you know that I incessantly regard, with a profound Veneration, the great Qualities which you join to the august Blood from which you proceed, and that I am, My Lord, with all possible Respect, and imaginable Zeal,

Your Serene Highness's

*Most Humble, most Obedient,
and most Obliged Servant,*

MOLIERE.

VOL. III.

X

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MERCURY.

Jupiter, *in the Shape of* Amphitryon.

Amphitryon, *General of the* Thebans.

Sofia, *Servant to* Amphitryon.

Argatiphontidas,

Naucrates,

Polidas,

Posicles.

} *Theban Captains.*

W O M E N.

Alcmena, *Wife to* Amphitryon.

Cleanthis, *her Servant and Wife to* Sofia.

The Night.

SCENE *lies at* Thebes, *before* Amphitryon's *House.*

A M.



AMPHITRYON:

OR, THE TWO S O S I A S.

P R O L O G U E.

*Mercury on a Cloud, Night in a Chariot drawn
by two Horses.*

M E R C U R Y.



OLD, charming Night, be so kind as to stop a while. We have need of a little of your Help, and I have two Words to say to you from *Jupiter*.

Night. Oh is it you, Signor *Mercury*? Who cou'd have imagined you had been here in this Posture?

Mer. Faith finding my self too weary to do all *Jupiter* had sent me about, I e'en sate me down on this Cloud to stay till you came by.

Night. You jest, *Mercury*, and don't consider what you say; does it suit with the Gods to say they are weary?

Mer. Why, are the Gods made of Iron?

Night. No; but yet you should keep up the Decorum of Divinity. There are certain Words, the Use whereof debases that sublime Quality, and which, because of their Indignity 'tis good to leave to Mortals.

Mer. You talk at your Ease; you have there a rowling Chariot, in which like a lolling Lady you may be driven where you will. But 'tis not so with me; I can't hate the Poets enough, for their Impertinence; for they unjustly give every God, according to his Employment, some Vehicle or other; but poor me, they let go a-foot like a Penny-post man; I who, 'tis well known both in Heaven and Earth, am the Famous Messenger of the Sovereign of the Gods; and who, modestly speaking, in so many Errands have more need of something to ride in, than any of you all.

Night. How can you help it? The Poets will do as they please; and 'tis not the only Folly those Gentlemen commit. But yet you're angry with them without a Cause; for they have taken Care to put Wings to your Feet.

Mer. But that don't keep me from being tired.

Night. Well, let's leave that Point, Mr. Mercury; and tell me what's your Business.

Mer. As I've already told you, I come from *Jupiter*, who desires the Favour of your dark Mantle for a certain sweet Adventure which a new Amour gives Occasion to. I believe his Practices are no Novelties to you; he often leaves Heaven for Earth; and you are not ignorant that this Master of the Gods loves to humanize himself for Mortal Beauties, and plays an hundred ingenious Tricks to mollifie the cruel Fair. He's wounded with *Alcmena's* Eyes, and whilst *Amphitryon*, her Husband, commands the Theban Troops in the Plains of *Boeotia*, he has assumed his Shape; and under that obtains Cure of his Wound, in the Possession of the softest Pleasures. The State of the two marry'd Persons is Propitious to his Flame; for they have been joyn'd but a few Days; and the new Heat of their tender Love has put *Jupiter* upon having recourse to this fine Artifice. His Stratagem is in this case good; but with many a dear Creature of a Wife, such a Transformation

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mation would be stark naught, for the shape of an Husband is not every where the best way to please.

Night. I'm amazed at *Jupiter*; and can't comprehend half the Transformations that come into his Head.

Mer. O by that means he tastes all sorts of Conditions, and he acts like no foolish God neither. Notwithstanding he's so much respected by Mortals, I shoud think him very miserable if he never quitted his terrifying Air, and was always hoisted up on the Top of Heaven. In my Opinion, nothing's more foolish than to be continually imprison'd in Greatness; and Grandeur is very inconvenient in Love-Matters especially. *Jupiter*, who certainly understands Pleasure; has the Art to descend from his supreme Glory; and, to enter into what he pleases, he goes quite out of himself, and then he's no longer *Jupiter*.

Night. 'Tis no great Matter to see him leave that sublime Pitch to descend into Mankind, and to appropriate to himself all their Passions, if in his humourfome Changes he wou'd but stick to the Humane Nature; but to see *Jupiter* a Bull, a Serpent, a Swan, or the like, I don't think decent, and am not amazed that he's talk'd of about it.

Mer. Oh let 'em talk their Belly-full. Such Changes have Pleasures in 'em, which their Understandings can't reach to. That God knows what he does in this as well as in every thing else; and Beasts are not so much Beasts as they are thought to be, when they love.

Night. But let's return to this present Mistress; if his Flame proves successful by means of this Stratagem, what would he have with me? What can I do?

Mer. He'd have you drive slower to satisfy the Desires of his enamour'd Soul, and make that delicious Night longer than ever any Night was. You must give more space for his Transports, and retard the Coming of the Day which wou'd hasten the Return of him whose Place he assumes.

Night. A fine Employment truly, *Jupiter* gives me; the Service he requires of me is of a very glorious Appellation.

Mer. For a young Goddess you are mighty virtuous! Such an Employment is mean with none but mean People.

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Ple. When one has the Happiness to be in an high Rank; all we do is right and good; Things change their Names according to our Condition.

Night. You are more skilful than I in such matters; I'll depend upon your Knowledge.

Mer. Why that air, Madam Night? you are reported upon Earth to be less shy than this comes to. You are made *Confidente* in a hundred several Climates to many fine Things; and to tell you my Heart, I believe we neither of us have any great Cause to boast.

Night. Well well, no more of this; don't let us give Mankind subject of Laughter, by discovering our Secrets.

Mer. Goodbuy, I'll go down upon my Errand, and put off this Form of *Mercury*, for that of *Amphitryon's* Servant.

Night. And I'll go take up a Station in this Hemisphere with my obscure Attendants.

Mer. Well, I give you a good Day, Night.

Night. Farewel, *Mercury*.

[*Mercury descends from his Cloud to Earth, and Night goes on in her Chariot.*]

ACT I. SCENE I.

S O S I A *solus.*

WHO's there? Ha! My Fear increases at every Step. Gentlemen, I am a Friend to all the World. What Boldness is it to walk at this time o'Night! My Master, for all his Glory, plays me a very base Trick in this. If he had the least Love for his Neighbour, wou'd he make me set out in such a dark Night? Cou'd not he stay 'till 'twas Day to send me to let 'em know of his Return, and the Particulars of his Victory? Ah *Sosia*! To what a Servitude is thy Life subjected! Our Destiny

is much harder with the Great than with the Little. They think that every body is by Nature obliged to Sacrifice themselves for them. If they do but speak, be it Day or Night, Rain or Hail, hot or cold, we must fly. Twenty Years of good Service gets us no Recompence, the least Trifle puts 'em into a Passion with us: And yet we're so mad as to be fond of staying with 'em, and content our selves with the false Thought which other People have of us, that we are mighty happy. In vain Reason prompts us to leave 'em; in vain our Anger sometimes consents to do so; the Sight of 'em has too powerful an Ascendant over our Zeal, and the small Favour of a kind Look re-engages us. But hold, there's our House, my Fear makes me go beyond it. I must have some premeditated Speech for my Embassie. I must give *Alcmena* a Military Description of the great Battle that humbled our Enemies; but how the duce shall I do it, not being an Eye-witness? 'Tis no Matter, let's talk of it right or wrong, as if we had been. How many People describe Battles, that were an hundred Miles off when 'twas fought? But that I may do it right, I'll rehearse beforehand a little. This shall be the Room into which I'm conducted as a Messenger, and this *Lanthorn Alcmena*, to whom I'm to address my self. [*Puts down his Lanthorn, and addresses his Complement to't.*]

Madam, *Amphitryon*, my Master, and your Husband——good, a fine Beginning——having his Imagination always full of your Charms, chose me from among all the rest to let you know the Success of his Arms, and his Desire of being with you.

Honest *Sofia* I'm heartily glad to see you.

Madam, you do me too much Honour, and my Destiny is to be envied——well answer'd.

How does Amphitryon?

Madam, like a Man of Courage upon all Occasions to which Glory engages him——Very well! a good Thought!

When will he, by his long-wish'd-for Return, satisfy the Longings of my Soul?

You may be sure, as soon as he can, Madam; tho' not so soon as he wou'd — Ah!

But in what Condition has the War put him? What says he? What does he? Satisfie me.

He says little, and does much, Madam, and strikes his Enemies with Terror — Hey day, how came I by all these fine Words!

What do the Rebels do? Tell me what's become of 'em?

They cou'd not resist us, Madam; we cut 'em to Pieces, kill'd *Proelas* their Leader, took *Telebos* by Storm, and our Prowess already is rumour'd in the Haven.

Ah what Success is this! Gods! Who cou'd ever have believed it? Particularize this to me, Sofia.

I will, Madam, and without boasting I can speak very knowingly of it. [*He marks the places on the Ground with his Hand.*] Imagine, Madam, that *Telebos* is on this side; 'tis a great City indeed, almost as big as *Thebes*. The River is as it were here. Here our People incamped, and the Enemy were possessed of that Space. Their Infantry was on a Height hereabouts; and lower, on the Right, was the Cavalry. After having pray'd to the Gods, and disposed the Army, the Signal was given; the Enemy, thinking to cut out work for us, made three Platoons of their Horse; but we soon cool'd their Courage, and you shall see how. There's our Vanguard, there the Archers of our King *Creon*, and here the Body of the Army, which at first — Stay, the Body of the Army is afraid. I think I hear a Noise. [*A little Noise made.*]

SCENE II.

Mercury in the Shape of Sofia, Sofia.

Mer. [*Coming out of Amphitryon's House.*] Under this Form which resembles him, let's drive away the Chatterer, whose impertinent Arrival wou'd disturb the Pleasure our Lovers taste together.

Sof. O I take a little Heart again; I think 'twas nothing. Yet for fear of some fatal Accident let's go end my Discourse within Doors.

Mer.

Mer. You shall be stronger than *Mercury*, or I'll hinder you.

Sof. This Night seems plaguy long. Sure my Master (by the time I've been travelling) either took Night for Morning, or else fair *Phœbus* got fuddled last Night, and lies long a-Bed.

Mer. How irreverently this Rascal talks of the Gods! But I'll soon chastise his Insolence; I'll make my self merry with him, by stealing both his Name and Resemblance.

Sof. Faith I was in the right; there's an end of poor *Sofia*. I see a Man before our House, whose Looks pre-
sage no good. However, to make him think I'm bold
singing. [*He sings, and as Mercury speaks, his Voice grows weaker by little and little.*]

Merc. What Knave takes the Liberty to sing, and deafen me in this manner? Does his Hide want currying?

Sof. Sure this Man is no Lover of Musick.

Mer. I have broken no body's Bones this Week; the Vigour of my Arm will be lost by Idleness, unless I get somebody's Back to exercise it upon.

Sof. What a devilish Fellow 'tis! I'm mortally afraid. But why shoud' I tremble so much? Perhaps he's as timorous as myself, and talks thus to hide his Fear from me. Ay, ay, don't let's be thought a Bubble. Tho' I an't bold, yet I'll try to seem so. He's alone as well as I: I'm strong: I have a good Master, and there's our House.

Mer. Who's there?

Sof. I, who am a poor fellow.

Mer. Who's I?

Sof. L. Up with your Head *Sofia*!

Mer. What are you? Speak.

Sof. A Man.

Mer. Are you a Master, or a Servant?

Sof. As I please.

Mer. Where are you going?

Sof. Where I'm going.

Mer. You provoke me.

Sof. I'm glad on't.

Mer.

Mer. Either by fair Means, or foul, I'm resolv'd a Rogue, to know what's your Business, whence you come at this time o'Night, where you're going, and who you belong to.

Sof. I do good and harm by turns; I come from thence [*points back*] I'm going thither [*points forwards*] and I belong to my Master.

Mer. You're witty, Sirrah, and think to escape me as a Man of Importance. I've a great desire, in order to begin an Acquaintance with you, to give you a Box on the Ear.

Sof. Me?

Mer. Yes, you; and there 'tis.

[*Hits him*]

Sof. Ah! Is this in earnest?

Mer. No, 'tis in Jest, and to answer your Quirks.

Sof. 'Sdeath, Friend; how you beat People for nothing at all.

Mer. Oh, that's one of the least of my Blows, a common Slap.

Sof. If I were as hot as you, here'd be a fine Rack now.

Mer. Pshaw, this is nothing to what you'll see by and by. Let's continue our Conversation.

Sof. I have enough.

[*Is going*]

Mer. Where are you going?

Sof. What's that to you?

Mer. I will know where you're going.

Sof. Why do you stop me? I'm going to have that Door open'd to me.

Mer. If your Boldness is so great as to offer to go thither, I'll pour a show'r of Bastinadoes upon you.

Sof. What, do you think by your Threatning to keep me from going to my own Home?

Mer. How! your Home?

Sof. Yes, my Home.

Mer. Oh Traitor! Do you call that House your Home?

Sof. You may swear it. Is it not *Amphitryon's*?

Mer. Well? What then?

Sof. I am his Servant.

Mer. You?

Sof.

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Mer.

Sof. Yes, I.

Mer. His Servant?

Sof. Certainly.

Mer. *Amphitryon's* Servant?

Sof. Yes, *Amphitryon's* Servant.

Mer. What's your Name?

Sof. *Sofia*.

Mer. Whew! What?

Sof. *Sofia*.

Mer. Do you know that I shall break your Bones for you?

Sof. For what? Is the Devil in the Man?

Mer. Tell me, who made you so hardy as to take the Name of *Sofia*?

Sof. I don't take it; I was always call'd so.

Mer. O horrible Lye! Abominable Impudence! Have you the Face to tell me that your Name's *Sofia*?

Sof. I may well tell you so, since the supreme Power of the Gods has made it so; 'tis not in my power to say to the contrary, and to be any but my self.

Mer. A thousand Blows ought to be the Reward of such Assurance. [Mercury beats him.]

Sof. Justice, good People, help for Heav'n's sake.

Mer. What, Knave, do you cry out?

Sof. You half murder me, and then ask me if I cry out.

Mer. Thus my Arm —

Sof. The Action's ungentleman like. You triumph because of the Advantage my want of Courage gives you; and you don't make a right use on't. 'Tis the part of a Bully to beat a Coward. To beat one that you're sure won't defend himself, is not like a brave Man.

Mer. Well, are you *Sofia* now? What say you?

Sof. Your Blows have not Metamorphos'd me, all the Difference that I can find in it is, that I'm now *Sofia* beaten.

Mer. You shall have an hundred Blows more for this other Impudence.

Sof. Good now no more of your Blows.

Mer. No more of your Insolence then.

Sof

Sof. What you will; I'm dumb; the Dispute between us is too unequal.

Mer. Are you *Sofia* still? Speak, Traytor.

Sof. Alas! I'm what you please; dispose of me as you think fit; your Arm has made you my Master.

Mer. You said your Name was *Sofia*.

Sof. Why really 'till now I always imagined so; but your Cudgel has shewn me that I was in an Error.

Mer. I am *Sofia*, and all *Thebes* confesses it. *Amphitryon* had never any other *Sofia*.

Sof. You *Sofia*?

Mer. Yes, *Sofia*; and if any one says to the contrary woe be to him.

Sof. Heavens! Must I thus renounce my self, and see my Name stol'n by an Impostor? 'Tis well for him that I'm a Coward! Else, by *Jove*—

Mer. Do you mutter?

Sof. No; but in the Name of the Gods give me leave to speak to you a Moment.

Mer. Speak on.

Sof. But pray promise me not to make use of that Cudgel any more; let's sign a Truce.

Mer. Go on; I grant it.

Sof. Why then prithee tell me what put it into your Head to take my Name from me? What good will't do you? And after all, tho' you are the Devil himself, could you make me otherwise than Me? than *Sofia*?

Mer. What! Can you—

Sof. Ah, hold; we have made a Truce.

Mer. What! Rascal, Cheat, Villain—

Sof. Aye, you may revile me as much as you please, that don't hurt me much; I shan't be angry about that.

Mer. Do you call your self *Sofia*?

Sof. Aye, and say what you will—

Mer. Enough, enough, I break off the Truce, and do now recall my Promise.

Sof. I don't care; I can't annihilate my self for you, and endure such an unlikely Tale. Is it in your Power to be what I am? Can I cease to be Me? Was ever such a thing

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thing dreamt of before? Can an hundred convincing Instances be disproved? Do I Dream? Am I asleep? Is my Mind disturb'd? Do I not feel that I'm awake? Am I not in my Senses? Did not my Master *Amphitryon* send me hither to his Wife? Am I not to cry up his Love to her, and tell her what he did against the Enemy? Am I not just come from the Port? Have I not a Lanthorn in my Hand? Did not I meet with you before our House? Did not I speak to you like a human Creature? Did you not take Advantage of my Cowardice, to hinder me from going into my own House? Did you not exercise your Fury upon my Shoulders? Did not you beat me almost to Mummy? All this is but too true, wou'd to Heav'n it was't! Therefore give over insulting a miserable Wretch, and let me do my Duty.

Mer. Stay; the least Step pulls down a drubbing Instance of my Wrath. All you said, except that about the Blows, belongs to me.

Sof. This Morning, I call this Lanthorn to witness, I came from the Ship heartily afraid. Did not *Amphitryon* send me to *Alcmena* his Wife out of the Camp?

Mer. You lye. 'Twas me that *Amphitryon* sent to *Alcmena*, and who am just come from the *Persian* Port. Me, who am come to tell the Valour of his Arm, which gain'd us an entire Victory, and slew the Leader of our Enemies. 'Tis I that am *Sofia*, Son to *Darus*, an honest Shepherd, Brother to *Arpagus*, who dy'd in a foreign Country, Husband to *Cleantes* the Prude, whose Humour makes me half mad; 'tis I, that received in *Thebes* an hundred Lashes without ever mentioning it, and formerly was publickly mark'd in the Back for being too honest.

Sof. He's in the right. Unless he were *Sofia* he cou'd never know all this, and I begin to believe him a little. Why truly, now I view him more narrowly, I see he has my Shape, Look, and Action to a T. Let's question him a little, that we may see the bottom of this. What was *Amphitryon's* share of the Booty?

Mer. Five very large Diamonds neatly put in a Knot, which their General used to adorn himself with, as a rare piece of Workmanship.

Sof.

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Sof. For whom does he design so rich a Present?

Mer. For his Wife, and intends she shall wear 'em.

Sof. But where has he put 'em?

Mer. In a little Casket, seal'd with my Master's Arms.

Sof. He answers rightly to all my Questions, and I really begin to doubt of my self. He has already made himself *Sofia* by Force, and now will do it again by Reason. Yet when I feel myself, and think a little, I imagine I am I. How shall I find out this Riddle? What I did alone, and which no body saw but my self, cannot be known. I must catch him by that Question; that will confound him. When the Battle began, and you ran to hide your self in the Tents, what did you there?

Mer. From off a Gammon——

Sof. Right:

Mer. Which I un-earth'd, I bravely cuts me a couple of juicy Slices, which I swallow, and joyning to that some rare Wine, which might almost satisfy one by its very looks, I took a little Courage for our Men that were fighting.

Sof. This Proof concludes all in his Favour; and I'm sure he could never know this unless he were in the Bottle. By what you say I can't deny but that you are *Sofia*, and I own it; but if you are so, tell me what you'd have me be; for I must be something.

Mer. I'll consent that you shall be *Sofia*, when I am not. But as long as I am, upon pain of Death I forbid it you.

Sof. This Confusion has quite tired me out, and Reason is against my Eye-sight. But we must conclude on something, and the shortest way is for me to go in to that House yonder.

Mer. What, you have a mind for more of the Cudgel?

Sof. Heavens! What can be the meaning of this? My Back will be sore this Month, he strikes so hard. Let's leave this Devil of a Man, and return to the Port! I have made a fine Journey on't truly!

Mer. So, he's gone, he has been rarely rewarded for his Labour. But here comes *Jupiter*, very civilly leading the Amorous *Alcmena*.

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SCENE III.

Jupiter, Alcmena, Cleanthis, Mercury.

Jup. Dear *Alcmena*, let not the Flambeaus come any nearer. For tho' they give me the Pleasure of your sight, they may discover my Return, which 'tis fit I shou'd conceal. The Love I bear you not being able to contain it self, oblig'd me to leave the Government of the Army. to hasten to pay my Adorations to you. This Action might be ill construed by the Publick, and the only Witness I mean to have on't is she for whose sake 'tis done.

Alc. I have great Share, *Amphitryon*, in the Glory your noble Exploits obtain you, and the Joy of your Victory touches my Soul in the most sensible part; but when I consider that that fatal Honour deprives me of what I love, I cannot forbear being sorry that the *Thebans* ever chose you for their General. The Glory which we see the Man we love rais'd to in a War is indeed a pleasure; but then amongst the dangers which attend that Glory, a fatal Blow may happen in a Moment; how many Terrors is one's Heart seiz'd with, when we hear but of the least Skirmish? What Consolation cou'd be found if our Fears shou'd ever chance to be confirm'd? Whatever Lawrels a Conqueror's crown'd with, and whatever share one may have in those Lawrels; can that balance the Doubts and Fears which a tender Heart is perpetually in for what it loves?

Jup. I behold nothing in you but what encreases my Flame, every thing denotes a passionate Heart; and I confess 'tis a charming thing to meet with so much Love in her we love. But if I durst speak't, I have one Scruple as to the tender Sentiments you testify; and to taste 'em better, dear *Alcmena*, I wou'd not have any thing of Duty be the Cause of 'em; I'd fain be oblig'd to nothing (for the Favours I receive from you) but your sole Ardor and my Person; I wou'd not be oblig'd to the Quality of Husband, for the Foundation of your Love.

Alc. Yet 'tis by the Authority of that Title, my Love dares shew it self; I cannot comprehend this Scruple which disturbs you.

Jup.

Jup. Alas! My Tenderness for you exceeds that of a Husband: you can't conceive the Delicacy of it. You do not know that a truly enamour'd Heart hangs upon every trifle that comes in its way, and is uneasy even at the Manner of its being Happy. In me, fair *Alcmena*, you behold an Husband and a Lover, but the Lover only touches me, and the Husband you. The Lover, jealous to the last Degree, wou'd have your Heart entire to himself; and does not care for what he has as Husband. He wou'd obtain your Love from the Spring-head, not to be at all oblig'd for it to Marriage, that troublesom Duty which empoisons the Sweetness of the greatest Favours. In short to satisfy his Nicety, he wou'd have you separate him from t'other; he'd have the Husband only befor Virtue sake, and the Lover enjoy all the Friendship of your inestimable Heart.

Alc. *Amphitryon*, sure you Jest; and I'm afraid if any but I shou'd hear you talk thus, they'd think you had lost your Wits.

Jup. What I say, *Alcmena*, is more reasonable than you imagine; but a too long stay here will make me blameable. Time presses me to go. Farewell; the Barbarity of my Duty tears me from you for a time. But, dear *Alcmena*, when you behold the Husband, I beg you to remember the Lover.

Alc. I do not separate what Heaven joyns; both Husband and Lover are very precious to Me.

Clean. O Heaven's! What rare Caresses are these! How far is my Rogue of an Husband from all this Tenderness!

Mer. Now I must go tell Night to ply her Wings; the Sun may now rise and drive away the Stars if he will.

SCENE IV.

Cleanthis, Mercury. [*Mercury is going away.*]

Clean. What! Do you leave me thus?

Mer. What wou'd you have me do? Must not I do my Duty, and follow *Amphitryon*?

Clean. But to leave me so abruptly, Rascal!

Mer. You have great Cause to be angry, indeed! We have so much time to be together.

Clean.

Clean. But to leave me so like a Brute, without one tender Word!

Mer. What shou'd I do with such idle Stuff? Fifteen Years of Marriage have exhausted all our tender Words; they have been gone long enough ago.

Clean. Look on *Amphitryon*, Traitor: See how he talks of his Flame to *Alcmena*, and then blush for the little Love you shew your poor Wife.

Mer. Why, *Cleanthis*, they are Lovers yet. There's a time for all things; and what agrees well with young Beginners, wou'd fit but clumsily upon us old Acquaintance. 'Twou'd be a fine thing indeed for us two to stand looking Babies in one anothers Eyes.

Cleanth. Why! perfidious Wretch, am I too old for a Heart to sigh for me?

Mer. No, I won't say that; but I have too great a Beard to Sigh; I shou'd be laugh'd at if I did it.

Clean. Villain, do you despise the signal Happiness of having such a virtuous Wife as me?

Mer. 'Sdeath, you're too Virtuous; all this Virtue does me no good. Prithee don't be so Virtuous, so you be less Noisy.

Clean. What! Am I blam'd for living too modestly?

Mer. A Silent Woman is what I love best. You're always dinging me in the Ears with your Virtue.

Clean. You ought to have one of those dissembling Trollops, one of those Wives who can smother their Husbands with Caresses, to make them swallow their Intrigues with Galants.

Mer. Faith, since I must tell you the Truth, an imaginary Disease touches none but Fools; and if I were to have a Motto, it shou'd be, *Less Virtue and more Ease*.

Clean. What! Shou'd you not be concern'd if I were to love a Galant?

Mer. No, so you left off Scolding. I'd rather have a commodious Vice than a troublesome Virtue. Goodbuy, *Cleanthis*, my dear Soul, I must follow *Amphitryon*.

[Exit.]

Clean. Why have I not Resolution enough to punish this base Fellow? Oh how mad I am that I'm a Virtuous Woman!

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Amphitryon, Sofia.

Amph. **C**ome hither, Blockhead, come hither; Do you know, Mr. Rascal, that your Talk deserves a Beating? And that my Anger may chance to produce a Cudgel.

Sof. Nay, if you're upon that Lay, Sir, I ha' done; I'll always acknowledge you to be in the right.

Amph. What! Villain, do you think I believe your extravagant Stories?

Sof. No, I am the Servant, and you the Master, it shall be as you'd have it, Sir.

Amph. Well, I'll be calm and hear you out. I must find out the Bottom of this Confusion, before I see my Wife. Recall your Senses, be your self, and answer all my Questions Word for Word.

Sof. But for fear of some Incongruity, pray tell me before-hand, how you'd have this Business managed. Shall I speak according to my Conscience, Sir, or as People generally speak to the Great? Shall I tell the Truth, or be complaisant, and lye?

Amph. No, I'd have you speak nothing but Truth.

Sof. Enough; let me alone then; you have nothing to do but question me.

Amph. What did you do in the Business I sent you about?

Sof. I set out on my Journey, (The Skie being that Night dress'd in black Crape.) and cursed you all the way I went, for sending me at such an unseasonable Time.

Amph. How, Knave?

Sof. Sir, I'll lye, if you have a Mind to't.

Amph. Is that the Zeal a Servant ought to have in his Master's Service? But proceed. What happen'd to you by the Way?

Sof. I was mortally afraid of the least Thing I met with.

Amph. Coward!

Sof.

Sof. Nature, in forming us, has her Whims. She gives us different Inclinations. Some love to expose themselves to Dangers; and I love to sleep in a whole Skin.

Amph. When you came to the House, what did you do?

Sof. I began to practise before the Door, in what Tone and Manner I shou'd describe the Battle.

Amph. What next?

Sof. One came and plagued me.

Amph. Who was it?

Sof. *Sofia*, a Me, jealous of the Orders which you sent to *Alcmena* from the Port, and who knew all our Secrets full as well as I that speak to you.

Amph. What a Tale is here!

Sof. No, Sir, 'tis the very Truth. That Me was at the House before this Me; and I'll swear I was got thither before I came.

Amph. Prithee, whence can this Folly proceed? Is it a Dream? Drunkenness? Want of your Wits? Or a humour of Jestings?

Sof. No, 'tis the downright Truth of the Matter, and no frivolous Tale. I'm a Man of Honour, and I'll swear to't; You may chuse whether you'll believe me or no. I tell you, thinking I had been but one *Sofia*, I found two at home; and that of those two, one is at your House, and t'other is here with you; that the I that am here, quite tired, met t'other I, fresh, merry, and having nothing else to do but to break People's Bones.

Amph. One had need of a great deal of Patience to endure a Servant's Nonsense.

Sof. Nay, if you grow angry, there's an end of our Conversation; you know all's over then of course.

Amph. No, I'll hear you calmly, I have promised it. But tell me seriously, is there any Probability in what you say?

Sof. Why there you're in the right; the thing may well appear improbable; 'tis an extravagant, ridiculous, impertinent Story; it shocks common Sense; but 'tis ne'er the less true for all that.

Amph. How can any but a Mad-man believe it?

Sof. Why, I my self cou'd hardly believe it; and thought my self out of my Senses to imagine my self two. For a long time I us'd Me as an Impostor; but he at length forced me to acknowledge me; I saw 'twas Me, without any Trick. From Head to Foot he was exactly like me; handsome, a noble Look, well-shaped, charming Mien; in short, two Drops of Milk are not more like; and were not his Hands a little too heavy, I shou'd ha' been entirely satisfy'd.

Amph. How I'm forc'd to constrain my self! but did you not go in?

Sof. How the Devil wou'd you have me go in? Wou'd I hear Reason? Was I not forbidden the Door?

Amph. How?

Sof. With a Stick; I'm sure my Back akes with it yet.

Amph. Were you beaten?

Sof. Yes marry was I

Amph. Who beat you?

Sof. I.

Amph. What! Did You beat You?

Sof. Yes, I; not I that am here, but I that am at the House; I'm sure I strike plaguy hard.

Amph. Heaven confound you for talking to me thus!

Sof. These are no Trifles I'll assure you. The Me that I met just now, has great Advantages over the Me that speaks to you at present; he's courageous, and strong; I can witness it; and that devilish Me, beat Me as if he had been mad.

Amph. Well, did you see my Wife?

Sof. No.

Amph. Why did not you?

Sof. For a very good Reason.

Amph. Who hinder'd you? tell me.

Sof. Must I repeat it twenty times over? I, I tell you; that I, that's more strong than; I that I, who by force was possess'd of the Gate; that I that made me flink away; that I, that will be the only I; that I, that was jealous of Me; that valiant I, who shew'd his Wrath to this cowardly I; in a Word, that I that's at home; that

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I who shew's himself the Master; that I that beat me almost to Mummy.

Amph. His Head's distemper'd this Morning with drinking, ha?

Sof. I'll be hang'd if I've drank any thing but Water; sure you may believe me when I swear to't.

Amph. You have slept then; and in some frightful Dream you beheld all these Chimera's, which you wou'd impose upon me for Truth.

Sof. That's, as little true as t'other, I'll assure you, I had such desire to sleep. I speak to you waking, I was broad awake this Morning, as I live, and broad awake was t'other *Sofia*, when he cudgell'd me.

Amph. Follow me, and hold your Peace. I am a Fool to hear a Varlet's Nonsense.

Sof. Every thing's Nonsense that's spoken by a poor Man; this would be thought an Oracle if a Great Man said it.

Amph. Well, let's go in. But here comes *Alcmena* adorn'd with all her Charms; she hardly expects me now; my Presence will surprize her.

SCENE II.

Alcmena, Cleanthis, Amphitryon, Sofia.

Alcm. Come, *Cleanthis*, let's go do our Duty to the Gods, and thank 'em for the glorious Success which my Husband has been blest with. O Heavens!

[*Starts.*]

Amph. Heaven grant that *Amphitryon*, now he's return'd laden with Victory, may be received by his Wife, with the same Pleasure with which he revisits her.

Alcm. What! Return'd so soon?

Amph. This is but an ill Testimony of your Love: to say, *return'd so soon*, is not the Language of a well-enam'd Affection. I flatter'd my self that you would think I had stay'd too long. The Expectation of a long with'd-for Return, gives an excessive Length to every minute; and the Absence of the Person we love, be it ever so short, is always too long.

Alcm.

Alcm. I can't see. — — —

Amph. No, *Alcmena*, on such Occasions we measure the Time by our Impatience: You reckon the Moments of my Absence, like one that does not love. When we love as we ought, the least Distance stabs us, and the Person, whose Sight we are fond of, can never return soon enough. I confess, I must complain of your Reception; and I expected you'd have been in Raptures of Joy and Tenderness.

Alcm. I can't imagine what Foundation you have for this Discourse; if you complain of me now, I cannot tell what's to be done to satisfy you; I think, last Night I shew'd a sufficient Joy for your happy Return, and rewarded your Love with all you could ever have expected from me.

Amph. How's this!

Alcm. Did I not shew the sudden Motions of an entire Pleasure? Could the Transports of a Heart for the Return of an Husband tenderly beloved be better express'd?

Amph. What's this you tell me?

Alcm. You too express'd an incredible Joy at the Reception I gave you; and having quitted me no longer than since Break of Day, I don't see how my Surprise, at this sudden Return, can be so criminal.

Amph. Has a Dream, *Alcmena*, forestall'd the Reality of my Return? Perhaps, having used me well in your Sleep, you think you have sufficiently acquitted yourself.

Alcm. Has some malignant Vapour, *Amphitryon*, so clouded your Understanding, as to make you forget how welcome you was to my Arms last Night?

Amph. This Vapour which you talk to me of, seems somewhat odd.

Alcm. 'Tis to reward the Dream you mention'd.

Amph. Nothing but the pretence of a Dream, can excuse what you tell me.

Alcm. Nothing but the Pretence of a Vapour can reconcile what I hear from you.

Amph. No more of this Vapour, *Alcmena*.

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Alcm. No more of this Dream, *Amphitryon*!

Amph. The thing we talk of is no jesting Matter, and ought not to be carry'd too far.

Alcm. No doubt on't; and for a certain Proof of what you say, I begin to be disturb'd.

Amph. Do you think by this, to repair the Reception I complain of?

Alcm. Do you pretend to make your self merry by this Pretence?

Amph. For Heaven's sake, *Alcmena*, let's talk seriously.

Alcm. *Amphitryon*, you carry your Diversion too far; let's have done with this Jestings.

Amph. What! Dare you tell me to my Face, that I was here before now?

Alcm. What! Dare you deny that you came hither Yesterday Evening?

Amph. I come Yesterday Evening?

Alcm. Certainly; and went away again before Day-break.

Amph. Heavens, Can you persist in it? Who wou'd not be amazed at this? *Sofia*!

Sofia. She has need of half a Dozen Grains of Hellebore; her Head's turn'd.

Amph. *Alcmena*, in the Name of all the Gods recall your Senses a little, and think of what you say; such a Discourse may have strange Consequences.

Alcm. I have maturely thought of it, and all the Servants saw you. I am ignorant what moves you to act thus; but if there's any need of a Proof, if you really can't remember it, how shou'd I come by the News of your last Battle? and the five Diamonds which were worn by *Pterelaus*, whom your Arm sent to the Shades below? Can there be a plainer Proof?

Amph. What, Have I already given you the Knot of Diamonds which fell to my Share, and which I design'd for you?

Alcm. You have. 'Tis no hard Thing to convince you of it.

Amph. As how?

Alcm.

264 AMPHITRYON: Or,

Alcm. Here 'tis.

Amph. *Sofia!*

Sofia. She jests, I have it here; this Pretence won't do.

Amph. The Seal's unbroken.

Alcm. Is this a Dream! Will you think this proof strong enough? There.

Amph. O Heaven!

Alcm. Fye, *Amphitryon*, you're in the wrong to do this; you ought to blush.

Amph. Break the Seal quickly.

Sof. (*Having opened his own Casket*) Faith the Bird's Flown! Sure some body got it away by Witch-craft: or else it went of it self without a Guide, to her to whom it knew 'twas to adorn.

Amph. O Heaven, whose Power presides over all Things, what can this mean? What can I imagine by it, but what intimidates my Love?

Sof. If what she say's be true, Sir, we are both double.

Amph. Hold your Peace.

Alcm. What need is there of all this Amazement? Whence can all this Uneasiness proceed?

Amph. O Gods, what Intricacy is this! I behold things that surpass Nature; and I am afraid of an Accident which my Mind cannot comprehend.

Alcm. Now you have that visible Proof, can you yet think to deny your last Night's Return?

Amph. No, but if 'tis possible, be so kind as to tell me what pass'd at that Return.

Alcm. By your requiring a Repetition of it, you mean it was not you I suppose.

Amph. Excuse me; but I've a certain Reason which makes me desire this Repetition from you.

Alcm. Perhaps some important Business has put it out of your Head?

Amph. It may be so; but you'd oblige me if you'd tell it me.

Alcm. The Story is not long. I came up to you full of

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of loving Surprize; I tenderly embraced you, and more than once testify'd my Joy.

Amph. (*Aside.*) I shou'd not ha' been so well received.

Alcm. You immediately gave me this valuable Present; which you had designed for me from amongst the Booty: You described to me the Violence of your Flame, and the important Affairs that kept you from me, your Joy at seeing me again, the Torments of Absence, all your Impatience to revisit me, and never did your Love to me seem so tender and passionate.

Amph. (*Aside.*) Can any one be stab'd in a more mortal Part!

Alcm. This Tendernefs you may well imagine did not displease Me; on the contrary, *Amphitryon*, it pleased me to the Heart.

Amph. Proceed.

Alcm. We ask'd one another a thousand Questions about our Concerns. Supper was brought in. We sup'd together; and that ended, went to Bed.

Amph. Together?

Alcm. Certainly. That's a Question indeed?

Amph. Oh, this is the cruellest Blow of all! This is the Thing I fear'd!

Alcm. How comes it you blush so at that Word? Was there any harm in lying with You?

Amph. With me? to my Grief, it was not I. And whoever says that I came hither Yesterday, is guilty of the greatest Falſury.

Alcm. *Amphitryon*!

Amph. Perfidious Woman!

Alcm. Here's an Alteration!

Amph. No, no; I can bear it no longer; this Misfortune o'ercomes all my Constancy; my Heart, in this fatal Moment, breathes nothing but Fury and Vengeance.

Alcm. Vengeance? On whom? What am I guilty of, that you should use me thus?

Amph. I know not what; but 'twas not I was with you; the Despair I'm in, may make me capable of any thing.

Alcm. Go, unworthy Man! the Action speaks it self; this Imposture is cruel; such Affronts and Accusations are too much for me to bear. If by this you think to break the Tyes of Marriage, which bind me to you; such Tricks are superfluous, I am ready to do any thing you please.

Amph. After so sensible an Affront, you ought indeed to prepare for such a Resolution; the least you can expect is a Separation; and perhaps that mayn't be all. My Dishonour is certain, my Misfortune is plain, and my Love strives in vain to hide it from me. But the Particulars on't are not so; and I intend to know 'em farther. Your Brother can answer for me, that I never left him till Morning. I'll go look him, to confound you about this Return, which falsely you impute to Me. Afterwards we'll to the bottom search a Mystery, yet unheard of; and woe be to him that has betray'd me.

Sofia. Sir——

Amph. Don't follow me, but stay for me here.

Clean. Must I——

Alcm. I can hear nothing: Leave me alone.

SCENE III.

Cleanthis, Sofia.

Clean. Sure something has crack'd his Brain? But the Brother will soon end the Quarrel.

Sof. This is a nipping Touch for my Master; I'm afraid some such Accident has happen'd to me too; I'll pump her about it.

Clean. See if he so much as Accosts me! But I won't seem to care a Pin whether he does or no.

Sof. Such things are often very fatal when known; I tremble at asking her. Would not it be better, for fear of the worst, to remain in Ignorance? Well, fall back fall Edge, I must know; I can't forbear. Humane Weakness loves to search things which it don't care to find. How do'st do, *Cleanthis*?

Clean. How dare you come near me, Traitor!

Sof. You're always in a Passion; and set up your Back for nothing.

Clean.

Clean. What is it you call nothing? Ha?

Sof. I call that nothing, which is call'd nothing, both in Verse and Prose; and you know, nothing, signifies nothing; a little.

Clean. Rascal, I wonder why I don't scratch out those Eyes of yours, and make you know the Extent of a Woman's Anger.

Sof. Hey Day! What's all this for?

Clean. I suppose you call your Proceedings with Me nothing?

Sof. What Proceedings?

Clean. What! You pretend Innocence, do you? Will you say that you did not return neither, like your Master?

Sof. No, I know the contrary; but I had drank a sort of a Wine that made me forget all I did.

Clean. Perhaps, you think by that to excuse——

Sof. No, you may really believe me: I was in a Condition wherein perhaps I might do some things which I should now repent, and which I don't at all remember.

Clean. You don't remember, then, how you used me when you came from the Port?

Sof. Not, in least; tell it me; I am equitable and sincere, and if I was in the wrong will condemn my self.

Clean. Yesterday, after *Amphitryon* was come, I was very impatient till you came; but I never saw you so cold and indifferent. You were forced to be put in mind of your Wife; and when I kiss'd you, you turn'd me your Cheek.

Sof. Good?

Clean. How? good?

Sof. You don't know why I say so, *Cleanthis*. I had eaten Garlick, and did wisely to turn aside my Breath from you a little.

Clean. I express'd to you the Tenderness of my Heart; but you were like a Block to all I said, and not a Word of Softness came out of your Mouth.

Sof. Courage, *Sofia*.

Clean. In short, notwithstanding all my Fondness, my chaste Ardor met with nothing but Ice from you; and

you deceived Me so far as to refuse a Place in my Bed, which the Laws of Marriage oblige you to occupy.

Sof. What, did not I Lye——

Clean. No, base Wretch.

Sof. Is it possible?

Clean. Traytor, 'tis but too certain; 'tis the greatest Affront that can be given, and far from repairing it this Morning, you left me with Words full of visible Contempt.

Sof. O brave *Sofia*!

Clean. Does my Complaint produce this Effect? Do you laugh at your fine Action?

Sof. How well I am satisfied with Me?

Clean. Is this your Repentance?

Sof. I never thought I had been so wise.

Clean. What! Instead of confessing your Fault, do you seem rejoiced at it?

Sof. Don't be so hasty. If I appear joyful you may be sure I've a good Reason for it, and that I never did a better thing in my Life, than to use you in that manner.

Clean. Villain, do you make a Jest of me?

Sof. No, I speak sincerely. I was afraid I had committed some Folly with you, in the Condition I was in; but what you say, sets me right.

Clean. Why afraid?

Sof. The Physicians say, that when one's drunk one ought to abstain from Women; and in that Condition a Man gets none but stupid, short-lived Children. Now see what Inconveniences might have follow'd, if I had not arm'd my Heart with Coldness.

Clean. A Fig for the Physicians with their insipid Arguments: Let 'em govern those that are sick, and not those that are in Health. They are very meddling to pretend to restrain our chaste Desires; and about the Dog-Days too they tell us an hundred idle Stories, with their severe Rules at their Tails.

Sof. Not so fast.

Clean. No, I'll maintain it, their Reasons are all extravagant; neither Times, nor Seasons, ought to prohibit the Duty of conjugal Love; and Physicians are Fools.

Sof.

Sof. Appease your Wrath against 'em ; they are honest Men. let the World say what it will.

Clean. You a'n't where you think you are ; your good Words won't do ; this excuse is not currant, and sooner or later I'll be revenged, for the Contempt you daily use me with. I shan't forget what you said to me just now, and shall endeavour to make use of this Liberty which you gave me, you base perfidious Man you!

Sof. What Liberty?

Clean. You told me just now, that I might love another, with all your Heart.

Sof. O, there I was in the wrong ; that's against our self ; I recal my Word ; take care you don't do it.

Clean. Yet if I can prevail upon my self to——

Sof. Hold your Peace ; here comes *Amphitryon* ; he seems contented now.

SCENE IV.

Jupiter, Cleanthis, Sofia.

Jup. I'll go and appease *Alcmena* now, banish from her Heart the Grief that possesses it, and give my Flame the Satisfaction of making her easie. Is not *Alcmena* above?

Clean. Yes, full of an Uneasiness that requires Solitude, and which made her forbid me following her.

Jup. That Prohibition does not reach to me.

Clean. As far as I can see, his Anger's soon over.

SCENE V.

Cleanthis, Sofia.

Sof. What do you think, *Cleanthis*, of this serene Countenance after so terrible a Storm.

Clean. I think 'twould be well if all Mankind were at the Devil ; the best of them are good for nothing.

Sof. This is said in Anger ; if the Devil had all the Men I don't know what you Women would do.

Clean. True——

Soc. Hold your Tongue ; here he comes,

SCENE VI.

Jupiter, Alcmena, Cleanthis, Sofia.

Jup. Alas! will you make me mad? stay, fair *Alcmena*.

Alcm. No, I cannot stay with the Author of my Disquiet.

Jup. Pray—

Alcm. Leave me alone!

Jup. What—

Alcm. Leave me, I say.

Jup. Her Tears touch me to my very Soul. Suffer me to—

Alcm. No; do not follow me.

Jup. Where will you go?

Alcm. Where you shan't be.

Jup. 'Tis a vain Attempt, I'm bound to your Charms by too strong a Chain to be a Moment from you; I'll follow you every where.

Alcm. And I'll fly you every where.

Jup. I'm very frightful, then?

Alcm. To me you are, more than you imagine. I behold you as a terrible Monster; a cruel furious Monster whose Approach is to be dreaded; a Monster to be always avoided. My Heart, at your sight, feels an incredible Pain; 'tis a Torment overwhelms me, and there's nothing upon Earth so frightful, horrible, odious, but is more supportable than you.

Jup. Come; enough, enough.

Alcm. I have got more in my Heart; my Grief will not give me leave to express it all.

Jup. What have I done, *Alcmena*, that I shou'd be look'd upon as a Monster?

Alcm. O Heavens! Can you ask that? Have you not done enough to make me almost mad?

Jup. But pray hear me with more Moderation.

Alcm. No, I'll neither see nor hear you any more.

Jup. Have you the Heart to use me thus? Is this the tender Love which was to endure so long?

Alcm.

Alcm. No, 'tis not; your base Abuses have made it otherwise: 'Tis no longer that tender passionate Love; you, by a thousand Wounds, have cruelly assassinated it in my Heart. There succeeds to it an inflexible Wrath, a quick Resentment, an invincible Indignation, the Despair of an Heart justly enraged, which intends to hate you for this gross Affront, as much as it before loved you; and that's as much as possible.

Jup. Alas! how weak was your Love, if 'tis kill'd with so slight an Offence; ought a Jest to produce a Divorce; shou'd you be angry at a little Raillery?

Alcm. 'Tis that that provokes me, and which I can never forgive. I shou'd have been less offended at a real Jealousie; for that has Impressions which often forcibly hurry us away, and the wisest cannot answer for himself on such an Occasion. The Rage of an abused Heart, be it never so great, ought to be excused, because of the Love that gives it birth; but that you shou'd run into such a Fury on purpose; that without a Cause you shou'd so rigorously touch the Tenderness and Honour of one that dearly loved you; this is a Blow too cruel ever to be forgot.

Jup. Yes, you're in the right, *Alcmena*, I must yield; this is certainly an odious Crime; I won't defend it any longer; but the Husband alone, *Alcmena*, has committed the Fault; 'tis him you must look upon as guilty. The Lover has no share in that brutish Transport; his Heart is not capable of offending you; his Heart has too much Respect for you ever to dream of such a thing; and if it had been so weak as to do any thing that might disoblige you, he wou'd lay it bleeding at your Feet. But the Husband has thrown off the submissive Respect that's due to you, and has shewn his ill Humour by this harsh Proceeding, thinking the Laws of Marriage gave him Power to do any thing. Yes, it's he alone that has given your amiable Person ill Usage; I consent that you hate and detest the Husband; but, dear *Alcmena*, spare the Lover from so cruel a Resentment, do not charge him with the Offence; nor confound him with the guilty; but for Equity sake pardon him, since he had no hand in the Crime.

Alcm. These Subtleties serve but for a frivolous Excuse, and are unseasonable to an offended Mind. I make no distinction between the Lover and the Husband. I have the same Opinion of one as of the other; my wounded Soul describes 'em both to me in the same Colours; both are guilty, and both equally odious in my Sight.

Jup. Well, since you will have it so, I'll take the Crime upon my self. Yes, you're in the right to Sacrifice me a guilty Victim to your just Resentment. You have good Cause to avoid me, and to threaten never to see me more. No Torment can possibly be invented, but what I deserve for having committed so great a Fault. I must needs confess it; but yet upon my Knees I sue for Pardon, I beg it in the Name of the most tender Passion. Do not imagine, charming *Alcmena*, that loving as I do, I can live another Moment out of your Favour; and the fierce wounds of a thousand Vultures are not to be compared to the Grief I am under, for the short time you have already been angry with me: Say, *Alcmena*, may I hope for Pardon? If not, this Sword shall put an end to the Days of an unhappy Wretch, who is very deserving of Death for provoking so adorable an Object: And I shall be happy if my Memory be not odious to you.

Alcm. Ah too cruel Man!

Jup. Speak, *Alcmena*.

Alc. Must I still preserve my Kindness for you, tho' I be thus abused?

Jup. Whatever Resentment an Abuse gives us; ought it to withstand the Remorse of a Heart truly inflam'd?

Alcm. An ardent Heart wou'd sooner expose it self to a thousand Deaths, than anger the Object it loves.

Jup. The more one loves any one, the less hard one finds it to—

Alcm. No, don't speak to me about it, you deserve my Hatred.

Jup. You hate me then?

Alcm. I do all I can to hate you, and I'm angry with my self to see that all your Offences cannot get me to take that Revenge upon you.

Jup.

Jup. But why that Violence, since I offer my Life to satisfy you? Pronounce the Sentence, and I'll immediately obey.

Alcm. Wou'd one have that die which one cannot hate?

Jup. I cannot live unless you quit this Wrath which is so painful to me, and grant me the favourable Pardon which at your Feet I beg. Resolve quickly upon one of the two, either to punish or forgive.

Alcm. Alas! what I do resolve upon I fain wou'd not. My Heart has proved too traiterous to me, to be able to preserve my Indignation. Is not saying I cannot hate, as much as I pardon?

Jup. Ah fair *Alcmena*! full of Joy I must—

Alcm. Enough. I'm angry with myself for my Weakness.

Jup. Go quickly, *Sofia*, see what Officers you can find, and invite 'em to Dinner with me. [*Aside.*] Whilst I send him away, *Mercury* shall supply his Place.

SCENE VII.

Cleanthis, Sofia.

Sof. Well, you see how 'tis, *Cleanthis*; shall we follow their Example, and be Friends?

Clean. What, do you think I'll do't for the sake of your sweet Phiz?

Sof. You won't then?

Clean. No.

Sof. I don't care, let it alone, you'll have the worst on't.

Clean. Well, come back.

Sof. No, now I won't; I'll be angry in my Turn.

Clean. Go, go, Traytor; a Woman may grow weary of being virtuous.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Amphitryon *solus*.

SURE Fate hides him from me on purpose; I am tired with looking for him. None was ever more unfortunate than I am; notwithstanding all my Search. I cannot find the Man I want, but I meet with a thousand Impertinent People, who tho' they have hardly any Acquaintance with me, come to congratulate me on my Success, only to make me mad I think. They clog me with their Embraces and Joy, little imagining how uneasy I am. In vain I try to avoid their Persecutions: I'm stop't on all sides. All the Answer I return to their Compliments is a Nod; and in my Heart I give 'em a thousand Curses. Ah! how little a Man is pleas'd with Praise, Honour, and all that a great Victory affords, when in his Soul he feels the Pangs of Sorrow? And how willingly wou'd he part with that Glory for a little true Repose? My Jealousie every Moment gives me a View of my Disgrace; and the more I think on't, the less can I see thro' this fatal Confusion. The Theft of the Diamonds is not what amazes me; some Men can take off Seals so that it can't be perceived: But that she shou'd persuade me I yesterday gave it her in Person, is what quite confounds me. Nature sometimes produces such perfect Resemblances, that Impostors have gain'd their fraudulent Ends by it; but 'tis utterly improbable, that under those Appearances a Man cou'd pass for an Husband; and there are an hundred things which a Wife might easily find out the Truth by. I have often heard of the Inchantments of the *Thessalians*; but I always look'd upon the wond'rous Tales that are reported of 'em as Lies; and 'twou'd be very hard, if after so ample a Victory as I have gain'd, I shou'd now be oblig'd to give Credit to 'em, at the Expence of my Honour. I'll feel her Pulse again upon that Head, and see if it is not a vain Chimera which may have gain'd belief upon her troubled Senses. Just Heaven, grant that this Thought prove true, and that for my Happiness she has lost her Wits.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Mercury in the Balcony of Amphitryon's House,
Amphitryon.*

Mer. Since Love here offers me no Pleasure, I'll divert my self some other way; and make my self merry with provoking *Amphitryon*. 'Tis true, 'tis no charitable Action in a God, but I don't trouble my self about that; I am naturally inclined to Mischief.

Amph. How comes the Door to be shut at this time of the Day?

Mer. Who knocks there?

Amph. I.

Mer. What I?

Amph. Open the Door.

Mer. Who shou'd I open it for? Who, in the Devil's Name, are you that love to make such a Noise, and speak so magisterially?

Amph. What! Don't you know me?

Mer. No, neither do I desire it.

Amph. Is every body mad to day? Is the Disease contagious? Why, *Sofia, Sofia!*

Mer. Aye, *Sofia*; 'tis true that's my Name; are you afraid I shou'd forget it?

Amph. Do you see me plain?

Mer. Very plain. What can move you to make such a Racket? What do you want?

Amph. What do I want? Rascal!

Mer. What don't you want then? Speak, if you'd have me hear you.

Amph. If I take you in hand, Sirrah, I'll make you hear me, and teach you what 'tis to talk to me thus?

Mer. Have a care o' your Candle there. If you knock again I shall send you a troublesome Messenger.

Amph. O Heav'ns! Was ever such Insolence heard of? Cou'd one have thought it from a Servant, a Beggar!

Mer. Well! What now? Have you view'd me all over yet? Have you stared on me enough with your goggle Eyes?

Eyes? How he stretches 'em! he looks as if he were scared. If Looks cou'd bite, I shou'd ha' been torn to pieces by this time.

Amph. I my self tremble for the Reward you shall get by this impudent Talk. What a terrible Storm you prepare for your self! What a show'r of Bastinadoes shall fall on your Back!

Mer. Friend, if you don't march, you may chance to get a Bump or two.

Amph. Villain, I'll make you know what 'tis for a Servant to insult his Master.

Mer. You my Master? Ha, ha.

Amph. Yes, Sirrah; dare you disown me?

Mer. I own none but *Amphitryon*.

Amph. And who is *Amphitryon* besides me?

Mer. You *Amphitryon*?

Amph. Yes, I.

Mer. A fine Dream indeed! Good now, in what Tavern have you been fuddling your Nose?

Amph. Ha! again!

Mer. Was it with strong Wine?

Amph. O Heav'ns!

Mer. Was it old or new?

Amph. Damn'd Rascal!

Mer. New soon gets into the Head, when drank without Water.

Amph. I'll cut out that Tongue.

Mer. Friend, I'd have you be gone, that no body may hear what you say. I respect Wine. Go, leave *Amphitryon* in the Pleasures he is tasting.

Amph. What! is *Amphitryon* in that House?

Mer. Safe enough: cover'd with the Lawrels of a full Victory, he is now in the Arms of *Alcmene*, enjoying the Sweets of her lovely Conversation. They taste the Delights of being reconciled after the Quarrel of an amorous Caprice. Take care you don't disturb Privacies, without you have a mind he shou'd punish the Excess of your Rashness.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Amphitryon solus.

What a strange Blow have I received! into what a Trouble is my Mind cast! if things are as the Traytor says, to what is my Honour and my Love reduced? What shall I do? Shall I conceal, or publish, the Disgrace of my House? What! Is there any need of Hesitation in such a case? I must not lose a Moment e'er I am revenged.

S C E N E IV.

Sofia, Naucrates, Polidas, Amphitryon.

Sof. Sir, I cou'd find no more than these Gentlemen.

Amph. O, are you there?

Sof. Sir?

Amph. Insolence!

Sof. What now?

Amph. I shall teach you to use me thus.

Sof. What now? What ails you?

Amph. What ails me? Sirrah.

Sof. Gentlemen, pray come hither quickly.

Nauc. Pray be quiet.

Sof. What harm have I done?

Amph. Do you ask that? Rogue. Let me satisfy my Anger.

Sof. When any Body's to be hang'd they're told for what.

Nauc. Only let us know what he has done.

Amph. He had the impudence to shut me out; and to threaten me with all the Insolence in the World. Ah, Knave?

Sof. I'm dead.

Nauc. Be calm.

Sof. Gentlemen.

Pol. What's the matter.

Sof. Did he strike me?

Amph.

278 A M P H I T R Y O N: Or,

Amph. He shall have the Reward due to his late Impudence.

Sof. How can that be, when I was employ'd for you? These Gentlemen can testifie I went to invite 'em to dine with you.

Nauc. 'Tis true he did so; and never left us.

Amph. By whose Command did you do this?

Sof. By yours.

Amph. When did I bid you?

Sof. After you had made your Peace with *Alcmena*.

Amph. O Heav'ns! every Moment, every Step I take, adds something to my Torment! and in this fatal Confusion, I know not either what to think or say.

Nauc. All he just now told us exceeds Nature so much, that before you do any thing, or put your self into a Passion, you shou'd search into the bottom of this Accident.

Amph. Come on, you may assist me in my purpose; and Heav'n brings you hither as it were for that end. Let's see what Fortune has in store for me. Let us clear up this Mystery; I'm impatient to find it out; yet fear it more than Death.

S C E N E V.

Jupiter, Amphitryon, Naucrates, Polidas, Sofia.

Jup. What Noise is this that obliges me to come down? Who knocks as Master where I am?

Amph. What do I see, just Gods?

Nauc. Heav'ns! What a Prodigy is this! What! Two *Amphitryons*!

Amph. My Spirits are benumb'd. I can hold no longer; the thing's explain'd; and what I see discovers all.

Nauc. The more I view 'em, the more they seem alike.

Sof. Gentlemen, this is the right one, t'other's an Impostor, and deserves to be chastised. [*Running to Jupiter.*]

Pol. This strange Resemblance suspends my Judgment.

Amph.

Amph. I have too long been deluded by a cursed Cheat; this Sword shall break the Incantment.

Nauc. Hold.

Amph. Let me alone.

Nauc. Gods! What wou'd you do?

Amph. Punish the base Treason of an Impostor.

Jup. There's no need of Passion; when People are so hot, 'tis a sign they have not Reason on their side.

Sof. Yes 'tis an Inchanter, that takes the Shapes of Masters of Houses.

Amph. I'll punish you, Mr. Rogue, for your abusive Language. [To Sof.]

Sof. My Master is a Man of Courage, and won't see his Servants beaten.

Amph. Let me wash away my Affront in the Blood of a Rogue.

Nauc. We won't suffer so strange a Combat as between *Amphitryon* and himself.

Amph. What! Does my Honour receive this Usage from you; do my Friends protect a Cheat? Instead of being the first to revenge me, do they hinder my Resentment?

Nauc. What wou'd you have us do in such a case? all our Heat remains suspended between two *Amphitryons*. If we shew'd our Zeal we're afraid of failing and being mistaken. In you we plainly see *Amphitryon*, the glorious Support of the *Theban's* Welfare; but we likewise see him in t'other; and cannot distinguish which really is he. Our Resolution is not doubtful; the Impostor must expect Death from our hands: But this perfect Resemblance conceals him between you two; and 'tis too hazardous an Action to undertake it without further Proof. Let us calmly examine which is the Impostor; and when we have found him out, we will not need to be told our Duty.

Jup. You're in the right, this Resemblance may authorize you to doubt of us both. I'm not offended with your hesitating: I am more reasonable, and know how to excuse you. The Eye cannot find any difference between us; and any one might easily be deceiv'd by it. I am not in anger; I don't draw my Sword; that's but an ill way

way to clear up this Mystery, and I can find out a method that's more peaceable and certain. One of us is *Amphitryon*; and both of us may seem so in your Eyes. I must end this Confusion; and I intend to make my self so well known to all, that at the convincing Instances I bring, he himself shall acknowledge the Blood I spring from, and have no occasion to say any thing further. In the sight of all the *Thebans* I'll let you know the whole Truth, and the thing is certainly of importance enough to be declar'd in Publick. *Alcmena* expects from me such a Testimony. Her Virtue, which is abus'd by this Disorder, demands to be justify'd; and I'll do it. My Love engages me to't, and I have invited the Chief of the Army to witness the Discovery, and expect them here with you: Pray honour the Table which *Sofia* has invited you to.

Sof. I was not deceiv'd, Gentlemen; this Word ends all Differences; the true *Amphitryon* is the *Amphitryon* where there's a Dinner to be had.

Amph. O Heaven! Can I be lower yet? What, for my Torment must I hear all that this Impostor says, and yet be restrain'd from taking Revenge.

Nauc. You complain without a cause: Let's stay till 'tis discover'd, that we may take our Measure accordingly. I can't tell whether he's a Cheat or no, but I'm sure he speaks reasonably.

Amph. Go, wavering Friends; do, flatter the Impostor. I have other Friends than you in *Thebes*, I'll go and get some who, sharing in the Injury, shall help me to Revenge it.

Jup. With all my Heart; I will decide it in their Presence.

Amph. Deceiver, you think to 'scape by that; but you shall not.

Jup. I won't condescend to answer your Abuse now; I shall by and by confound all this Fury with two Words.

Amph. Not Heaven it self shall save you; and I'll pursue you even to Hell.

Jup. There'll be no need on't; I shall not fly.

Amph.

Amph. Come, let's make haste to get Friends that will back my Wrath before he's gone; and then I'll come and pierce him with a Thousand Wounds.

Jup. I beg you'd use no Compliments but go in.

Nauc. This Accident confounds both Sense and Reason.

Sof. Make a truce with your Surprise, Gentlemen, and and let's sit at Table till to Morrow. O how I'll go put my self in case to relate our Noble Deeds; I burn to come to't; I was never so hungry.

S C E N E VI.

Mercury, Sofia.

Merc. Hold. What! Do you come to run your Nose in here, impudent Smell-feast!

Sof. Pray be quiet.

Mer. How dare you come hither again? I shall give it you.

Sof. Alas! brave generous I, I beseech you be moderate; *Sofia*, spare poor *Sofia*, and don't take delight in beating yourself.

Mer. Who gave you the Liberty to call your self by that Name, did not I expressly prohibit it you, upon Pain of broken Bones?

Sof. 'Tis a Name we may both possess at once under one Master. I am every where known for *Sofia*, I'll let you be it too; therefore let me be it. Let the two *Amphitryons* testify their Jealousy; and amidst their Contentions let the two *Sofias* live peaceably together.

Mer. No, one is enough, I am resolv'd to have no Competitor.

Sof. Will you be a Step before me? Shall I be the younger and you the elder?

Mer. No, a Brother is troublesome, and not to my Humour; I'll be the only Son.

Sof. Ah barbarous Tyrant! Let me be your Shadow then.

Mer. No.

Sof. Have a little Pity; let me be your Shadow, and I'll be such a submissive one that you shall be satisfy'd with me.

Mer. No; the Decree's immutable. If you offer to go into that House, you shall meet with a Thousand Bastinadoes.

Sof. Poor *Sofia*, to what a strange Condition art thou reduc'd?

Mer. What! Dare you again call your self by a Name I have forbid you?

Sof. No, 'tis not I I mean; but an old *Sofia* that was one of my Ancesters; how barbarous to drive People away at Dinnertime!

Mer. Take care you don't fall into that Frenzy, if you value your Life.

Sof. [*aside*] How I'd baste you, you Proud Son of Whore, if I had but Courage!

Mer. What do you say?

Sof. Nothing.

Mer. I thought you mutter'd something.

Sof. No, I did not so much as breathe.

Mer. Yet a certain Sound of Son of a Whore, struck my Ear, I'm sure.

Sof. Some Parrot perhaps.

Mer. Good buy, when your Back wants drubbing, you may find me here.

Sof. O what a devilish thing 'tis to be shut out at Dinner-time! Well, we must yield to Destiny in our Affliction. Let us obey the blind Whims of it now, and by a small Union joyn the unfortunate *Sofia* to the unfortunate *Amphitryon*. O I see him coming this way in good Company.

SCENE VII.

Amphitryon, Argatiphontidas, Posicles, *Sofia*.

Amph. Stay there, Gentlemen. Follow me at a greater distance; and pray don't come up till I want you.

Pos. This Accident must certainly be very grievous to you.

Amph.

Amph. My Grief is Stabbing on all sides! and I suffer a^s much on account of my Love as my Honour.

Pos. If this Resemblance is as you say, *Alcmena*, without being to blame —

Amph. Oh in that Case, a simple Error becomes a Crime; such Errors touch the nicest Parts; and Reason may often pardon them, when Honour and Love can not.

Arg. I don't trouble my Head about that; I hate People that stand shilly shally; 'tis a proceeding that I'm ashamed of, and which no Man of Courage can approve. When any one employs us we ought to espouse his Interests without considering the Matter. *Argatiphontidas* don't love Reconciliations; 'tis not like a Man of Honour to hear a Friend's Adversary argue; we ought to hearken to nothing but Revenge; one ought, without any more ado, immediately run him through the Body. Yes, you shall see *Argatiphontidas* goes directly to the Point, and you must promise me to let the Villain dye by no other Hand than mine.

Amph. Come.

Sof. Sir, on both my Knees I come to undergo the just Punishment of a cursed Boldness. Strike, beat, murder me, I desire it; I won't say a Word against you.

Amph. Rise. What's the matter?

Sof. They have driven me out; and I thinking like the rest to go make merry and Eat, I did not remember that I waited to beat me; yes the t'other I, Servant to t'other You, has again play'd the devils with me; the Rigor of the same Destiny, Sir, pursues us two; and I am *un-Socia'd* as you are *un-Amphitryon'd*.

Amph. Follow me.

Sof. En't it better to see if no body's coming?

SCENE VIII.

Cleantis, Naucrates, Polidas, Sofia, Amphitryon, Argatiphontidas, Posicles.

Cleant. O Heavens!

Amph. What frightens you so?

Cleant. Why you're above, and yet I see you here.

Nauc. Don't be disturb'd; he's coming to give us all the Proof that can be desir'd, and if we may believe him, he'll free you from Trouble and Disturbance.

SCENE IX.

Mercury, and the rest.

Mer. Yes, you shall all see him; and know before-hand that 'tis the great Master of the Gods, who under the beloved Features of this Resemblance, came down hither from Heav'n for *Alcmena's* Sake. As for me, I am *Mercury*, who having nothing else to do, bang'd him whose Form I assum'd; but he ought not to be griev'd at it, the Blows of a God are honourable.

Sof. Faith, Mr. God, I cou'd have spared your Courtesie.

Mer. I now give him leave to be *Sofia*; I am weary of having such an ugly Face, and will go to Heaven to wash it off with Ambrosia. [Flies to Heaven.]

Sof. I have no desire ever to come near you again. I shan't so soon forget your Fury, and I never in my Life knew a God more a Devil than you.

SCENE X.

Jupiter (in a Cloud upon his Eagle, &c. Thunder and Lightning.)

Jup. Behold your Impostor, *Amphitryon*, and see *Jupiter* under your Features. By these Tokens you may easily know him; and I think 'tis sufficient to re-establish you in Peace and Quiet. My Name, which all the Earth incessantly adores, stifles the Reports that may be spread. Sharing with *Jupiter* is far from dishonourable; and certainly nothing is more glorious, than to be Rival to the Sovereign of the Gods. I see no Cause you have to complain; and 'tis I, not you, that ought, as much a God as I am, to be jealous. *Alcmena* is wholly yours, and you have cause to rejoice, that the only way to please her is to seem her Husband; that *Jupiter*, adorn'd with his Immortal Glory, cou'd not triumph over her Fidelity as *Jupiter*;

piter; and that what he received from her was given by her ardent Heart to none but you.

Sof. Signor *Jupiter* knows how to gild the Pill.

Jup. Therefore lay aside your Uneasiness, and give an entire Calm to the Ardor that burns you; in your House shall be born a Son, who by the Name of *Hercules* shall fill the whole Universe with his Prowess. A Fortune, fruitful in a thousand Favours, shall sufficiently convince you that I am your Protector, and the whole World shall envy you. You may assuredly depend on this; 'tis a Crime to doubt it. *Jupiter's Words are Fate.*

[*He's lost in the Clouds.*

Naut. (To *Amph.*) I am ravish'd with the shining Tokens of—

Sof. Gentlemen, take my Advice: Don't embark in these congratulating Complements, 'tis an odd Undertaking; the Phrases of such Complaisance must be very perplexing. *Jupiter* does us a deal of Honour, and his Goodness to us is certainly huge great; he promises us the infallible Happiness of a Fortune, fruitful in a thousand Favours, and we are to have a very valiant Son born in our House; so far, so good; but let us break off here: and let every one go silently home. In such Affairs the best way is to say nothing at all.



A
J U D G M E N T
U P O N
A M P H I T R Y O N.

Taken from the Historical and Critical Dictionary of M. Bayle, the Second Edition, printed at Rotterdam in 1702. Page 210.

A M P H I T R Y O N, Son of *Alcaus*, Son of *Perseus*, is less known by his Exploits, than by the Adventure of *Alcmena* his Wife, * which afforded a Subject to the Comic Poets. *Alcmena* was Daughter

* Which afforded a Subject to the Comic Poets] One of the best Comedies of Plautus is *Amphitryon*. This is the Opinion of *Mademoiselle le Fevre*, who has translated it into French, with excellent Notes. *Moliere* has writ a Comedy of the same Name. 'Tis one of his best Pieces. He has taken a great many Things from Plautus, but he gives 'em another Turn; and if the Comparing those two Plays one with 'other, were sufficient to decide the Dispute which has of late been raised concerning the Superiority or Inferiority of the Ancients, I believe M. Perrault wou'd soon carry the Cause. There are Beauties and Turns in *Moliere's Amphitryon*, that far exceed the Railleries of the Latin *Amphitryon*. How many Things was he not obliged to leave out of Plautus's Comedy, which would never have succeeded upon the French Stage? How many Ornaments and new invented Strokes was not *Moliere* obliged to insert in his Work, to gain it the Applause it has received? The bare comparing of the Prologues is sufficient to adjudge the Advantage to the modern Author. *Lucian* has furnish'd the Fact upon which *Moliere's* Prologue is founded, but he did not furnish the Thoughts.

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ter to *Electrion* King of *Mycene*. The Sons of *Pterelaus* had made an Irruption upon the Dominions of that Prince, which proved fatal to them; they were all slain in it; but they had likewise kill'd all *Electrion's* Sons. He, preparing to revenge the Death of his Sons, left his Kingdom, and his Daughter *Alcmena*, in the Hands of *Amphitryon*, and made him swear not to lye with his Daughter. Those who had accompany'd the Sons of *Pterelaus*, had carry'd to the Country of *Elis* the Flocks of *Electrion*. Those Flocks were ransom'd by *Amphitryon*; but in restoring them to their right Owner, he had the Misfortune to be the Cause of that poor Prince's Death. As they made use of this Occasion to send him out of the Country of *Argives*, he retired with *Alcmena* to *Creon* King of *Thebes*, and of him received the Ceremonies of Expiation; after which he prepared to make War on the *Teleboes*, to revenge the Death of *Alcmena's* Brothers, a Condition which she exacted from him that wou'd be her Husband. *Amphitryon*, assisted by divers Nations, enter'd upon *Pterelaus's* Lands, and ravag'd them; but he was beholden for the Success of this War to the Treachery of *Cometha*, Daughter of *Pterelaus*. She fell in love with *Amphitryon*, and for his sake pluck'd off the golden Hair which *Pterelaus* had upon his Head, and on which his Life depended. This unhappy Father dyed immediately upon it, and then *Amphitryon* seized all his Dominions. He put *Cometha* to Death, and return'd to *Thebes* laden with Booty. The first News he was welcomed with, was, that he had spent the preceding Night with *Alcmena*. He was very sure that that was false. At length 'twas found that *Jupiter* had play'd that Trick, by assuming the Form of *Amphitryon*. The latter, without any concern, lay with *Alcmena*, and made her an Example of Superfetation, which has been a thousand times mention'd. She had already conceived *Hercules*, and he made her conceive another Son. To distinguish that which was his, from that which was *Jupiter's*, they threw two Serpents upon their Bed. *Hercules* was not at all afraid of it; t'other fled. This was enough to shew that *Hercules* was not *Amphitryon's* Son. 'Tis said that *Alcmena* wore

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A M P H I T R Y O N.

Taken from the Historical and Critical Dictionary of M. Bayle, the Second Edition, printed at Rotterdam in 1702. Page 210.

A M P H I T R Y O N, Son of *Alcaus*, Son of *Perseus*, is less known by his Exploits, than by the Adventure of *Alcmena* his Wife, * which afforded a Subject to the Comic Poets. *Alcmena* was Daughter

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on her Head * an Ornament that let the World know that *Jupiter* had tripled the Duration of the Night, that he might carefs her the longer. *Alcmena* out-lived her Husband. The Ruins of their House were to be seen at *Thebes* in *Pausanias's* Time.

* Wore on her Head an Ornament.] *This is singular. She ought to have been satisfy'd that her Husband's Forehead wore the Crest; what need was there for her to wear three Moons on her Forehead? A fine Trophy for poor Amphitryon! What a Monument of her Honour's being safe and sound! Would she have all that cast their Eyes on her Head-dress, remember the triple Night which her Charms had produced? Once more I say, her Husband cou'd not be well pleas'd with such an Ornament. I appeal to Moliere, who makes him acquiesce in his Servant's Reflections. Amphitryon's Friends being inform'd that Jupiter promis'd Mountains to repair the Injury, began to testify their Joy; but Sofia interrupts them.*

"Gentlemen, take my Advice: don't embark in these
 "congratulating Compliments, 'tis an odd Undertaking:
 "the Phrases of such Complaisance must be very perplexing. *Jupiter* does us a great deal of Honour, and
 "his Goodness to us is certainly huge great: he promises us the infallible Happiness of a Fortune, fruitful in
 "a thousand Favours, and we are to have a very valiant
 "Son born in our House; so far so good; but let us
 "break off here; and let every one go silently home. In
 "such Affairs the best Way is to say nothing at all". *Amphitryon* found this so reasonable, that by his Silence he gave full Consent to it.

The End of the Third Volume.

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